Erosion (-6): Me my 1: Escaped from Reality.

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Me
Escaped
from
My

It was slow starting day. There was something to learn, but the education system was idling in a broken territory of its own failures to keep people interested. Truly, finding a way to have fun in this kind of learning habitat took experience or randomness. For me, it was fun because I could do something other than play some games all night long. It was bland, but original, and taught things that did not matter, which is where the excitement comes from for most… I guess… School was normal and preposterous to action. Our school was a normal triumph of sweet and calming lessons, nothing of a raptured space break. Like a trap, it was much more inclined to how I ended up leaving the entire normality of my world non-willfully, then studying for my next science test and possible future of being a doctor…

Now, before we start, I must say this story of myself will be explained like a play. I will not go through the efforts of explaining every smell of every piece of grass, but rather be direct with what is going on. So, if you thought this 'book' was going to be filled with writing techniques like every other long book- it probably will- but in a different way. So, technically, I will be very descriptive about what is actually happening in the setting and other stuff, so I hope you enjoy my writing style… but not my art, it is honestly cringe… and also, no 'chapters.'

"Today, I will learn music." I told myself whilst walking into school. My school was shifted towards a pure blue overlook and a light-blue whale as the mascot. Our football and soccer teams were low, volleyball filled with girls, and the school helping foundation was paused at the current moment for reconfiguration. The entrance were blue-outlined glass doors, spaced out between a purple and long shaded glass. The carpet inside was brown and fuzzy, emitting a smell of dryness and loneliness. The empty entrance square, about nine feet by nine feet of grey raggedy carpet, was led onto two pathways, equally about fourteen feet wide with light-blue lockers stacked to the ceiling. The hallway's height of nineteen feet kept on leading down the right each, till a bathroom or exit on the top-middle wall of the entrance, or to a bus ramp area on the top-right side. The walls were filled with childish drawings of the school's agriculture and were rocky with the dullness of blonde colors. The ceiling was almost no different, with lights every four feet, there seemed to be too many cylinders just waiting to be loaded with toilet rolls- if anybody were ever aloud to throw thing around here. One path, going back to the layout, was fermented straight to the gym, having its sides lead into five teaching rooms, the cafeteria entrance, a

bathroom on the starting left side and one at the right end near the gym too. It felt like home to a few, always fingering a scent of a newly polished carpet and papers yet oldness in its literature. The other passage, fully top-right of the lobby square as I stated, was just a few other accessories of rooms leading to another hallway, turning left, with the principal's office and medical lab equipped with other school needs. We middle schoolers, 5th through 8th grade, had to wait in the cafeteria, a place where we almost thought of it as cramped, but managed our way around the sixteen tables of long, polished, wooden seats and thin tables. At the front facing to the doorway without doors, there was a carpeted stage, and a red curtain. Only a few instruments and a DJ stand stood behind it, as well as the cement stairs leading up to it from the left side of the audience's view. Still, the school's floorings were rough if no carpet supported our mistakes. The white slobbery tiles of the cafeteria always gave the feeling of janitorial work ahead.

As I walked within the café, (further right was the lunch-servers and foods for free), I saw my friend Elijah get up from his area of a seat and stand in a short line for breakfast. He left his laptop wide open, and since I was angsty, I had to ask him for permission to use it.

"Hey, Elijah, can I use your computer real-quick?" I interrupted his cheap listening from the distance. He did not respond though, due to his dubstep blasting inside his brain.

He was a normal African American with a dark brown, jumpy, springling, and boxy haircut. Along with a blue avalanching white hoodie, brown jeans, white shoes, and those loud, wired, left input missing batteries, black headphones. I had to speak louder or advance to poking.

"Hey, Elijah, can I use th-your computer?" I said as I walked towards him.

He turned in confusion, look directly at me with those blue eyes and unshaved face, and sharply stated; "Yeah, you can use the computer- if that's what you asked for."

I gave him a thumbs up and went over to the computer. I logged out of his district profile and went to my profile within the school. Once gained access, I quickly moved to the searching tool, and took no hesitation in looking up my new hardware for music. In the past, I had little experience with music production, and depended on others to provide music for my 3D animations, but I needed something simple and intuitive, so I thought I had found a good app to download. It was called *Bracussion*. From reports, it had revealed to be a company's experiment with AI and sound effects, being published in 2003, and fermented a final patch just three months ago, it

seemed to have a good reputation from low-key artists. It was easy to learn with the many tutorials online and unblocked by the school. Our school was one of the very few that created their own music, so experience was in my belt. It all made for an easy setting in school-habitat.

I downloaded the 64-bit version of Bracussion and waited for the megabytes to finish installing. Once complete, I headed to the home screen and clicked on the icon twice. The icon was a vertical directing, rainbow box, with the symbol of a black sixteenth note in the middle.

It came up with a start screen of the icon but minimized in a white void of green vertical code, inferring the C++ that was used. It waited for about three seconds, before opening a blank sheet of paper and blue buttons lined up on all sides. Some were changing color over time and others looked like they were an illusion with weird spirals and such- the rest being tremolos, measures, and more as a dark symbol in a transparent, but outlined in grey, rounded box. It was granting me comfort to see it all just aligned.

“Oh yeah.” I said to myself, starting to dive myself into this audio building mindset.

I jumped right in, literally sitting down anxiously, and fleeing from the chaotic world of my school’s morning to drift off towards production. Quite an unnecessary way to put it, but I went for the tuba and created a small rhythm within seconds. I repeated it, added trumpets noises, used the violin for background sound effects, and even put the flutes pounding the charts above their normality. Before I knew it, the homeroom bell rang, cluttering my hearing session.

The bell rang a classic clinger, and my friend got up from next to me. He did not say a sound and must have watched me the entire time- because not a notice came upon my one-dimensioned mind. Elijah quickly got up and gave me a thumbs up, with his other spare handing holding the light grey tray of food scraps. I also lifted myself, laptop almost closed at my right-elbow’s side, and headed off to my homeroom teacher, Yetu Hum. He was just down the hallway past some lockers, the last right-side classroom before the cafeteria.

Mr. Hum was elderly looking man, but his esteem as an Asian kept him up to date. He was wrinkly, say about seventy-one years old, with white back-handed hair, a long beard shaved and smoothed, eyes too closed to see his eye color, a coat of pure white in front of a leather blue shirt with no designs, and pants plus shoes of black, below a brown belt, all beneath a smile of an old gentleman.

Mr. Hum always sat calmly, hand clutched together on his wooden desk, and always spoke with a “masterful” voice, as I would like to put it. He would wait for everybody to get in class, before shutting the door, since it was opened immediately at 6:00 A.M. when he got here every day.

I arrived, greeting the same old optimistic teacher at this school with a happy nod, and sat down with my laptop slightly still open. Releasing its full screen to my face, I indulged myself as much as I could into this program, not even checking my math homework for errors. Note after note, tuba then flute, taking my time and having fun. Such an action I had not had worthy time to proceed to express in school. By 7:51, I thought I had finished. To my demise, a few measures were getting on my nerves at the slightest, but I took a listen.

“Perfectional.” I gulped into my heart, thinking of it like a newborn baby. I named the project, “Steel Terrorists”, for its tuba indorsement and violin involvement. The project pulled up a screen that said, “PROJECT SAVED. You now have three file spaces left.” Cancelling my happiness, I wondered what the context was behind “file spaces”, since it was being saved onto my computer, but I progressed, thinking it was referencing file space on the hardware, and I most likely had not discovered how to place it correctly into the desktop files.

I proceeded to close the laptop and took a deep breath at myself, not trying to advert any attention. I looked around and saw nobody was paying enough attention outside, so I slid the computer into my bag and acted like nothing was happening. The class was already getting their books packed anyways, so I fitted in. Plus, the exit time was just at 8:00 A.M. as always. Seemingly, I waited a bit, tapping on the desk, until the time faded into reality… which completed me to achieving something that was off- suddenly something changed around my mind. The day started to feel not ordinary…

As I went out of my classroom carrying my 1-ton heavy backpack (that was a hyperbole), to my first period class owned by Mr. Hambe, my science teacher, I felt a disturbance, such as a light flicker. It was something like peer pressure- but I realized it could not be much. Others had not stopped to speak it about it, so it must have just been me. Anyways, I looked around as I seated myself in Mr. Hambe’s class, wooden desks with shiny metal poles connected the desk to the chair. The classroom was a blue with fishes scattered within wooden pictures throughout, and glass cabinets revealing lab supplies for newcomers. Mr. Hambe himself was a chunk, a man with grey facial hair, being a normal-curled mustache and light-joyful hair on his pale head. His eyes were brown, polka-dot blue and yellow shirt with green buttons tying it. He wore his brown jeans with a black belt attached too. His

shoes were just fully black as well. He looked like he was sad most of the time, talked with a normal oldish voice, yet moved frantically within his actions. Hambe was a pain to everyone, his personality reflected a life's worth of horrible decisions. The only reason he was a teacher was because he just wanted others to learn about chemistry and understand absolutely everything about it. I sat in his class and continued our state assignment. It was a packet containing practice questions, which he was determined to grade. Most choices were devilishly somewhat seen as opinionated, since science was a work among all things, but there was always a reasonable explanation to the correct answer. Science, honestly, my favorite subject of them all. The only problem is that calculating the answer if more of a commonsense task, than information gathering.

After science class, in which a talked to nobody and just continued progress, I went towards the bathroom, a far one on the other side of school. It was through the gym, towards the double doors on the top-right wall side, slightly turn up from the bricky way and into a small bathroom with only two stalls, also on the right side of the path. I needed to take a number one, but I also needed a deep breath from my crime, so I opened the metal brownish door and walked onto the white-grossing tiles and into the marbled black stall, throwing my backpack against the wall of the whitish sink beforehand; currently filled with bubbles from a previous encounter. The rest of the bathroom was almost literally black and white, but the toilets also had something to flush inside. I sat down and cleared my mind while I was at it. A long day was ahead, I could feel it sparking in the souls of everyone. I, even a class nerd, would be bored within band class next...

The Shift

As I hovered my head over the sink afterwards, back bending and feelings of old senses crawl down my spine, telling me my useless future was indeed of no happiness, I immediately popped my head up. There were a few metal-boot steps, then more cluttered in, and soon the rumbling of the floor and walls began to start. I was in the bathroom quite curious and

disoriented. The walls clutched at each other as the sound of an entire army metallized throughout the left side of me. I felt worried as the sound grew louder, but not closer somehow.

I took a few steps back from the door and headed into the stall. I sat down calmly and whispered myself, “Is this the start of dementia?” as a joking wish.

The steps grew feint to me, it had seemed whatever was trembling was going a bliss. I wished it had been something fake, something I wanted to perceive so I could have a different life, not a weird flocculation of the real world coming into my mind.

As I sat down, I listened closely to any gunshots or screams, but nothing had occurred, not even an announcement. Was the school being raided? Was it being silent for an odd reason? Was I alive even? Questions of the mass flew through my metacognitive personality. Such a difference from the flow, even such an audio, gave me a paralyzed feeling of dishonesty whilst a sat on the toilet with my head down and glimpsing for more information.

I pondered what the outcome of the tramped noise was until it faded out, but later coming in once again. I thought the safest way to survive a threat, if one, was to lay myself in a bathroom, so if they entered and barged at my stall; I would have the advantage of surprise at a second’s aid.

After a few moments of the sound rushing out and around, the pulsing troops stopped. I decided to evacuate my place and look upon a land of repetitiveness. To an exchange, I found something had changed- the floor indented with army boot patterns. Flattened yet receivable to normality after a few time spans.

“Arty to patrol, no signs of any armed personnel.” A familiar voice radioed.

I turned to see Arty McShall, our school police guy. Although thought to be one victim of the new sounds, I suggested that he had noticed something odd as well. He was darting his pelvis around for any distractions or offense from anybody, holding his grey pistol up straight and tilting his bald head to see any adversaries with a sniper’s half-vision. He only found me in the silence.

“Are you ok?” He asked me, after clearing the area for anybody else, prompting a hand as if I had fallen.

I shrugged. “Sure so- what were those loud marches though?” I query the officer in light blue with two iron badges on his left pocket.

From what I could guess, his next statement consisted of telling me that many school people saw grey, shiny army men running through the halls, classroom corridors, and cafeteria, checking everything out before running into one bathroom and disappearing. He explained where he was, being outside patrolling the soccer and football fields with the classes, and that others were freaked out; but not to a point of screaming, since the supposed army men entered quickly with an arriving clamper and exited without remorse for anything stomped over. Injuries obviously had to be enlisted soon, and if none, the suspicion would only further itself.

Suddenly, the school announcement system sprung into life. “There had been an unexpected turn of events, everybody please evacuate and leave the school area. Federal forces will be investigating this situation soon.”

HOME

After I regained my bag, I was immediately sent home with my parents, which had no desperation for my comeback. They were quirky, angry, and unturning at me; yet I still managed to get a normal schedule with flexibility for my moral support of work intensions. After I took a shower to wipe off the regular disease of school, I put on my pajamas: black socks, two pairs of boxer underwear in grey, a red and white checkered long-sleeve, and soft-cloth blue pants with no other details. Then, I headed for my room and unpacked the stolen item.

Placing the weary laptop on my desk, I noticed it had 67% battery left, yet it had two hours and twelve minutes left on run-time. I went to work fast, removing the option to go look for a charger…

I liked the program.

Bracussion was the easiest tool to make music, in my opinion.

Before though, I had to investigate the news. I had an unease, one which needed quenching. To my identity of my senses, maybe I hallucinated, but such realistic movements by the people around me as I left gave me the angst to find the solution to what really occurred. Was it a little trolling?

“Whale Friend School has just been mysteriously reported to have a Raid!” The news had stated on an article by UTY News. Confused, I further searched, but only found personal points; no images or evidence on these so-called ‘raiders.’ I mean, the school did have black hemi-sphere of cameras, so why did no imagery on those systems not show up? I was led to disbelief that maybe the government had something go wrong, and now the public might find out they are in such a disadvantage to a bigger and elastic force, one with a slight mistake to send an army through a portal. Or maybe my conspiracy was wrong, and truly some terrorists came in search of an item without trouble. But, then again, a military air force base was right next to the school…

With that useless information and hypothesizing out of my conception after four minutes, I changed over to my dopamine-infiltrating software, Bracussion, opening the same way, but now with the file of my previous work.

Then, I noticed a pattern at starts. I wrote my musical piece, mad and loud, and the soldiers were mad and loud- “No.” I said to myself. This is just a figment of coincidence, I told myself. To test that opponent in my mind, I wanted to not waste time yet have more fun doing so. I tried composing a

short rhythm, majestic of violins, pianos, and flutes. I named the piece, “GOD.”

In hope that my conception was correct, I hit the enter key, but was pulled up into an error message containing an only “Ok” and “Cancel” option. It stated, “[GOD] is not a fair entity to spawn. You still have three file spaces left.”

I stopped. I turned on my browser searcher, instantly searching up viruses and malware copies of Bracussion. Nothing was found to an intent, being that the Bracussion site stated that it filed lawsuits against anybody that impersonated it in a harmful way. Going to videos, nothing much could be found against it, but nothing was found for the pop-up either. I felt like I had a copy that may have been… different?

“Impossible”, I told myself. I renamed the project, “Jesus.”

“[Jesus] is not a fair entity to spawn. You still have three file spaces left.”

I put in “Cyclops.” Instead of thinking, I tried if it might take something fictional yet realistic to power in such scientific ways.

The program paused and started to freeze with the layer of white. Then, it stopped, and emitted a message of success, the only option being ‘Ok’.

“PROJECT SAVED. You now have two file spaces left.”

Drawn back in my chair, I was dawned on confusion. I quickly opened another one, and quickly jotted down a swing and yet a “medieval” beat. It took me about eight minutes for a good sample, but it still was something. I named it “Death” because the instruments were clashing and stopping with an abstract classical tone and evil sense with high yet presto notes to the flavor of tremolos.

“[Death] is not a fair entity to spawn. You still have two file spaces left.”

I named it something ridiculous instead. That being “Royal Dragon Furry.”

The program redid the process, freeze the screen then show the information that you only have one file space left.

Quickly, I jotted down more notes, sixteenth and thirty-second to see what fun I could make in eighteen minutes. I enjoyed it, sure, but my curiosity was still the same throughout. I did have an uncertain fear saying in

the back of my head, “What if this program is spawning those things in the real world?”

After finishing a classy Asian-sounding theme, I typed, “Transmorphic God.”

The software stuttered as heat started flowing from the machine with audible sound now. By still, the process finally said after a full thirty seconds, “PROJECT SAVED. All file spaces have been filled. Contact 4231-109-88502-132 for more information on this copy.”

With that info, I quickly created a text document and wrote the phone number in. I was so inbound with finding answers to why it acted like it was, this Bracussion copy, that I released the knowledge of time. Enlisted, it was 8:46 P.M., which assorted me to go to bed after I viewed it three minutes forward. Dang, I worded that strangely.

In bed, the common happened. I lie in my thoughts, immersed in happiness and mysteriousness, complying myself to every non-canon timeline plausible, just to find a meaning to life’s weird contributes to mine.

UNDER DREAM

“True, isn’t it? Life is a scary demise to those who fall in the hands of me. You’re lucky, I only get to see time fade away, just like you only get to see time kill you.”

I sneezed myself up. Dramatically, I breathed in, and out, and in, impatiently. I felt mad, deceased of my options. I touched my nose. It was bleeding many grams per second.

I looked up towards a drizzling blue and white aurora surrounding a small black hole in the further sky. Such material, it was shifting between liquid woods. It spilled an evil sensation to me. I stood up from my white dystopian of a solid and stared at it through the white void. A music faded in, disoriented folk-music, disturbing me to a maximum of what this spinning darkness had in store for a dream I was unaware of.

“See?” The black hole vibrated to my upper north.

I investigated its presence of nothing but darkness. Purely spherical; and speaking to me in a low-pitched womanly voice. My only attribution was my sub-conscience at my dreaming side.

“Who are you?” I scared up.

“I am the wondering-”

“Wait, wait, wait, who are you?”

A red number nine portal opened in the air, revealing a hole in the reality to a galactic background of purple and blue glazing stripes with specs of colorful dots out far. From within, came an uppercased “L” with a white outline, purple mist misting off it, and rainbow-swirling texture all over its actual body.

“I…” The hole tried to confront.

“No. Stop. You are not supposed to be here. This is nine-eleven-twenty, the date that mister pre-conscience was supposed to go to a hospital from a depression-started heart attack.” The number nine said in an echoing deeper voice of the hole, but somewhat like me. And get this, the number nine was the talking object, as it started to hover frantically around and let the letter just be a placeholder of some sort. Got to me a bit weirdly as to make me think the “L” was the entity instead of the portal.

“Hey, what is going on?” I asked them. They both turned to me in a quick pulse, even the sphere somehow looked at me.

“You see, here, is the place where like-gods are supposed to talk.” The nine insisted.

“We’re not gods.” The hole intruded, stopping his pushing motions, “We are the memories of trouble in your head, put in physical forms.” It suddenly turned to me.

“I am the admin here, and you are supposed to be in another universe, because science here has defied humans of probability to actually get far enough to exit their Minnesota.” The nine pointed with a rotation of himself.

“Minnesota?” I stated confused. “Is that a reference of a place in America?”

“Yes, but we up-here like to call the galaxies in a certain amount of space, a Minnesota. Anyways, black hole, you *have to* delete his memory. You are not even supposed to be here till next doomsday.” The nine traded off.

“What?” I intruded the black hole as he was about to echo something.

“Look, kiddy, we are just a dream messing with you. You can wake up now.” The nine fermented upon me further.

Suddenly, my eyes grew wider, and my conscience grew into life. Now, I was lucid dreaming. I needed to see more of what they were going to do.

“Oh no, he’s lucid.” The black hole vibrated.

“Cut the music. We have to go.” The nine said.

The nine dropped to my level and turned into a hand snapping. A flash of blue light stuttered into me from all directions. The music got louder and more disoriented. I could tell I was spinning in my bed because everything was so frantic.

“We have to talk about this…” I heard the nine say in a reverbed and slowed voice.

Before I knew it, I was awake. Three minutes before my alarm. I had to swing myself from the bottom part of my bed in order to achieve a vicinity in which I banged the alarm, got up and took a shower, brushed my teeth, put on my clothes, ate cereal, thought about my dream, and took my backpack out to the garage.

“Hey, [redacted], could you come help with the baby?” My mother called.

“Yes, mother, I can help.” I told loudly through the garage. I stepped onto the patted, blonde-tiled floor and walked over to my crying brother in the green and blue stripped play-pin.

“Now!” Mom rushed whilst she packed her things for medical works.

“Hey bro, how has it been?” I questioned the baby happily, like a parent spoiled into ruining their kid’s life for no reason.

“We have some time before school, so you can wait a few minutes.” Mom stated, rushing off to her room.

I smiled and took the remote up. With the microphone button, I spoke, “Classic Music.”

The black, 4K resolution TV sprang into action with a video of classics for eight hours. I looked at my baby brother, you had stopped crying and viewed the screen with curious intent. He stopped crying for a bit, before digging his head into my shoulder and trying to find something else to do. It kept us both happy to know we had a place to resign and keep low if we ever got in trouble. For him, my shoulder. For me, a house with a different kind of richness from money…

NEXT DAY from Yesterday

I was lurking in school again. It was as dank among my associates as always, yet an unease tweaked the lighting throughout. There were darker spots in the bathrooms, some ceiling lights were brighter, and the desks seemed to always have a voiding cockroach disappear once I got close

enough to a side. If you understand what I mean, I felt the world around me smell unreasonable. It was just off. Things were summed up to be darker or lighter… I just intensified my senses somehow…

“Hey, [redacted], are you feeling okay?” Molly, my **widish** associate asked me.

I came out of my translucent thoughts to look directly into her blue eyes. Her short and tangles brown hair was surrounding her spherical cheeks, and her lips were just as pale as the sand on a beach. Her clothing were currently long shirts with a sweater, long pants, and some white sneakers. I realized she was in a normal world because of her details in confusion, but I was obviously not. I realized I had stared at the gym’s left side wall for some time…

“Oh! Yes, I am quite fine. How are you?” I blurted from nowhere.

“I’m doing fine, I was just seeing you stare at this wall for all of homeroom, and now its first period.” She stated, reluctant of her words at best.

“Sorry, my apologies, I just like the texture.” I said firmly without thought why I was so classy.

“You haven’t even touched it, and Mister Hem got worried.” Molly told.

I stood still; my thoughts were flowing uncontrollably now. The sound of the lights was twisting with how much I did not want to stand in front of her. “E-L-A, right?” I profoundly backed.

“Yes?” She made out. I could see the regret in her eyes too. She also did not want to talk to me, especially if was doing this weird crap. And if I spoke like this after three-fourths of the school year had already gone by, then it is quite weird to be honest.

“Then let us move on.” I announced whilst a crowd of men moved past us from the gym doors.

From then, we moved onto Sund’s class of literature, yet I could still hear the lights. The was not normal in any way. Even his humor brought no happiness to my increasing worry.

The school lights were somewhat wide, but never noisy in any amplitude as I continued through. I had asked a classmate if he heard the specs of buzzing too, but he said nobody could ever hear the lights, not even in silence.

The lights continued to my next class, art, and they grew brighter. Now, the sound was heard like an incredibly low fire-alarm in the back of another room. I tried drawing like myself, instead drawing masterfully when posters came to work. I drew posters in my free time because art was lame at keeping an assignment in all times. But my hand moved on its own, not drawing like a learning cartoonist, rather a skilled painter. It was weird, as my hand was holding a sharpened pencil and skimming lines in an unseeable-raggedy fashion. To presume, the lines were perfect to a point, and the filling of color was indentured onto my picture as swipes here and there, somehow making no closure to a blend still. Explaining it is hard, but sincerely it was just me going full un-gradient and “plastic” on the image.

Yet, I prevailed a consistent mind, and kept myself to peace in the ever so buzzing of the interior lights. No one had noticed, no one would care even. No one really mattered any way possible either, but no one needed to know of this obscure touch in reality I might have for only one day… maybe my brain was acting different again…

Lunch came an I sat with nobody and outside near the penalty tables. Nobody was there because everybody listened to the ladies of lunch, so I got to keep my secrecy.

My next class, Mr. Hem, the mathematics teacher, was in site of me. He was the final adversary before I could go home and talk to my parents without anybody public knowing about my weird behavior for the day. He was the one dude who would care for my essence missing from homeroom, which meant some funding for an excuse had to be made.

“May I go to the bathroom?” I asked, during breaktime at 1:30 P.M. as I got up to his desk.

“Yeah, but where were you this morning?” He asked.

“Eh… staring at a wall…” I said slowly and reluctantly, knowing lying to the man is like stabbing yourself in the foot... But lying to anybody nowadays, I… I just could not lie to single soul after what I did to Molly, but I did not want to arise any suspicious antics either. I mean, what is the point in lying? Just see the small consequences you must take in order to make yourself a more moral person! It helps, you know!

He looked at me, and I escaped through the classroom’s door after three seconds. Yeah, I looked mega-suspicious. And even then, I beg you not, the lights grew whiter, the corners were darker, and the buzzing noise grew louder.

Now, it all was faster just to add on.

I paced myself, to the farthest bathroom again, the same one before the incident. I opened the doors and went into the same stall, did my thing, took note of the buzzing from the bathroom lights that were as white as albinos, and went out to wash my hands, and finally opened the wooden door to leave back normally to my class.

I closed it. The buzzing stopped with it.

“Oh, hell nah.” I told myself. I knew exactly what was going to happen. There had to be some spooky event to occur next, most likely changing my life. I walked normally back into the bathroom, looked to the mirror, and said:

“No. I am normal. Now, I will return to class and finish up my school day.”

What I saw outside was a different style on the windows. They were greenish instead of transparent. The school still had the blue touch, but I fully remembered the green was not a shade on the transparent glass.

Then I reopened that stupid, stupid door.

BLACK MIST

The indoors were dusty. There was now black mist floating everywhere. The outside had a red overseer sky, the sun turned to white, trees melted into brown slush slowly, grass growing longer in seconds before falling over and evaporating at the speed of sound, and the school's infrastructure untouched in all these factors combined.

I trudged myself through the mites and orange decays of tiny soils sweeping over the carpet ever so slightly. Something I had been disgusted about, but really there were no big deal… The black mist faded my vision, I could only see a meter in front. The dust had crept up the hall highly at sometimes, and none at others. The black mist was averaged to be thick and translucent. The lights were on, but nothing had changed besides that.

I slipped back inside the bathroom after taking five steps into the voiding despair of my hopeful mind. I fled into the stall, staying inside for about two minutes.

"Nope." I told myself.

I stayed in a quiet zone, waiting for an entry to arrive. Anything at all, I just did not want the aloneness to prevail everything. I did not care if a murderer entered, it was just too quiet and weird outside. No band equipment, no cheers, and not even a pinch of yelling from the next-doors P.E. room!

Then, something came into reality. I heard a warping sound effect, like a trombone hit a high note then reversed into an oboe. Whatever had spawned into the vicinity started coughing. Then it yelled in a manner of a "teen" male.

"Priy bhagavaan!" a voice called out in a cutesy-white, young boy-like tone with some manliness still. It continued to speak, but I could not decipher the language.

The being shuffled inside what sounded like a metal spacecraft of some sort. Yes, I was still in the bathroom, listening. I felt contained. I was too scared to confront whatever must have had a wrench in a toolbox it was checking. The sounds continued of metal, before I gave up my position.

I had to tell someone, indirectly or directly, that I was fading out. My plan: go up to the being, no matter how cringe or horrifying, tell it I was in danger of psychological means, then fall to the floor dramatically. Now, this was my first time I was doing something off-hand from my normal routine of movements, so I most likely was going to act awkward. But I assured myself they would, if real and healthy-minded, call somebody to aid my conceptions.

I opened the door proudly, stuffing the screams and voices into a shadow behind my masked brain, and strolled up to the sound within a slightly more transparent red fog now. There, in front of a pile of dust, ash, rubble, and a crater in the school flooring and ceiling, was a metal ship, pill like with the front containing a classic window with controls beeped around. The red sky's volumetrics flew in upon colors of grey, white, blue, green, and red, present in the ship's buttons. The being was in a yellow toolbox to my right view.

The man as I could say, dressed in black, probably a tuxedo, had normal dark pants too, but the head was slightly paler from humans and looked to be a bit babyish at least. He picked up a crowbar, with his slightly extended fingers from his normal hands, and started configuring the side of the ship, having a metal rectangle tossed to his right while he amended the insides of wiring and piping. The ship looked like the purest metal pill ever to exist, even after whatever condition had sprung to him, so the fact that a random plate could come off enticed me to curiosity from a closer angle... I still could not see the wings either, making me believe it was longer than expected.

[If you look to the left, you will find the first and possibly best drawing I made of him. It looks bad, I know, but it was the best perception I could give. Also, portrait form, because why not? That "why not" would because I cannot do scenery well, and you will see why...]

At most, my footsteps were not loud enough for him to look at me, yet I sure saw that face. One big green eye in the center, with fluffy cheeks and two cubical rods poking out about two centimeters from the top-right of the right cheek and top-left of the left cheek (from his view.) Truly, as I must design, he still looked like a baby with the fluffy design and no eyebrow to adverse his regular eye or nose.

I swear though, the red indents of light on the reddish and blackening mist and rubber swelling brown ambience of noise from the dying trees made it to where if his green outlier of an eye looked at me, I would run for it. All I had was my head devouring the yells to burst out at a moving and working cyclops. Humans had never seen such another creature have a language close to their own, work with materials alike, and even survive differently, or in this case, look more advanced. This was a chilling moment for me- and I was the quiet kid! He even had sharp and perfectly white teeth! That was something humans would love to have for meat by now, to be honest, but obviously these guys evolved the correct way…

I raised my finger at the most indefinite speed and assisted my mouth to quiver out a sentence. After all, what if I was still in school, just having a schizophrenia attack or something?

“H-h-hey, s-sir?” A low-pitched squeak popped out.

He looked at me, stopped his constructure in order to action a turning of the head in a slow movement to transform into a creepy creak of an-unblinking eye. Must have been a cultural thing because he did not move but rather stood crouched down on one leg.

“Hey, I am in a dilemma, and I need to see a doctor. I am seeing a different terrain around me.” I glanced my words as normal as I could, speeding and suddenly getting paralyzed throughout my entire body.

Soon enough, I fell sideways to the floor as soon as he blinked and raised his skin on his head, altering his expression from idled awareness to funny confusion. Eyebrows still were not present, making the baby theory come to me as my only way to see him as something rather cringy than horrifying.

The way I fell, I took off my glasses at about half-way, and let my arm catch me, then transmitting myself face-first onto the floor. It was just a bit slow and seemingly I looked like a doofus.

I heard him get up after three seconds.

“Where did you come from?!” He uttered with a pitched point in his voice.

Still, I laid on the floor, keeping myself as undaring as plausible. He did speak English, which is something I noticed as rather more intensely scary than helpful.

There was a pause before he spoke again.

“Uh… you… don’t have to lie down. You’re not actually dead, right? Better question, how the hell did you survive the second holocaust’s effects, especially in this area?” he asked, more sincere and quick than I inspected at first.

Still, silence from me while he laid in the confusion of my acts.

“Mate, the world ended seven years ago, this area mostly affected by the radioactive-trumpet bomb. Who are you? How are you here? This is a deadly place for all life!” he rushed with a humorous tone.

Silence. I was awaiting that he pick a phone from his pocket, ensuring that he was a counselor in the real world, calling the cops or something. The being never did.

He coughed again, and I had too as well. At that point, I almost tried to make myself fit in by laughing but remember- I am human! I was scared shit to see another intellectual species…

“Well, you’re obviously not dead… Um-”

Suddenly, he stopped. I sound of a rocket emitted. It was transparent and quick, altering my steam to get up and reveal to my eyes what was occurring.

“Dear lord, this is a universe where the Chinese took over instead of the Russians!” The cyclops yelled at me, as I turned to see what missile might be arriving. He turned back instantly to see me lurking my head, but he of no lie to the currency occurring.

As I looked through the windows in the walls, a yellow and red shining torpedo puffed a trail of white smoke in the eerie sky. It was close, but high up.

“DUDE! That is a missile, you have to leave.” He hissed, grabbing the back of my shirt and pulling me up. He directed me to his ship as he rushed forth.

I woke up my paralyzed bones, scared from toe to head, and I yelled: “What am I supposed to do? I do not know where I even am! What is even happening?!”

A side of my brain asked what I was doing. “Hey! Me, what are you finessing? You are supposed to continue lying down because he could be going to get the principal or something! What if he is a kid in the school and now you like a troll? We still do not know if any of this is real!”

I shaved those thoughts to the dust in an instant. I just did not like the situation. And honestly, it really would not matter anyways, I would be sent to a mental hospital if all of this was un-real, and maybe it would not be as cringe as I imagined…

The cyclops turned back and pointed to the missile as he stood an inch from his ship. “Where’s your ride!?” He asked, obviously not caring for the gesture and rather letting it send another signal.

“I do not have one, I just entered the bathroom and came out like this!” I anxiously cried back. The missile started its sound to get closer and closer…

“Okay, hop in then!” The cyclops demanded, grabbing his toolbox and tightening a few screws as fast as he could. He shoved the toolbox to a corner in his ship. I left my conscience behind again, jumping into his ship, and lying on the floor.

“Buckle in!” The cyclops ordered, “This ship goes in light-speed!”

The shuttle started to close the window, lifting steadily down as I got up into the blue rough-housed leather seat. I buckled myself in with the common metal straps into a blue pocket. The cyclops then opened a control panel and started pressing commands written in a language I could not understand. He also pushed some buttons labeled in his language, of course.

“Also, I may speak English, but my native language alters in whatever your dimension could be.” He said a bit calmer than the rushing tempo, trying to ignore the missile as he tuned into his victory beforehand.

“IT’S THE DAMN BATHROOM!” I screamed, not caring for his comment at all.

“Not what I technically asked, but okay.” He replied.

He kept on pursuing the buttons. I arose to see the missile starting to head down, faster, bigger, and finally I concluded: it was heading straight towards this school.

“Faster!” I yelled.

The cyclops sped up, fully understanding how I felt to some sort of degree.

Time of seconds passed, before he said: “Let’s go!” The ship then boosted off its sound of hot microwaved noise as a spinning motion of my blood arose. And as the world’s light that reflected off all the objects became stretched upon the X, Y, and Z axis, I became very suddenly disorientated…

The sound of a vaporwave splurged into bass drops of toppling notes. Then, the missile exploded in the back, like it had just hit the ship. The light was so refracted that everything became the yellow and orange of an explosion. Then, it all went dark as the scene literally looked as if it had fallen from us or had been lifted off the screen into the unseeing canvas above.

The Analysis 1

To describe the current sound, imagine yourself in a neon town of work and ethics. Immerse yourself in the stores and broken apartment buildings of an elemental world of noble gases, and just create a piece of music to fit the futuristic style of nostalgia and failure in work. It sounded jazzy, but worn-out. That was the sound bursting my ears open.

“Oh…” I made out, shoving my face into the palms of my hands.

I declared myself to be in the moment between respect to science or curiosity to magic. I had to think it through- science or magic? This question repeated my altered mind. By science, I would be soon in a mental hospital in a white room made of those fluffy pillows, but I would still be viewing this magical world till I received some sort of medicine… or not…

“So… what’s your name?” the Cyclops asked kindly, under the trebled pressure of the music, and the fact that I was oddly just worrying into my hands.

“What?” I screamed to the side of my mouth, not trying to look at him, and think that this was all in my head. Yes, at the time I had hoped someone would pick me up do something so I could determine whether it was dream, because if someone picked me up, put a syringe in me, or even splashed water, then I knew it had to be a real-life being trying to cure me from my possibly crazy havocs of acts I was committing without representation. I expected something from normal science to become victorious, but seemingly just the sounds and lighting of everything was knocking me off…

“You should call me Cyclop, and now what should I call you?” The being asked politely, noticing my “What?” was more of a “I am busy currently!”

I wanted to act like I did not hear him, so I nudged my head to the right, and looked at the buttons, trying to grab a reference point. I kept my hands shaking with the rest of my body. Momentarily, I just wanted to wait out the situation and not look at the one-eyed, man-baby.

“My name… is… I do not want to tell.” I creeped out after a short period of time.

“Alright, alright, that’s all you’ve got to say.” Cyclop answered, spacing each word apart very smally. “Say, would you mind telling me where you came from? Maybe explain everything and how you got here as well?”

“I cannot answer that.” I said, trying to man up.

“Yes, yes, I can sense you’re not use to seeing things not your average human-like interpretation.” Cyclop reminded me.

“I just want to go home.” I finally generically stated just like a child.

“Home… okay… so… what happened in the bathroom?” Cyclop’s voice grew with tease. He obviously knew getting me home was a long side job from what I could interpret.

“I teleported…” I obviously trailed off without intent. I started to raise my head to the void, a moving one, but still in darkness.

“Alright, to define what *is* going on, I need more info on how your universe works.” Cyclop mentioned, gesturing me as I continued to look away.

“Science there does not allow for spaceships, or teleportation of the body, or cyclops able to live; unless your brain is altered negatively.” I gave into. My sentences were seen as a train of emotions flooding in…

“Oh! So, you’re in a deceased universe? I can take you back, but fellow command says life that is changed must adapt.” Cyclop stated.

I was going to continue, but then the music I arranged for your own adaptations dropped. I learned right then that it must have been the pill’s ship music or radio.

The void fell up above as the refracted light of a new lab caved in. The light then curved itself, revealing the place of a dull engineering shop.

“This is *my* house. Here, I go on to *my* job to recover lost parts of broken, downed worlds for research and stuff.” Cyclop announced, opening the hatch of the ship.

Viewing the world around me, there was a lengthy desk spread from one side to the other, a door on the left, toolboxes and blueprints spread across the table and floors, bikes and rafts hanging from the ceiling, and him back faced.

“Not much of a speaker, I can tell!” Cyclop aggressed. He had gone over to the toolbox, and deceptively started place many tools out. I resisted the urge to stay put, allowing me to get off the ship, and look around more. I was truly a planc length’s away from toppling to every concept nearby.

The engineering cabin, as I would call it, was mostly defined in blue lighting from circular stringed lights, and the ship was just a large pill, extended out of the cabin from a square opening as large as it, into a concrete runway just in front of suburban houses under a starry night. The walls were looking as concrete as the floor, having the lightest blue touch to their greyness, and the ceiling was just the same with four rectangular white lights within black plastic parameters.

I was starting to think it was real because of the quickness to new textures, the ambient smell of dryness and cold, and even just seeing this was creepy…

“May I have a DNA sample?” He asked behind me as I looked upon the dreamy sky.

“For what?” I clenched out, holding my fists in tack, hopefully physically stating I was in a mood to not even search his appearance.

“In order to get you back to your house, I need a DNA sample from you to determine the *correct* universe. I specially have a machine built for this processing.” Cyclop described.

I turned around slowly, clenching my veins and hoping he did not have a killer tool at hand. Instead, he was about twenty-six feet apart from me at the desk, and I got a good look at him.

“What? You can do that?” I asked, keeping a posture from any awkward actions that may occur in my voice or trembling bones.

“Yes, this syringe can do that. And yes, there is nothing to lose now if you were wondering.” Cyclop interpreted.

“Oh, he knows how metaphysical people act!” My brain told.

I walked over and accepted whatever held up darkly. A live Cyclops about to take a small fracture of me for testing in a place of unknowing settings. Was I the dust far behind sanity?

“It only will pinch.” He said as he stabbed the syringe into me. I peeped a yell, before refraining my body to not run away or scream uneasily. Too much tension filled my life at the moments.

“Okay.” He said, punching the syringe into a socket within a grey metal round-cube gizmo on his desk. Not much complexity was in a vibe on this machine, and it scanned a normal wavelength of numerals I still could not read. It seemed to have numbers glitch out as well.

“Here, take this box and open it.” He said, handing me a fully carboard red-checkered cube with no holes to be seen.

I asked, “How?”, and Cyclop replied, “Say Wu…Za…Ba… but mashed together. I have to say it spread apart because it would then open for me, not you.” And with that in mind, I confronted the words with the exact phrase and articulation.

The box opened into a brown toy ox in a jump form from a metal spring, in a matter of seconds with miniature brown goo oozing from its fur

and nothing else but red eyes with angry black eyebrows on the animal. It scared me so immensely, I jumped back and started crying, dropping the box onto the floor and curling up with the floor as well.

Cyclop just laughed as the toy hit the concrete and stayed un-damaged.

“Oh! I hate it, I hate it, I wish I was awake!” I pampered myself, trying to think it was a dream.

“Don’t worry mate… heh, he thinks… he’s in a dream- your fine!” Cyclop stopped to say after laughing it all out every three periods I put in that sentence. “You… just… oh-ooh my!”

“Stop, it is not funny! I *have* been dreaming for an hour, and I cannot leave it! It is too realistic for my comprehensive abilities to state whether I am dead or deader!” I demanded at him, gesturing my anger with swaying movement as I stood up.

“Please, you are very much still alive, and not under any influence. It is just very funny to see the common Jack-A-Box trick work once in a while.” Cyclop mentioned, stopping his smile and adverting to a grin.

I crossed my arms like a boss on the outside and a scared dog in the inside as he turned back to the machine and pressed some controls. Soon, a beep noise came out, with a receipt coming through the dark slice on my right-view of it. He snatched it up and observed its properties slowly.

“To say some: you say your dimension is normal?” He asked, treading along the white-thinned paper more elegantly.

“Yes; no magic, no current gods, no matter being destroyed, or energy being created. Basic physics apply.”

“Well, that does not seem to be the case.”

“What?”

“Yeah, buddy, there seems to be two beings in your universe that have sub-normal patterns. What I’m trying to say is, your universe is in the bottom portions of the multi-verse, to be exact it is *really old* and has done 113 rebirths. Plus, its waves indicate only up to gamma as its strongest and radio as its least, which is a normal ocean-type of wavelengths. Universe 5432, your universe, has seen forty-six beings extract different behaviors to science, but now only two remain. If you want, take a look at the ticket.” Cyclop explained, turning around to hand me the ticket.

His fingers were still slightly longer than normal human's fingers, so I grabbed it with quick expression and deepened my mind, trying not to look at him still. Upon the note was the following info with nothing but the slice of paper as its background:

-Universe 5432; Negative-2 Science

-Wavelength alterations through month:

{----------_____+}

-Universe Quyt's : 113

-Wavelength's Normal Kinds; Radio-Gamma

-Pulses of outlier waves:

{+==========+=+=}

-Recommended time before discovery : 12 U.

-Transportations known: None

I peered the letter closer to my face.

"How is this in English if you speak another language?" I asked dumbly.

"Just hit the languages on the printer, and it will tell mostly all of them. English is popular- **for the imposters of god**!" Cyclop mentioned before bursting into satanic laughter yet again. I just gave him a confused look while still holding my head hostage to the paper below. But I decided to get intrigued on that.

"I do not understand that joke." I spoke.

"You wouldn't. It's a cultural thing…" Cyclop jerked to make himself stop laughing.

I was raising another question after a moment of silence. "So, what do we do now?"

"We?" Cyclop added, "We have to backtrack to your universe! Luckily, we can just go back since I know your number."

"Then it is over? I can go back home and live nicely again?" I questioned, without thinking about the anomaly count.

“No, we have to find out what happened in your universe too. Somehow you got to a universe where the Chinese found and tried to bomb us on American soil, which doesn’t make any sense to me because you’re from a lower universe where that is usually very rare…” Cyclop insisted on telling. “Now, let us conclude this talk and put an analysis on your universe.” He ended, putting his hand behind the box and grabbing a pen. He slipped it into his pocket within the left side of his tuxedo in full black. I noticed he had pant pockets too, and the fact that he grabbed five metal pens of different colors, just stuffing them into his pocket and barely making an indent somehow…

Cyclop then lunged open the shield of the space craft and pointing for me to get in. So, I crawled into the metallic buttony shell and slid into my seatbelt like a normal car passenger would proceed. Cyclop hoped in as well, turned to sit face front in the seat, and tap a few buttons; letting the ship make an eerie oboe noise before a clank festival of clogs spun in the back. Then, the sound faded off as the shield slowly placed itself back on, and Cyclop pushed a few more buttons. Finally, the light of the simple garage-like lab turned and twisted till it all fell up and we were viewing some plains.

The Analysis 2

“Holy Jesus… needs to help.” I positively spoke.

Amongst the grassy greens and light blue sky, a Canadian flag rose high above the ground on a wooden pole from a steaming cabin in the prairie.

“So, we’re back?” I questioned yet again, surprised that we traveled from a neighborhood to a grassland in moments.

“Yes, but no.” Cyclop said with a tired laugh. I looked at him, a bit concerned but now a bit happy that he was that easy to bring me back.

“Well, how are we going to get back to Whale School now? I mean, you are a cyclops with me, in Canada!” I questioned.

“Hold on and let me study. There is a way to get us back to your town with this ship without altering any components…” Cyclop directed, starting to type things in a panel to his left, which displayed text I could not read as I waited.

“There, we can travel to some coordinates.” Cyclop disturbed the silence.

Pushing controls and more, we jumped in and splintered the light instead of bending it; ultimately changing it to a spiral and landing in a familiar forest after it cooled down and reversed.

“Hey, this is the slight zone of hill on the opposite side of the school road!” I added to the comprehension.

“Alright; let us investigate. What was the first sense of unusuality?” Cyclop interrogated.

“Well… things started going weird at the school bathroom at the back of school. It felt like the lights were shining brighter and darkness was attacking it with the same intensifications.” I recalled, holding a feeling of replenish to see my world again after such a short time. I was happy enough to speak to the Cyclop full on. Then I noted, “The school seems to be over or absent enough. Should be dismissal by the way the sun is positioned.”

“Well, let’s get out and check.” Cyclop triumphantly stated.

“Wait, you’re not normal to my people, if they can even see you. I do not want to walk in and see the faces of my comrades in despair and tragedy that I have a creepy friend or walk in and look like I have schizophrenia. You need a disguise.” I said with embarrassed breath and ‘no’ nodding to achieve the stance of denial.

“Where do we find a disguise?” Cyclop conducted to my thought.

“I do not know, I thought you would have something…” I created with a tone.

“I do, but remember, I have many machines which can delete memories and such, so scary-me can technically do whatever I want without a single consequence!” he said, making me still feel weird but a little comforted by his joking.

Introducing him to my school was a task to find my true vision, lost or not. Still, the voice in my head told me to stop and reassess the situation, yet

I perceived the creativeness of fantasy just so I would not go insane. Speaking of insane; the idea of bringing him in just curved off me as immorally introductory without regression towards it…

“This has no probability of working.” Cyclop tensed the situation, walking forth and backwards every time he turned around to look at my planet.

Indeed, it was a common life to behold on my Earth but coming in from the side of the school from the forest possibly made spectators view in panic, if any were watching. I did not want to say or even identify to myself that others could be watching as we strolled up, but the traffic was scarce and employees rare after the buses had already left. The entrance to the side was under a metal ceiling, flat and dirty above a grey concrete. The poles held up had no designation from school property to just bought, leaving anybody to feel and smell the rotten unknown of these cylinders.

“Seems somewhat small.” Cyclop interpreted as we pushed the blue doors open.

“Obviously! Your place- world, had electronics that could bring you to different universes! You probably have those schools like the Japanese anime do, having multiple floors and beautiful outsides… you are an alien species which makes you better than us.” I exclaimed with my hand gestures, as we passed the chorus parting room, or second band.

Cyclop grinned at my comment.

Throughout the flooring, it just felt converted. Walking with a supposedly real cyclops beside me in a hometown of work just gave way to a sense of deprivation, a pace at which called for my forgetful eye and exclusive behavior, weird and triumphant too.

“We are going to investigate the bathroom- stop!” I sneered a whisper to him, pushing his lightweight to the side of the wall, as I cautiously looked forward to some student counselors and teachers beyond hallway doors.

“Could we go around?” Cyclop asked, guessing the situation required stealth and none less. He did not bend or try to hide, but rather just stood there like nobody was real.

I converted face front to him, spiking a sense of awkward horror, but minded it off without physical approaches. “Yes, but then we could be encapsulated by incoming parties. We have a good escape here- the closet room.”

With my fragmented thinking, I told Cyclop to conversate about jobs in the future with me as I led him out and towards as normally as possible. I was going to say I had to go to the bathroom, and act like Cyclop did not exist too. I thought it was going to be the most awkward experience, but God saved us.

A kid in the gym started dribbling and yelling with some others as more joined. The teachers turned perfectly with a ninety-degree counterclockwise without hearing our whispers, revolting our essence altogether. They started to walk over to the school kids, conversating about discipline for those students banging into each other for the basketball. Luckily, we made a silent plan into the bathroom, slipping the doors open slightly, making myself go first and Cyclop hide behind, then quiver into the stalls. The door closed behind us, un-vibrating at the slow pressure. I directed Cyclop to the second stall, face-fronting left of the first. He opened the old, fainted stall door, revealing a toilet of clean outsides and insides.

Cyclop stared before grabbing a purple pen from his pocket. He swooshed it over the toilet, and it vibrated, lighting up a light blue screen with information, and what looked like to be an EM wave.

“Yeah, this is definitely either a weird portal or something unusual.” Cyclop stated, converting my view from the walls to the inside of the toilet.

“What do you think it is?” I asked, shuffling back to my stance from the wall peering.

Cyclop pulled a pen out of his camouflaged pocket in his shirt once again. His tuxedo truly did hide things with that black, giving him a blue metal pen from the darkness I had just exaggerated.

Anyways, he circled it around the toilet in the wielding way he did before, and something clicked on it. Nothing of physical appearance changed really changed, but there are now tiny notations on it, something in his language, and without the screen.

“It might be a *dweller*, or universe criminal who spawned such a thing. The waves coming from this are not like yours, but rather square, fast with frequency, with a still a wavelength that is long, somehow. We should either return back to the ship or confront your authorities and my authorities.” Cyclop stated. “This universe has probably been hacked, and now I understand why you are here!”

“Wait, what?” I questioned without purpose. I knew what he was saying, but I wanted more information on the cause.

He shrugged and gestured me to leave. I followed, but the outside was once again different. Something with that second stall must have been trolling us, because every time I sat on it, looked at it, even thought about it at this point, the “reality” changed. It made me madder to think that it might be only happening to me… The only thing keeping me from screaming to the horrors of this one was that Cyclop was still by my side.

“Tegur?” Cyclop phrased enthusiastically as he walked up to my right.

“See? This is what happens! Every time I go into that bathroom nowadays, things change!” I summed up angrily, ignoring his random word.

“Well, who is- who are they?” Cyclop fixed his sentence, blurting my attention to the hills of the broken school we were in.

By broken school, I mean drawings of satanic rituals of pentagrams in blood scattered amongst the clashed walls and lockers just smashed together and breaking. Dust and blood in this one…

Among the hills of the green forest though, where our spaceship was supposedly placed in the other world’s position, was the people of my school. As they ran closer, arms stretched out un-humanly, blood and vessels stretched and bleeding onto the ground, and fingers abnormally longer than Cyclops, scared both of us. I could see Cyclop’s eye squint before wide eyeing those catastrophes. Then, we saw them have no eyes, just darkness of their brains falling out endlessly. Slow, but eventually deadly, as me and Cyclop could tell.

“Uh… run?!” Cyclop yelled, clutching himself.

“Yes, we need to get back to your ship though!” I yelled back at him, the stomping of a thousand starting to rise.

“They probably already ran over it! Alright, calm down, I got a trick actually.” Cyclop suddenly claimed.

Cyclop pulled another pen out of his pocket after putting the orange one back in. He clicked it five times. A portal of purple opened under him, and he fell quicker than his words could be heard correctly. I jumped it, taking a finally look at the crooked, broken, yet sunny universe.

Villain? Villain.

I dropped hard. I hit the smooth yet concrete floor. I took a large deep breath in front of him. “That was close… are you sure that pen will always work?” I asked, wondering what would have happened if we stayed.

“Yeah. These have never failed me.” Cyclop suspended the thought, tapping on his tuxedo’s pocket, “Now, let’s go get a drink or eat. There’s a government party going on in my work building.”

He turned around, starting walking, before turning around to wave me on. I creeped outside of the original garage to my own consent. What I saw was truly advanced.

The suburban houses stretched extremely far, each white and two-storied, and across each side of a clean black road with blue arrows pointing which sides cars would drive, if they even had cars. The next thing I observed was the magnificent light show of a city. Purples, blues, greens, reds, yellows, you name it, were in skyscrapers of a utopia kneeling before the skies, all down the long horizon. The skies were a sundown with two blue suns right next to each other. There was what seemed to be cars floating around, leaving to the houses on the side of other roads seemingly just behind this house. It was crazy to view floating vehicles vroom past me and houses, expressing a cool breeze as the went over, making the current perfection of coldness get a little sturdy with my likeness. I felt distinguished though, what did the people look like that were driving the cars? Probably fellow cyclops…

“You coming?” Cyclop called to me. I turned to see him a few feet down the light-grey sidewalk, so I ran up and started walking a bit far from

him, but close enough for comfort. I say this, because he did save my life, but he still looked creepy.

“That’s Metruy, a city where I work as a field-scientist in the industry of universe cataloging. I don’t have many friends, but I know a lot of people and co-workers who can help.” Cyclop described.

“Are we not going to talk about the ship, and the universe we just escaped?” I frantically opposed the reality, trying to see if we should care for such things.

Cyclop shook his head. “No need. It is just the way some universes are built. And my ship is still in that one safe universe.” We continued in silence until I finally got the motive to ask him about universal criminals and what they can do.

“Many universe-breaking acts happen, since we are in a multiverse, inside an omniverse, inside a plane of existence, inside a bubble of rimming. Much abnormal things may occur; you could just be a kid who was unlucky to have his universe deny him only and put you with me. Over trillions of possibilities, and you’ll learn that paying attention to small details is very important at the least suspected times. That doesn’t mean to use your brain shortly or sparingly, but still use it all the time as-” he said, trailing off to look forward and advertise each coming topic.

Paying attention was a theme among me. I enjoyed learning that the universe is a multiverse where if one person was important, all other things would change due to randomness or something... I trailed off at moments but got the full aspects. To summarize, just even a piece of grass can create entire omni-verses and it makes all the different…

But, as we slowly approached the city, it seemed people in the floating cars had multiplied, and the stars above got brighter. I guessed it was turning nighttime, as the city glowed more. We still seemed like a horizon away, miles upon miles from walking to the skyscraper village.

“Hey, look! There is a launch-pad! Bet you’ve never seen one.” Cyclop juiced into our conversation.

“A launch-pad? That is so granite of a name.” I made up, trying to sound formal and cute and trying to achieve all trust with Cyclop. My fears had quieted, but still screams could be present at times…

Once we got up a few feet, I saw the pad. Simply just a thin square, shining grey outlining with a neon-blue elevating, but not hovering, slightly above its perimeter within the middle. It was just on the right side of the

sidewalk, no other concrete or cement showing a path to it. Just improperly there, stuck to the side.

“What’s your full name by the way?” Cyclop asked, before me and him knew what we had to do.

“I thought I already told you it was private to me only.” I stated.

“Yeah, but please? What if we’re in an emergency?” – Cyclop.

“I thought you had the tools for emergencies though?” I spoke.

“Well, emergencies are for the worst. Even when the tools are present.” Cyclop ended.

“Well then, back to my question, what can I nickname you as?” Cyclop suggested, turning around, flashing a sense of retreat upon me again as I recognized he had sharp teeth. But I was getting used to his appearance as we walked along the sidewalk.

“Well, nicknames would be more professional. What kind of stuff do you remember the most?” I catechized back.

“I remember numbers. Maybe your favorite number could do?” He repeated.

“Of all things, number’s is what you want to remember me by?”

“Yes, my number 58,932-A with no changes ever. We cyclops are very intelligent, having around 183 I-Q in human terms…” Cyclop bragged back.

“My favorite number does not exist… eighty-three. That is something random enough.” I popped with a surprised expression.

Cyclop shrugged it off and nodded. He hopped onto the glowing substance of the pad. A swift sound of flute infiltrated the hovering car noises loudly, making them seem more un-superior to me than just being miles away with loud engines. I saw Cyclop’s form fly off into the sky, with a gaseous force-field of blue spawn on him. I repeated the same motion. I felt my feet collapse into the air and my muscles tense as my eyes watered to the velocity of the bounce. The shield relived the slight pain, but a stingy sense scattered upon all my tissues, inside and out. The shield to your knowledge, did nothing but block some of my view with its translucent state. After shuttering myself together in the sky after fifteen seconds, I landed straight up on another launch-pad, now with green neon. Cyclop was standing just a few feet away as he saw me become “green” from the quickness.

I covered my mouth with my hands and waited for the throw-up, but it seemed to back down to an intense belly ache. I stepped off the lander-pad and observed my surroundings. Intrusive and colorful signs with images and outlines blocking any disrespect to the language. Fully, the buildings seemed higher than heaven, a metal and shiny apocalypse with floating cars of all variants, no trucks though. Mist crowded a few dark alleyways, including a scene of brown and sorrow to the vision, along with the smell of rust pitched into the explosion of sushi and pizzas fluming the air around me. Buildings around stationed other cyclops, looking around for something to accomplish, implemented the idea that yet again, another civilization had its customer service in the garbage disposal. Speaking of garbage, it seemed every alley had a blue, steel garbage pyramid of a sort, being its top having a stretched-out circle for sliding things in, and the pyramid just being there for looks as I guessed.

“This is too much.” I said outside, holding my chest to actually try to make myself throw-up. It is a weird feeling to have a sudden rush up and then down about your insides.

“What?” Cyclop interpreted quietly.

“This… is… too… much. I just think that… maybe I am dreaming in my death. What if I am already faded? Like, how am I feeling any of this? Science repents it all! What if none of this is real?” I popped out, my eyes regaining wetness from internal sadness.

“You’re as real as me, I guess?” Cyclop added in a joking tone but had a suspicion of what I was really thinking. “I know it is hard to understand the world around you but stop worrying about it so much. You’re wasting time, now let’s get going.”

“Yes, but will you ever actually try to answer those questions? I am sorry for the sudden reemergence of trying to think my way out of this reality I am now stuck in and absolutely terrified off and think it has no common laws of science, but I need experience and evidence…” I tried further.

“Hey, do you believe in God?”

“Yes?”

“Well, how much evidence is there for his existence? Have you ever seen him?”

“N-no?”

“Yet he still exists?”

“Yes…”

“So, eighty-three, you believe in a science-defying godly being, but you don’t believe in your own surroundings and feelings that also may defy science? Plus, you’re even touching, smelling, seeing, and hearing the world around you, and you still don’t believe in it- and another example is that you believe what so-called “professionals” on television say, and you’ve never seen their works or heard of them, but you believe their correct, right? So why can’t you just accept this world right now? And if you need a bit more help- It’s only for the current state of mind!”

“I… um…”

“My lab is on the fifteenth floor of that building.”

That was defying my expectations. He just summarized an entire week of Christian apotheosis lessons into one paragraph he did not even stutter. I loved it. It blasted me into my thoughts and made me rethink the world a bit more. And he was right to me as well. I just should act okay with it all.

“He got you good.” My brain said.

We got inside the blissful building. Why is it blissful? Nobody was there. It made me happy to endure such an escape from any awkward scenes from any other cyclops, since mister-numbers here was the only one who had taken me in. Whilst in the lobby, there was only a circle-like, blueish computer standing on a wooden, polished lecture stand. The floor was wooden, bright with many oranges and browns, leading the shininess of it towards a fully reflective, black elevator. It was open, revealing a dark room with no intents for any other matter. We stepped in. Looking to the right of the door as I turned to the front, there was the obvious signs of numbers. Cyclop pressed one somewhat low of about the fifteen opaque, yellow triangle buttons.

“Are you scared of heights?” Cyclop asked, turning to me as the door closed with normal elevators sounds with some jazz starting up.

“I did not see any windows on this building.” I stated otherwise.

“Alright… just checking.”

“And a question for you, who works here?” I catechized my new metaphysical friend.

“Today was short notice. We have a party tomorrow.” Cyclop spoke.

“That sounds nice.” I ended peacefully.

“And, um… do you mind if you take this tracker and stick somewhere safe on yourself? You know… just in case I need to find you…” He asked, pulling out a circular, slightly transparent metal flattened sphere with a red glow and black wiring from the inside. I lent my hand out as he placed it neatly on my palm. I placed it in my pant’s left pocket, letting it slide down.

“I will accept it for right now… later on though, I would like to take it off of myself.” I sternly funded towards him, giving the demand that I liked privacy.

“Okay.” He shrugged, giving off the intent that he had no care. Then we stood forth to stare at the doors and shaking room…

Finally, after a few moments of silence with no elevator music, the doors opened to a lab full of chemistry, plasma balls, floating squares with circling butterflies, and the whitest floor you could ever step on. The forwarding, which means left and right walls were as damp and bland as the ceiling, giving the floor an environment admin status, while the back and front walls of the room were just straight and rectangular windows. Stools, glass encasings, pouches and graduated cylinders filled the room around. To my extent, it seemed like a showcase room, since there were no other doors or good equipment you would suspect inside. It was also dark and mildly possessed a dark blue tint on the lighting, making me feel mystery.

“Is this even the testing part of the lab, or the showcase area?” I asked, spreading my arms out without caution. I felt the urge to commit havoc, knowing some of these tools just begged my curiosity of their advancement in visuals. I resisted such temptations, wondering if Cyclop had another pen for attacking. I did not see any warning signs, so it scared me that he may go like a ravage on these probably newest artifacts of his culture.

“Sure…”

“What do you mean, *‘sure’…* you trailed off buddy.”

“I know… I was actually going to take something from this room we label as the present storage.” Cyclop then said as truthfully as possible.

“So, you are stealing?” I said, trying to see where this would lead.

“No, I work here and have permission. I just thought when you said showcase room, I thought it meant like a room where nobody touches anything ever because it’s all on display. This is just one of the three storage facilities.” Cyclop continued. He went up to a random stand on the left before we even thought about strolling past the objects. And then he was taking a

mini telescope from the U-shaped placeholder. It was black with some white linings, and a thick glass implemented a blue feeling towards its appearance.

“You ready to go back?” Cyclop asked, noticing I had said nothing but stared at his object, “Or would you like to look around?”

“I guess.” I stated promptly.

I went forth to the first one on the right. It was a light-up, white cat lamp, having a face of a sideways smile in black and simply stale in the white light shining on it from the ceiling’s lights un-turned off. I think I explain too much, because I swear, I could have worded that better and quicker…

I went to the next on the right. A knife, a butcher knife to be exact, big and swelling with rainbow on its blade. Like all colors were just swirling into a spiral on the blade. And the handle was also confident with all the colors as well. The next was a wooden brown triangle on top of a blue gassy orb with another wooden triangle facing downwards under it. It floated in its glass frame, having the blue orb space the triangle apart too. Then there was a rainbow metal pen in the next one. Just like Cyclop’s pen but swirling with rainbow in a wave-like fashion.

“That’s my favorite. It combines all pens into one, making everything about pen-clicking have to be perfect in order to get exactly what you want… it took me a day to learn it all.” Cyclop bragged again.

“That is quite nice.” I afformed.

“Indeed. Now, let’s leave before we get caught up in something else.” Cyclop announced like me.

We turned to leave, but then the elevator rung and went down. No button told us through blinking or lighting up, but rather the elevator push sound. “Nobody was here.” I thought to myself. Me and Cyclop grew closer to stare directly through the middle and into the darkness of the elevator’s lining structure had to offer.

“Nobody is supposed to be here… right?”

“It is after hours…” Cyclop registered back.

He smirked at me. “Guess I am going to introduce you to someone...” He said, devilishly. I knew he was offering that he knew another cyclops who would probably be coming.

“Let us hope I just introduce myself passionately…” My brain said.

I just shrugged and tightened myself up in the life. I was going to be embarrassed, anxiety flowing through me, and all just alike boiling in me. I

had the strongest feeling that if it is another of his kind, it would be awkward, and I cannot stress that enough.

“What do I say? Like, is there a formal greet to your type of people?”

“Well, if it is another cyclops like me, then just gaze the words: TEGUR!” Cyclop emphasized, blasting the silence and making me flinch.

The elevator landed on our floor seconds later. Then, the elevator opened.

The… whatever it was, gave an off expression to Cyclop. A mosquito, a giant one to be about my size, was standing on four hairy black legs with two arms on each side of its body, claws stabbing out from them all. The head was normal but seemed to fit in a hair style of rad-depressed-teen through its black antennas, a hair style that was wacky an had a slang hang off for waving in front of the eye. But its eyes were billions, being tiny hexagons of red in bursting bubbles from the head, as I would say. He had wings closed behind him, translucent as always. His body was shaped a little lighter, but still same. Now, I am saying “His,” because he was the rudest intruder ever with that stylish white hair which resembled the most intriguing part upon his standing position of un-human like appearance.

[If you will look to your left again, you will find a picture of the kid, I guess. Another portrait, I know, and yeah, it does not even show the entire body, but please… anyways, here is the not-best I could do in “thirteen minutes.”]

“Oh! So, you’re the fuckers fluxing my dad’s plans?” He announced to us, average villain introduction with a loud squeaky voice of what was an angsty teen ready to battle.

“WHAT IS THAT!?” I screamed, shaking my body as I tumbled backwards onto the floor, bouncing my torso up to view the approach of

Cyclop. Cyclop's expression was of a lower reaction of mine, but still just confusion everywhere.

"Who are you?" Cyclop questioned as I would of.

"I'm the guy who is going to kill you for what you've done!" The mosquito poked in a pitched voice…

At that point, I could explode into the laughter as I realized what he probably was. The guy did not smell or anything, but his voice was so cracked and childish for a teenager as I could predict he was one full-on. And so, I giggled, trying to hide the fact I was scared to death. If he was smarter, he would notice my wide eyes as a distinctive trait of horror.

"What are you laughing at?" he squealed, with the hairy mouth like an opening doll, and having the feature of a black and rocky fanged teeth set inside.

"Your form." I stated firmly, standing up with all my might and trying not to either go crazy or jump away. "It is a bit amusing, yet… distinguished."

"Am I not scary enough!? You were just crawling away like a mouse-"

"Crawling like a mouse, heh? I was just in address of your ugliness." I confronted.

Cyclop looked at me with a smirk in confused happiness.

"Fine! Dumb asshole, I'll show you horror." The mosquito screamed. He flicked his arm in swirls of sound-speed, and his entire body lit up into a neon light red with a thick redder outline. Suddenly, his shape changed into something respectable, being a human with that depressed and lazy, or wacky-extroverted haircut, and those millions of red hexagons formed voiding eyes of white now. (They were able to turn into a different color, which surprised me.) He also obtained some clothes from this process, but it seemed to moving blood. He had a red classy tuxedo, one that had those flaps at the bottom, as well as the normal pure, black pants and shoes- that also seemed to be swirling somehow. A belt was also swelling thinly, just red and dark, yet buttons started forming all over his coat-tux. Under it was just a black shirt, with a red handkerchief pushed into a normal fashion within that shirt. His hands were protected by red gloves from his sharp, black arms. His head also turned white, but now cuter in shape, as in more round, I guess. Also, sorry for switching from "it" to "him" so often, that is just how I go when seeing a mysterious being.

"Better?" He swiftly blissed into his normal voice of pitched quality.

“Yes?” I confusedly profound, about to release a joke with a smile of insanity in humor, “But why are you white now?”

Suddenly, the sound of helicopters in black and patrol lights shot around the building as they got closer. What happened was that about five helicopters, driven by cyclops in the same dress code as Cyclop, had sprung un-stealthily over to our building and flung their white-yellowish lights on through the windows besides the elevator. It showed the mosquito’s full red swelling of a tuxedo and lit the room in a fashion of being caught by the police. He turned to see his new adversaries speak into their intercoms.

“Suspect, we’ve found you to be emitting massive electromagnetic waves- please refrain from such energy usage and explain your presence!” A cyclops pressured the boy without contacting us.

Cyclop nudged me with his arm, awkwardly letting me know he wanted to leave instead of fight. We were about to vanish with that orange pen, until the mosquito boy turned and fastened his fingers up again, snapping a loud bang. My vision went white, like a flashbang hit for the first time. Whatever it was, it lasted for four seconds before I looked up to see earth from the moon I was sitting on, now surrounding in a spherical forcefield of slightly transparent white plastic to my comprehension.

“I am going to make you suffer!” The being laughed as he floated out of a crater towards me.

Instantaneously, Cyclop came out of the left side of my view and punched the teen farther and faster than a car hitting a girl. The gust of wind fell upon me, making me hop to my feet while the dust clouded up after the falling mosquito.

“Eighty-three, watch out!” He called to me.

I ran forward without automatics in my brain, knowing something was coming from the east now. As I ran normally, I felt a rush of a train made in rocks crash into the surface of the moon behind me. Then portals opened far away, revealing three helicopters to come forth and start aiming at the mosquito boy. I turned quickly, still on the ground, to see the rain of syringes and tranquilizers collapsed onto the being. He was unaffected, but now angry. Before I could adapt my vision to the future of what his actions were, Cyclop grabbed a pen from his shirt, clicked it, and shot a ball of lighting at me.

Everything was so fast, but I knew from the split seconds that I saw and heard Cyclop emerging from my right, his expressions on his movement and face were berserk beyond my understanding. I took in as many deep

breaths my body could intake in the moments I felt flash, before I plopped onto fresh green grass. I did not know where I was, I did not want to know, but I was in peril, and so was my fantastical friend.

I got up and looked back. The mosquito being put his hands up in fists, starting to mutate the stars into spinning widely. Then a beam of light started powering down as Cyclop rushed over to me with distress from the portal. He came through with a fowl body slam, stuttering back up.

“I don’t know who he is, but he’s actually dangerous!” Cyclop commented quickly, alerting me that the three helicopter were currently getting devastated by the boy. There was no screaming, but there was a fast helicopter noise with gun shots and beaming flute notes to aid my awareness of what dramatic attacks might have been taking place.

Cyclop took out his pen and clicked it, making the portal close just as the being was about to explode into the world with neon lights pushing him in. He was being shot with syringes and such, but the portal closed just in time for a perfect screenshot if his angered black eyebrows staring without a soul in his eyes at me. After that, nothing was heard…

“Are we safe?” I panicked, leeching up.

“Maybe.” Cyclop said, calming down, and also getting up slowly. He then proceeded to grab a grey pen from his pocket and start reading the data from the screen which he alerted on from a tap. All I could do was intake the world around me, which was lush green and a bit gooey. It was most likely a swamp land.

“No! You’re not safe! Die!” The mosquito angrily announced, tearing through the transparent oxygen, or spacetime as those movies about reality call them. In his hands he was holding a spherical-like trident of all colors, in the position of throwing it at my forehead.

I ducked to the right of his essence as Cyclop pulled out another pen and forced something behind my back. It created loud noises and flashing lights as I closed myself away, ignoring anything. I wanted to truly tell myself now that it was all a dream, but I was in a hurry to survive.

“I’ll probably see you later, eighty-three. Good luck!” Cyclop yelled to me.

I looked up to see dozens of portals forming, each was leading to a different color area of mine, with him jumping through as he kicked and punched the mosquito being with a pen. Then, a portal opened under me, making me fall like my grades in pre-school. I zipped with a scream, grasping at the air.

New-Man?

The sky was blue, the trees were flowing with green, and the grass was an unordinary setting. I could not recognize the forest I was in. It was long and dark under some trees, but I felt like I was not far from home by any

means. Still, unknown, I stayed still in the leafy floor of the environment, waiting for a “new” recognizable sound…

Moments that seemed like minutes passed, before I finally hesitated to get up, pushing my body violently with a jitter and unease to make sure my mind does not wait. Looking around, most of the things around me were normal. Trees, grass, leaves dead and alive, and the sky being true. I decided to stop standing around and walk for about seventy feet, stopping by a few bushes to look around and count my fingers and facts. I did not know if this was my universe or not, so I prepared myself at some times. Behalf of the igneous sensations, there was something odd in the ground as I saw the leaves be a bit lifted from the ground at an area.

There, in the middle of nowhere, woods filled with bushes and trees, nothing of a path but directly to my northeast, was a bunker door under many leaves and twigs, but rather than invisible, it stood out with no outline when seen. Wooden, old, slightly camouflaged, and with a big hatch of hole indicating an axe throw made up the surface. And the door handles ripped off too. Nothing to open the two doors with properly, it just had to be swung or stomped open.

“I really ought to not test this stuff out…” My brain rushed into my thoughts as I started to nudge the doors with my feet. They fell backwards, at a way of seemingly brokenness. “Maybe you should just try to find humanity, or a way out of this forest instead.” My brain said to myself, countering the oppressive wave of curiosity. “Cyclop could never save you from this one, so the risk is all yours.”

“But what if I find something useful or at least entertaining? I mean, what if we are like in a Brazilian rainforest, miles away? At least something ***of*** *humanity* is here to aid our conscience.” I tested myself.

“Still, bro, I would not do it! What if that mosquito boy… or maybe…? I mean…” My conscience said, thinking of more ways to fight but trailed off…

“I really have gone insane. I am just going to go into random bunkers and not try to at least wait it out or something… but really…” I ended to myself.

I stepped onto concrete stairs below. Deep, just a bit, but I balanced myself in seconds and investigated the darkened hall after seven steps. There were metal lanterns of very foreign yellow-lighten, like no such brightness to call this visible. If anything lives here, it sure liked to not be seen… but still obviously required light in order to see… and what even made me tingle my hairs what that there were small circular particles, like a

movie had intrigued the main character to go forth into the haunted mansion or something. Spooky yet referencing the mind.

“Every movie has told you not to do it!” My brain tested me.

“But hey, what is the worst that could happen?” I tested my brain.

“You saying wHaT iS tHE wORsT tHAt cOUlD HaPPEn?” My mind juggled with a hurricane of voice cracks.

I stepped further into the hall, looking upon the door at the end. I looked back for the effect, so I received the commonality of being in a deserted location at least. Definitely, somebody was here…

I flicked the door with a snap. It was shut and stood without a mushy feel. I grabbed the knob and turned it anxiously but still cautiously and slow. I opened it to expect to see a secret lab or elevator. But instead, the inside was not much of difference to an average search of objects. Elevations of pathways leading to similar doors, cloths of old signs and simple colors, pots and pans made from wood, lanterns at a rarity, and specks of grey dust intruding my every motion. Dust flew mostly everywhere when movement was made, but some had “visibly risen” due to lighting effects.

I stood for a solid second. I heard a snoring schedule from a creature beyond the door in front of me. I waited a bit before whispering my introduction. “Hello?”

Something moved.

Oh yeah, it might of came to an end right then. But instead, the creature was exhausted, or I had run into a coincidence, as it made a shaking vibration at first before going back to a snoring. I had to keep my calm with this one.

“Hey, whoever this house belongs to, just know your living in sixteen seventy-five and not twenty-nineteen.” I stated in another whisper to myself, looking more around. It was like an old sandstone house or something. It just had that feel, but more modern and with dirt now.

I stepped down some stairs to the right, getting my level below the door I was curious to check. There was a wooden table, a poker table, a disconnected fridge with wooden cabinets above, and dust treading in corners. No cobwebs at least…

To my left, beyond the table, was the stairs back up to a path that led me directly to the mysterious door and two others. I crept up it slowly, feeling an ambience of reality fall in my soul. I did not know what to expect, otherwise I would not of opened the door at the slightest.

My eyes grew wide, my face frowning and my eyebrows reversed in position to reveal my confusion again. Yet, I was scared, seeing a live anthropomorphic reptile, blue with black stripes and green hair. It looked like a want-to-be dragon furry, having a dog-like jaw with cat ears of blue going through his confronting hair. His ears were white inside, just like his eyebrows, and his nose were just some holes in his snout. But an extravagant part, was his eyes, which were closed. He rested his head lazily on his desk, his arms hanging down, being blue with black stripes still. He wore a leather dark-grey jacket with a large hoodie; the hoodie being smooth with no fur like a winter coat, which I could presume from the lantern above. His pants were also sweatpants of greyish smoothness… Dimming in the light, he wore no shoes, showing kangaroo or dragon-like feet, with sharp and glowing white fangs from his three toes if I could recall them being. (He also had sharp, glowing white fingernails too.) But, to say the one negative from first glance, he did snore very loud… Back to the intriguing designs- his fluffy, dog-like tail of his skin tone was slowly forging back and forth in the

cramped area of his chair…

[Above you will see the one of the two scenery pictures I decided to do- that is not including the back cover… So… this was the first one I created- first scenery image… and it looks bad to me… so, do you agree? Like, for example, I have no ears showing, and my head is more spherical, and my man's legs are not even on the chair correctly, nor is the desk's leg in front of his legs! Dang… real bad job I did, sorry…?]

I let the door back to a close, minding myself to come to a thought about whether why he, or it, was here, or myself being here. Technically, I knew I was trespassing, but I did think for it as small, since the planet was still unknown to me. So, with that flowing through my now fragile thinking process, I started myself to look around.

"Furry boys… I really ought to not be here…" I told myself with relief.

“Well, Cyclop did say that there were some beings in the universe that were not original to mine. Let us go and find something to prove that this could be our dimension or somewhat similar, and also because this might be important later on…” I stated in my head to counter the other side of my brain. It could agree on that and was also pleased by the memory of his statement. Although it compared nothing to the furry, I still had a stench that he was important, and my destination was also a lucky coincidence…

I looked sternly at his etiquette and his purely metallized wooden sword of normality to his left. It was inside and facing the handle up from a wooden chest opened without locks. There were other ornaments, like in melee wooden swords, leaves, or armor; there seemed to be boots or a chest plate. He was sure to use all of that if I woke his slumber… and there was also a childish wooden bed with a white pillow and a blue blanket nicely there… So, I backed out shakily and snuck through his cabinets and fridge because why not; and nothing was found but bean cans, rice bags, carbon fish snacks, and some sodas. I then continued to one of the rooms on the right of the sleeping furry; a bathroom with normal placement, like a toilet to the top-right, sink in front of on the right, mirror up from it, toilet paper almost run out, and a tub to the left. I learned quickly from observations, being one that he had a source of water at a time because the marble that was the tub and sink and toilet had a touch of water recently. Next, the door to the left. A storage room to be sure, containing more shelves with many objects. I closed every door and moved slowly and silently.

I was telling myself that maybe this was a recommendation to one of the songs. I could see a resemblance in the name and the song’s instruments. But that had to be me pulling strings in theory. I just was in a full stance of light, being unquenched in my search and weirded out by my placement. “Whether or not this is my universe, we should see what we could be facing. That is why you are not getting out in such a hurry!” My brain decided to tell me off guard. I nodded to my insanity beeping up… then decided to peek at the common noises. Something was off... One was missing: the furry’s snoring…

“Oh, please, no.” I thought to myself, hoping that the furry had just died instead of getting up. I was in no rush of how he would act, so I decided to leave from my middle stance near the exit and entrancing stairs.

Creeping my way out, I had my face looking to the door. I turned my head just enough so my body could walk straight without any cautions. I went to the entrance door, before hearing a shuffle inside the room. A blade noise erupted through, stopping all others of silence…

I creaked the door open, closed it shortly, stepping up the stairs in a quick yet small fashion, and lightly sprinted across the wood lands frantically and letting the leaves give their cracks away. About many meters away, I turned back. Nothing was in sight. I panted to calm state as much as I could. Looking forward, a tense feeling came upon me, like something was bound to either rush from upon it or come in from behind me. It was noticeably quiet, and the leaves only made a slight wind tune. I turned to look the other way, seeing if anything spooky was to compromise. Nope, so I turned back.

“Aaaaaa-AHHHHHHHHHH!” The furry yelled as he busted up from the ground and flung back to my vision. He was obviously scared of me, but I was more terrified.

“YOOOOO!” I screamed as I saw the furry with a common sword and his boots. I ran without correct introduction. He saw this weakness and started after me. He did not yell after I ruined his battle cry. He just stomped the ground with his boots which possibly could have made him slower. I wanted to ask if those black straps were plastic on his grey shining metals, but his fierce look suppressed my brain into a panic already. His pupils were green in his voiding black eyes. He also ran like a trained man, having no breaks or slowdowns and being completely at a constant rate.

“Yajj!” He yelled over to me. I was on a loose chain with my feet, for they had already started taking off without command. I was in no assurance of how dangerous this guy was because it was like a sudden blur, and I had to either run or raw. Like, have you ever seen a mutated human species before? He might of took a bite of my face if he got the chance, and I was in no mood to die at the current moment…

To the front of me was a pile of leaves, crunching and directed with ant piles from what I finally noticed. I had destructed my running with a slight imbalance of the foot on the ant hill, making me treble for a few feet as I got back into motion. Far enough, I took time to look back at the still running anthropomorphic being with a sword of rust tight in his hands. Sharp at the end of a thick rectangular sword, handle (or grip) being square along with another square rain-guard (middle part that connects.)

He yelled again in the middle of our chase. Same “Yajj!” as I had no clue for it. After a few moments, we got to some interesting designs. Bushes were scattered up front, with tree’s having head-level branches. Twigs were scattered below, and a few birds stationed above. They flew off seeing me run through, as well as the non-stop being.

I dodged and slowed down to pass the blushing bushes of green, whilst the furry just ran through with jumps and side throws. He gained speed somewhere in between.

“Anybody! I could use some assistance!” I announced to the watching forest, hoping somebody a drift would recognize. But to my catch, nobody was to help a mile’s worth.

To an extent, we got past the bushes of bushes, and ending into a river stream. No rock was in favor of jumping on, they were all underwater. I had to literally tread water in order to escape a plausible death.

“Come back here! Ya don’t understand the worth of privacy, so I shall teach you the lesson!” The Furry loudly introduced to the atmosphere.

I turned to see if he was serious with those words. Seemingly so, he did speak with a manly voice, but was on the brink of being twenty-five in my mind. His jaw, or snout, was filled with yellowish, sharpened teeth. His tongue red at what could be barely seen of it.

He jumped in, from a splash I heard behind. The river as I noticed, was not a waterfall leading but rather to a lake. Now, once I got to the others side, my knee’s shaking wet, my vibrating body intense, and the furry was still stomping madly, I could only take off again into the more collapsed hill part of the forest. Danker with green grass and slight bushes, for it seemed to have small cliffs at places now…

“Man, I am almost out of breath, I think we can talk about this.” I called to him, breathing in and out, sweating profusely from my face and getting my long sleeves wet.

He angered on with the statement; “Ya came into my house snooting around for my possessions, so now I’ve come snooting around for ya life!” As he treaded further into my vicinity.

I brushed my legs as far as the energy could pursue arms whilst running. I needed a break, a big one. I had not taken a physical education class in three years, plus I spent my days inside working on becoming a writer and animator as well as reviewing science and math proportions. But now, a gallon of water could only save my sticks from crumbling.

We gained our way back into a scheme of obstacles. This time, caverns. We were sure deep into this part of the forest, which gave me an idea. Maybe this was the large forest next to the school, one people got lost in. But I progressed onto the dirt and ran past some stone hedges. Then, my aching knees got to me. I looked once again to see the furious furry still

running after me at a constant speed, so I decided it would be best if I run into a cave and hide in the darkness.

I ran into a cave about three meters down on the hill I just recognized to be above other grounds. It was a big opening, especially lucky since it was in the side, one you could have to slide into with a small fall. I got myself up and pushed my legs just to go further into the tunnel, pitch black with slippery puddles I almost tripped over. I heard the being jumped down with a clash of his boots as he started down the tunnel as fast as he was. Only my noises could be heard to him, I guessed.

The furry snorted at my disappearance. I had ducked behind some stones I predicted would be high enough and with an easy break-away position. He went further in, till nothing of any light could premise upon him. I was holding my breath, slowly breathing now, but with a hard thrill in my body from the sudden turn of running to stopping.

I heard his loud metallics forge down, down, and more inspecting into the cave, till I was sure he was far gone. I wanted to head out, but he made an intriguing sentence, or yell as I could call it.

“What- AHH!” he screeched, with a plumet of rock falling noises disrupting his speech. I heard him fall for seven seconds, before a distant splash emitted.

I heard him cry at whatever the bottom he was at. Whether real or not that he actually had fallen, it was a choice. “He just fell down and is hurt… alright… two choices are what you have. Either leave or go investigate. I think we should leave because of the mysterious scheme we are in, or we could investigate because friendship is cooler and importance to what could deal with us in the future...” The smarter brain side of me altered into a daydream.

“Well, I guess we could go… I mean… would it really matter if the furry was tricking us? He probably cannot see in the dark… and Cyclop could come to our exact coordinates at any time since of the tracker… so… only death can really scare us… and I can reason…” I also stated to myself, obviously not out loud.

I got up with deep breaths and waited for a few moments to have any other sounds change my mind. He just kept crying from a far position. “I mean there was also the rock sounds and a splash, but what if he could see in the dark? What if he was just moving the environment around because he wanted us to come out?” My brain also contested after agreeing to go forward.

“You said we are going forth, so let us go forth.” I told myself, ending all other regression and striking up fear and hesitance into my body at maximum levels.

“HELP!” The furry insisted to me, from what I could tell was water splashing around. He was most likely unable to swim, and the cry was a little too realistic, so I pushed myself.

I walked into the darkness, finding a slight purplish and blue light arise from my essence closer to its vicinity. I went over to the hole that collapsed beneath him, as there were a lot more lights to aid the vision. I saw him struggling in the water, a little bit to the side and beneath a water-top house.

“Help him!” My brain quickly resorted. I stood around for a good view though. Below were crystals of good brightness and *absolutely magnificent* sizes.

Crystals of blue and purple only, glowing onto this grainy sand below, having a fully polished and brown wooden staircase with thick poles stretching from a shoreline of the dark blue pond next to it on the right. These stairs led up to a lovely wooden Japanese looking house, ones you might see in movies. There seemed to be lights of yellow and orange inside, but I was in a hurry to get down there to help the bigger prize of search. I looked around quickly to see a slope of the cave, one I could slide down into. It was smooth and a bit deep, but I provided myself in a healthy downing way which was a bit of a ride.

As I got down to the blue sand, I sprinted across to the pond to get the being hand, grabbing at air and getting slower with every sound. I had dived into the pond, instantly deep. I swam over and grabbed the thing, pulling it with me as I went back to the small shore. I dragged the being up onto the sand, his face indulged in it. I flipped him over to see an unconscious memetic hazard for my mind.

I stared awkwardly, before realizing he probably swallowed a large chunk of water.

“Alright, bud, I hope this does not hurt.” I stated to his unconscienced body.

I did a shoulder dive flatly onto his chest. His jacket was further indented, splashing drops of water from my shirt and his outwards. He bulged open his mouth and leaned up his front spine to cough out more H2O. I just rolled a bit to the side near the shore but far enough not to continue getting wet. I got up, walked to the right a few feet, and stood lenient to his next action.

He laid his arms on his knees and leaned over away from me, starting to cry as he sided with the sand.

“My knees! Their broken! My insides are raspy! Ohhh, I’m going to die!” He wailed.

“Eh, are you bleeding?!” I asked, scared that he might jump up and do something.

He rotated his body to face me. Tears flowed down his eye sockets, from wherever that void was connected, and poured his whimpering into his closed mouth.

“It’s all ya fault I’m down here!” He stated.

“Well yes, but it is also why you are alive. Now, are you bleeding?” I demanded.

He nodded no. From then, he dug his face into the sad, screaming his pain out.

“The fall! It’s shattering me bones!” He yelled into the grains.

“Yeah, maybe one of your bones might have got twisted from the fall, especially since your wearing metallic boots. Now, where is your sword?” I asked to him, letting him suffer without help.

“I just let it go!” He said as his hair swooped down on his wetter face. “It’s just in the deeps of the pond!”

I looked toward the darkness of the below surface. Indeed, it looked as if nothing was present. But I was still considering what he could do and be lying about, although it was obvious, he was hurt and immobilized.

“Is there anything in your pockets that could help, or anything at all actually?” I asked, suddenly reverbing myself back from that question.

“No…” he said with more of a whimper.

“Alright… stay here then… I am going to see what is up with this place…” – Me.

So, I started my travel up the wooden stairs, each plank being wide and short, connected with iron nails of no extends, perfectly placed and furnished. Railings were indeed to some help, connecting the wooden planks and thick poles below, all the same color without a pinch of dirtiness. As I got up the first slope of stairs, counterclockwise rotation of eleven degrees from my starting point, I went up the second patch, a clockwise rotation of sloping

stairs about forty degrees, then the last third, a clockwise rotation of ten degrees, all to my estimates. They were zigzags to be exact…

“Like, who even lives here? The CIA’s outcasts or something? What is with this architect?” I asked myself to cool down.

And there, standing on over fifteen poles, was a sliding door house, with a darker colored roof extending over it to create a pyramid roof. I slid the white, maximized translucent doors, one to the right and one to the left, to find a small corridor room with another set.

Now, there was a shadow, sitting beyond the now normal sliding doors. The shadow in the white was completely black, coursing the outlines of woman with long hairs, fox ears from my perspective, and the nine tails that told me this must be another type of furry. Nothing else was through the small rectangular hall, so I left.

“Hell nah. I am not going to deal with more trouble. I already intruded someone’s house. I am not going to do it again…” I said, turning back.

Behind me was an infinite zigzag of the stairs, leading to more and more, with the rock walls dropping far down and having more of a stretch while the pond, crystals, and sand were unseeable as zigzagged stairs started to course their way down and go ballistic with their turning. But to an essence I heard the furry’s cries as near as they need to be, so I decided I was seeing things.

“Ooh… you know what? Since I still hear the pain of my guy down there, I am pretty sure I am seeing things in my visual conceptions. I will take my chances!” I spoke with a scared but prideful tone out loud, facing the Japanese house. I turned quickly and walked forward down the stairs, turning once, and then falling through a zigzagged stair part. I fell into the pond, soaking myself once again. I dragged myself out to see that nothing changed. The furry still crying and the stairs no longer infinite.

“Woah… um… hey, furry man. Can you get up to help?” I asked. “I kind of need someone to see this weird paradox.”

He just moaned a “No.”

I went back up. I reached the top, looking down again. And to fulfill, the zigzagged infinite stairs were present. But now, there was no cries. “What in the world? I think someone is playing mind-tricks on me.” I stated to myself out loud. “Where did his cries go? I swear I heard them last time.” I then thought of.

I jumped, falling into the pond willingly. I stared with my eyes open for three seconds, only see how deep the thing was. Then I got out again.

“Okay, maybe I am wasting time… but now let us try something a bit better.” I said to myself, out loud again. The furry just continued mourning his broken bones.

“Oh, really quick, may I know your name, furry boy, or man?” I asked.

“No…” he answered, still in agony from the pain. He had his tail just laying on the ground still, being endorsed in few sand particles.

“Ugh, yOu ArE sUCh A hELp!” I voice-cracked like a teenage girl.

I backslid up the zigzagged stairs. Seeing nothing changed. I was letting my upper spine stand up so I could feel the back of the stairs and each one with my arms. I did this, bouncing up each one. I was like half-way up, and then I blinked. And it all went back to the infinite stairs. No sound still.

“What is so important that you have to play some mind tricks onto my mind, woman who may be in the cabin above?” I asked, turning angrily and trying to assert dominance, “I am way too smart for this.”

I walked up, opened the first one, and knocked on the slide doors. The silhouette did not move. So, I knocked again… and again… then I pressed against it. And it opened on me, making me trip inside, and then immediately close behind me. I saw green, big-leafed plants, three on the right and left side of the room, in white pots. A carpet of a red, orange, and yellow spiraling was the flooring, the walls still wooden, and the new entity sitting without a sound. Very silent, no taste or smell entered, and the room just stated that something here was blank. Too blank. So, I tried turning around and nudging on the slide door’s un-handled structure. Nothing budged.

I turned around to see the being still sitting in her spot. I was scared sick, and no other exits were available. I tried tackling into the slide doors, but they stood up. They were locked from any vibrations, which confused me as their textures represented straw and woods easily able to be twisted or bended.

The entity, a white-skinned semi-furry to be exact, had nine tails which were brown with white tips- big but sized enough to encase her torso and up with nothing left to show her appearance from my estimates. She had a ***blue*** Japanese-like wardrobe going down to the top of her thighs with a black shirt underneath her silked clothes of smoothness. The wardrobe was long and left wide holes at the end of the hands, one you would see a movie senpai or

master wear. She was sitting down crossed, on her tight black leggings; most likely stockings, and had those maid shoes still without color, but the black stockings were covering up any signs of skin to be revealed by her shoes. Her hair was somewhat normal and long, being brown and smooth, allowing her brown ears to stick out in a blended fashion like a normality. Although I could not see most of her features whilst she was back turned, I could not hear a single noise from her. No breathing or sighs or anything in this such quiet place.

I laid down my shoulders in a dramatic expression with a disgusted look. I went over to pick up one of the plant cases from the bottom of the pot and throw it at her head. It simply just kind of fell and crashed into the floor as she was unmoving. Then she turned her head normally with brown eyes and dark eyebrows to stare uncaringly into my soul. Other features on her face were normal, and her lips were not “overused,” but natural… I mean no lipstick was there, sorry… And the insides of her ears were pink.

“Why did you think throwing a pot of my plant at me was a good idea?” She asked in a calm tone with a completely normal voice which left me unexpectant and rather intrigued.

“Oh, sorry.” I said, resuming my position next to the door, “I just wanted to… well… get your attention.” I said, while my brain screamed, “WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?! RUN, YOU STUPID BITCH! SHE LOOKING MAD CRAZY!”

[If you will now look to the right, you will see a somewhat accurate portrait-drawing I made of her. Still, not as well or Asian as I wanted it to be, but it still can work… maybe…]

She lifted herself up with her left leg,

leaving her right one to still cross as she stood up only on one leg, somehow rotating around to me slowly and creepily. She stared at me without surprise and was looking a bit depressed to be honest. There was also just a tint of blonde lighting around the room that invoked darkness and uncertainty into me. Like, it seemed normal, but too quiet, and too off. I was scared she might jump at me, since the pot did nothing to anger her.

“Your mind is extremely cooperative and calm for a case like now.” She joked suddenly.

“Um… What? Sorry?” I asked back.

“I can read the front of your mind.”

“Wait, what?!” I catechized, noticing my hairs had been sticking up whenever I was scared or panicking.

“Care to explain why you are here?” She then asked, smiling at me.

“Well, you see…” I started. My brain was panicking the entire time, but it had gone completely translucent when I saw a window to my left at the corner of my eye. “Look! A window! Jump out to escape!”

I rushed over to the wall height of a window and smacked into it with my body. It bounced me back without damage, and I resumed to a fancier stance with a more orientated look on my face. Indeed though, my brain, or mind, was screaming inside...

“I am here because of a series of events. I would like to get back home and such… it is as simple as that… and my name is Eighty-Three… may I know your name?” I firmly informed, almost shaking though.

“My name is Wilma Xeryt... *What is your real name*?” She catechized with more emotion.

“My name is Eighty-Three, which is what you will be *only knowing* of my name.” I stretched out, trying to give myself time to think how to talk to someone like this. “If she was able to read my mind, then why did I just think of my real name? How would I be proper and yet surprising and at least orderly in this case?” I asked myself.

“Ha! Your real name is [redacted].” Wilma said.

I chuckled a scared laugh, letting my mind tell me to rush out and not scream at the same time. I was red in the face at that point… (Plus, to mention, if there are any visuals, please make my brain look like it has arms, legs, and eyes to allow it to strangle another version of my brain just because that is how I imagined myself when I was talking inside.)

“Time to die.” Wilma paused with a smile.

“Wait what?” I instantly asked, trudging my insides back inside. There was only a two second interval I had to realize, and I wasted one-point-five seconds saying my words.

Wilma shattered my confidence with her next attack. She instantly was standing in my old place with a classic punching style, having both her hands inside the doors, breaking through it. It was also right where my head would have been... She now had wide cat eyes of an orange glowing sclera with purple pupils, in which she was slowly turning her head so they could stare at me. It scared the shit out of me of how fast she was to the action. I realized the doors regenerated as she pulled out her hands normally. I had already thrown myself towards the left to dodge, trying to get up from the speed of her attack.

I then screamed. She then came in towards me, like the speed of sound, with an uppercut that broke that part of the wall, where my chest would have been. I once again dodged to the left, planting onto the floor and scrambling up to see her. She was now with five other arms she had randomly spawned on herself, three more on the left and two on the right, and those have banged holes into it from different angles, implanting the scheme that my chest would have been disconnected from my arms, legs, and head if she had hit. She had these arms just perfectly fit into the multiplication of her blue fashion’s sleeves to make new arm holes too. She pulled it all back, letting the wall just regenerate themselves, leaving the outside to be covered up once again. She turned face forward with a smile of sharp white teeth and an angry-happy look with her seven arms ready to pounce. I got up as she smoothly grew another arm onto her right. I ran to the other side of the room, grabbing a pot as quickly as possible and trying to throw it at her. It again just fell off her, plotting onto the floor as she started treading towards me without minding the dirt getting on her maid shoes.

Then Cyclop’s ship just bowled into the roof, crashing down hard on Wilma and missing me by a few three feet. The wind was coarse upon me as I turned my head away and the room started to split. I looked back after I stumbled upon the feeling of falling. I jumped as much as I could, seeing half the place fall onto the zigzagged stairs and collapse while my half crashed into the wall. Cyclop’s pill ship had bounced her into the wall by the lake, making more rocks tumble. I had jumped down into the water, almost missing other planks and cracks of wood as I hit the water with a smack. No time for pain though, as I got up to the surface and swam back. I reached for the sand, and got lifted help by a hand with… claws?

“Dude, what’d you do?” The furry asked me.

I whipped around, freaked out by the sight of the furry I had just saved a while ago. I regained my cause and sought to tell him.

“I almost got killed!” I told him, staring at the furry to see if she was to make any moves by making the ship bounce off, but it seemed she was crushed far into the wall with the rest of the collapsing cliff.

“Well, thanks for at least saving me, but now I really need ya help to escape tis’ catastrophe!” Ryutyu exclaimed, looking up and around at the crashing structures. “My leg is still swelling wit’ pain!”

“We need to escape!” I yelled back at him.

“Woo!” Cyclop exaggerated and stretched as he came hot down with a fully red parachute out of a brown leather small backpack. He tumbled into the sand, pushing up himself and getting balance on the situation. The parachute fell on him as he rugged it off and let is beside him.

“AHHHHHHHHH!” The furry continued to scream at the new appearance of other species. He bounced a bit back and laid on the sand, pointing with his jaw fully open.

“Who’s this?” Cyclop asked.

“I do not know! What is your name?!” I dreadfully demanded of him.

“Ryutyu! Please don’t hurt me!” he yelled in anguish, covering his face to block the cyclops from his vision.

“We won’t! I’m actually teamed with your friend here in order to get him back to where he needs to be, so let’s hope out of here!” Cyclop lifted.

I rushed over the few inches to the furry, grabbed his hand, pulled him up and lifted him over the shoulders and trudged him over to Cyclop grabbing the orange pen again. He tried to refrain, but fell loose and whimpered, making me carry him almost fully by the shoulders as he let one of his legs go loose.

“Hey! STOP! IT’S YOU!” The mosquito boy yelled, pointing at me as he entered from the portal in the “sky” of the cavern, if you get what I mean. It seemed that *that* was where Cyclop’s pill ship had flown out of, and where he probably parachuted in from too. It was just a bigger version of all the others.

We looked up to his anger. Cyclop clicked his pen and we three fell through the portal. But whilst we were in the essence, we all saw Wilma rush

the entire ship at Heru, blocking him from trying to continue his assault on my friend. She just lifted it up and threw it at him like it was a yarn ball…

“Alrighty… here we are- my house.” Cyclop persuaded to the atmosphere after we all lifted ourselves up from the garage floor.

“Yes, but are we safe? Will Heru come back?” I quickly asked as I grabbed Ryutyu up from his slow crying.

“Yeah? He can follow us through spacetime with a lot of use in energy, but I’m sure he can’t do it twice. And he’s handling my colleagues in a battle right now!” Cyclop gestured happily.

“Okay… whatever you say… now what about your colleagues though? Are they not in a state of life or death? I hate to ask, but why are you not busy with him right now?” I asked, cheesing a face to show I hated the question. I was in discomfort of his sudden idea to let it all flow by without getting quick preparations.

“At least you know the rudeness of that- but to answer, I was facing the boy with six men on my side. They called backup to his power and let me go home to equip my ship to get better shielding and actually have a chance to shut down his powers. We had to use a lot of pens in order to make sure he could not get a chance to kill us or anything before we could get such good equipment to have a multiple firing range on any location he could be. Luckily, he didn’t kill anybody… yet, and one of the men called supreme backup, and then the red eyes came in to handle the boy… but before they could detain him further than we were already in the premise of doing with machinery, he shot at me with a portal that made me and my ship equipped with MY MOST PRIZED MACHINES go blitz into that cave… henceforth me being here…” Cyclop explained quickly. I swear though, if this was a movie, it would be perfect to have the camera slowly zoom in to his face in order explain how much info was being put out like this. “Almost no time” to attain any…

“Please don’t hurt me.” Ryutyu said with sorrow at a lowly level, keeping his head low and away from my friendly one-eyed humanoid man.

“You must be one of the beings in his world.” Cyclop said, pushing his limit of power in the terrifying spectrum of introduction.

“I swear I didn’t do anything!” Ryutyu screamed under.

“Wait, what do you mean my world?” I asked, suddenly recognizing his statement to the fullest.

“Well, I wouldn’t send you to any weird dimension or reality in a state of panic, now, would I? I know your exact universe, and I can always make sure of that with this grey pen…” Cyclop said, pulling out a pen with written code onto its screen like another,
“Luckily, we’re now a few steps closer to finding out what caused you to be here.” He changed the topic with.

“A grey pen now? Damn…” I stated to myself, trying to take in all the information.

Ryutyu just shuffled his whimpers up and down, antagonizing us of his hurting leg and terrified state of mind. I rolled my eyes and gave Cyclop the smirkiest look about his fragmented mind. Ryutyu needed time to recuperate obviously.

Cyclop shook his head with understanding. “Let’s go inside. I got to introduce everything to you guys… but first we’ll explain to Ryutyu what’s going on…”

A talk, to be honest

“What is thee’ doing?” Ryutyu asked, digging his hands into the bag of chips.

“Who, me?” I quickly confuted.

“No, no, cyclops here.” Ryutyu confronted without talent.

“Call me Cyclop.” Cyclop said, turning to me from Ryutyu. Cyclop sat in a metal bar chair of green cushioning in front of the rounded, polished wooden table, whilst I sat in the same type of chair across vertically. Ryutyu sat to my right on another…

I looked at the immaculate man in his tuxedo, sitting with his hands crouched in. He stared at me with no facial expression. I had already viewed a bit of Ryutyu’s personality, being he was a sturdy fellow, fighter, non-stopper, and a heavy eater. He swallowed chunks of food from the cereal boxes, crackers, and such with his sharp and yellowish teeth, having no self-interest in talking with your mouth cleared, blurting out particles grossly. He was just a messy guy when not in action from what I could tell…

“It’s quite interesting how you met… quite unbelievable too…” said Cyclop, tapping his fingers and raising his un-browed forehead at me. Ryutyu looked at me as I had just finished explaining what happened from the elevator situation to now. “I wasn’t expecting a guy like you to go out and… well… get inside someone’s house without permission.”

“I agree… it was not my best… but still… what else was I supposed to do? It looked like I was in Brazil or something because the forest was un-noticeable to me. And I expected an abandoned facility with supplies under the hatch, not Ryutyu’s home.” I tried to defend.

“You’re horrible at defending. That action was extremely privacy inconsiderate, and I must say, the only good part is that you found somebody where they don’t need to be. I’m just saying, a little stuffy of what I expected from you… but understandable in a metaphysical way of interpreting curiosity, fear, and expectations I guess…” Cyclop tried to help but still backlash to me about.

“Well, you are not very good as helping after you disagreed with my action but let us move on. After me and Ryutyu met, we headed down and around towards the caverns after a long run. I hid in a cave while he went further in and fell, then I tried to help, but found he was… what? Broken boned or twisted boned? How much does it hurt Ryutyu?”

“A lot… but I’m managing.” Ryutyu said with his food, having no glance of empathy or pain towards his leg.

“So maybe he has a twisted bone or something- but we found a hut to be quite intriguing. And, man, get this, I was almost screwed by a fox lady that could alter her eyes and my vision across a vicinity in my hypothesis. Your ship saved me from her eight or six arms about to swing me to death…” I stumbled to Cyclop.

“Alrighty… maybe that was the other being in the universe unbelonging there… and… to ask, what happened to you, Ryutyu? Like, how did you end up on his planet?” Cyclop started.

“Well… I was just training with me folks… and then I’m shuffled onto the grass of his forest and forced to go down this pair of slanted doors to get shelter from some roaming bears looking’ at me with a furious face!” Ryutyu exclaimed, “Heh… no, I just saw some doors under the grass I were walking over and decided to call it home after I found a good part of it to be filled with foods and such.”

“Wait, so you just kind of got… like, you just instantly saw the grass, or did you come tumbling into the ground or what?” I asked.

“I was in the middle of planting my body onto me friend when all of a sudden, I land in grass and not on flesh.” Ryutyu said, “I got my armor on and everything, I was just about to show him what battles were like, and instead I show some green my sword…” Ryutyu continued before Cyclop could speak.

“Well, that’s nice… and I guess nothing about the fox girl besides what you just mentioned?” Cyclop said, turning to me.

“Well… I guess she can read and alter minds and vision…? I could not get a full perspective of her powers, but weird stuff was alerting my senses with her niceness and then sudden evil… so… yes, and no?” I answered.

“Alrighty…” – Cyclop.

“Now what about our mission- getting me back to my home universe.” I asked prematurely as the silence started to get onto my nerves. Cyclop just started to pull out his grey pen and seek attention from its code while Ryutyu continued chomping down on those crackers.

“Yeah, me too, it’s just so realistic how this food, is so, crunchy!” Ryutyu interrupted, looking directly at us as he shoved momentums of amounts of treats into his mouth every second.

Me and Cyclop stared at him in confusion of his dialogue, before turning back.

“I already told you, you have to stay with me till we figure out who and what caused such an occurrence. Then I can erase your memory… Now it’s time that I ask you some questions. Where did the unpredictable events start to occur?” Cyclop catechized.

“It started when I went to sleep; I had this weird dream of a talking nine and a black hole conversating on how I broke the reality of something-”

“What happened beforehand? What was weird hours before you had the dream, or did you just randomly have it?”

“Okay, so, let us see… well… I got off school, normal, and I went home with a school computer, using it for a music creator piece software, you know, a musician’s creative materials of classical music but on a program. I used it for the rest of the night before heading to sleep. It did say it had a max of four projects, or something, which I found weird because we live in an age that can hold up to hundreds of files, even on old programs usually…” I explained, realizing that Ryutyu was leaning in further.

“What was the program called?” Cyclop asked. I looked to the kitchen to see what was around once again and procrastinate the thought.

The layout of the kitchen only opened for a hall to my right. It was in boxing, but with no wall penetrating the wooden floor, just the hall leading to an air filterer and two doors, one on the left and right. They were darkened as the hallway had its one light turned off. The rest of his kitchen was nicely shining with marble grey and black and white lineage and had boxes of crackers and such on the counters that Ryutyu pulled out of the wooden drawers under, before deciding what to eat. He was seemingly soothed by food… and the whiteness of the fridge was-

“Eighty-three, focus.” Cyclop tinted me back in three seconds after I started to look away.

“Wait, his name is eighty-three? As in thee number?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yes… and yeah… it was called Bracussion.” I answered.

“Bracussion?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yeah, like a mixture of brass and percussion.” I made out normally, trying to stay as calm as possible at his excessive chewing. He just dawned over me, looking directly into my green eyes with his. The only difference was that he was like a “creepy pasta” when you really thought about it; there was no white backgrounding to his green pupils.

“What a clever name…” Ryutyu stated.

“Alrighty… Bracussion, you say?” Cyclop joked as he looked down onto his grey pen; “It seems here that, Bracussion, is a musical equipment software originating from Aquer Feru, a city in Kerlink among the two-starred galaxy, dark-shadow. It had a reputation of setting out copies to every victorious species for the use of music, before shutting down due to no funding. Copies are still left today, but are rotted out of most universes, mostly the lower half. Yurmins, Curmins, Cyclops, Lolips, Repres, ***and Humans have lost*** these artifacts entirely. If any is to land in these hands of these species, please contact Cyclops Regathering Department.” Cyclop explained with the most augural voice I heard from him. Augural means with caution in this presence.

“So… could I just delete the files in order to… you know… fix my universe?” I asked, trying not to mind Ryutyu’s sad confusion on what would have to be done.

“You could try…” Cyclop conjectured, “Now, back on the question, how weird was Bracussion at first?”

“Okay, so, I made a song that night or around, and it was named Steel-Terrorist’s theme song. The mind image I had generating was an army of steel-guarded men running in at allegro paces to shoot up things and ravage destruction throughout their mission.” I explained, “And before anything new, I had started to create other songs like a furry-knight theme or something, one called Cyclops, and another about a transformation god…”

“And when did any of these have the slightest appeal to real life?”

“When I went to school. I went to the bathroom and stayed in from a suddenly occurring trampling noise, like an army. Maybe it was connected to my song, but I also remember getting out of the bathroom and heading home, looking them up. Nothing was found relating to my creation at good retrospective... Then, for some reason… school was in the next day. Then I headed into the bathroom once again to get away from an increasing sensitivity in lights and sound, and came out to find you, Cyclop.” I explained our beginning in a way to him and specially to Ryutyu.

“So, your copy of Bracussion caused a mass spawning of anomalies, at our best guess…” Cyclop adjusted to my mind.

Ryutyu splintered his fingers into the food box once again, snatching it from the table. He lifted chunks into his mouth as Cyclop stared in confusion at him. I was just on the chair, sitting while Cyclop was kind of boring us with tapping his grey pen…

“Alrighty, then let’s go to the labs and research. I still got to know what the mosquito kid is up from and about.” Cyclop insisted.

Ryutyu nodded with me. We got up and started to get ourselves ready. Cyclop tucked his tuxedo pocket again to make sure his pens were stable while Ryutyu put his cracker box down on the counter with the assistance of me. He was still injured but still accessible to other non-sports. I brought him up to Cyclop as he opened the door for us. We sort of hopped outside and let Cyclop regain his leadership in front of us… and then I had to ask the common question: “Hey, Cyclop, do we need a disguise?”

“Ah, yes. Let me quickly get something for the both of you.”

“Thank you.” Me and Ryutyu both responded.

The building’s files

“Unthank you.”

Vastly enough, from hoodies of references to simply an orange vest, he had to pick the most attention-seeking black hoodies. The most colorless things I saw in fashion, purely black jackets. These were the kind of outfits you would see a loner or depressed kid wear as he walked down a rainy path through a trafficking city. Yet, to differ we both had white nametags, clipping onto our heart area. Ryutyu’s read “Hamilton” from the black text and metal clip, as well as *mine* instead read “Michelle.”

But what made me disappointed was the fact that other cyclops walking around and about shot a look to our open faces. Then they surprised their eye and left with a sort of rush as if to not get anywhere near us again. But maybe it was because Ryutyu was trembling in fear from the distinguished speed of the bounce pad.

“What?” Cyclop conducted to me.

“We *look* as if **we are hiding**.” I whispered back to him, trying to emphasize.

“I don’t like these shining metallics, or whatever may thee be…” Ryutyu also injected whilst trying to cool himself down... (His snout was popping out of the hood, letting the darkness in the back of the hood just shatter.)

“Those are called zippers, Ryutyu… and Cyclop, I am still uncertain our names could be much use if our faces are open wide upon the world.” I commented in a weary remark as we got back on track…

We were in the estate of the city, same bounce pad and such also intact. Now, since it was more of a daytime, more Cyclops were out. A few to be sure, but enough to say one may feel unordinary at our differences.

“Well, if I can say something weird about our culture; it’s that we see what kind of clothing makes up their current mood of someone. When many cyclops may see you, they’ll understand that you’re not in want to be noticed or talked to, with that kind of dark clothing on. Two reasons are because it’s much different from the regular tuxedos, which mean you’re on your way to work and can’t have long conversations in undesignated places, or it’s just the common let-go of time consuming and such that our founders put in place as a community-awareness advantage. There is a lot to explain about how our culture was formed and works, but to summarize, it’s all because we haven’t wasted our time with investigating lonely people who can’t be helped, which is what black hoodies, and such, resemble.” Cyclop paragraphed again as he walked with us towards the same building.

“That’s incredibly a lot to take in… did ya’ get any of that?” Ryutyu catechized a whisper as Cyclop turned and we continued. Ryutyu also tried to embrace his normal walking as he returned from the shuttering of immense flight… eventually overcoming it and returning to normality without question and care as he saw us just be normal about it…

“He worded that a bit weirdly; but it seems that the type of clothing you wear gives off a stereotype that everybody listens to, so we should be fine anywhere, I guess.” I summarized. Ryutyu just shrugged and decided to keep his head down.

It was now with a few employees running around. Very few, but they literally had the same outfit as Cyclop just stated. A black tuxedo, one big eye with only color changes, and black pants that were looking as comforting as a fluffy and soft bed…

“Hey, Cloehu, could I get permission to get my lads here a pass to see the info from the highline-B database?” Cyclop taunted to Cloehu, a depressed-looking Cyclop who just had a pink flower with a yellow middle on her forehead for a difference besides our Cyclop, and a blue eye. Same skin color of pale though, that never seemed to change.

She looked up from her computer to the leaning man, and then viewed us. “So, you’re still practicing English I see.” She said in a girly, yet blocky voice of pitch.

“No, I’m just speaking their language.” Cyclop said, pointing to us from behind himself.

I stood still, looking like I was handicapped and needed a leader. Ryutyu also stood still, but he also knew it was an awkward situation. I think he started to regain his scared feelings towards cyclops at that moment, but I thought nothing of it.

“And may I ask, are these the Hamilton and Michelle you were talking about some weeks ago?”

“No.” Cyclop sighed.

“Okay… I guess, but make sure they both don’t get any archived personal or governmental information about anything- just facts from the sites.” She said, pulling out a green piece of paper with the blue text of “Un-Citizen” on one of its sides. Oh, yeah, she pulled it from a cabinet in the bottom right of her view. And it sounded like metal against wood too…

“And also, Cyclop, do you remember the party we have tonight? Our employee’s can’t eat all the casseroles.” Cloehu stated right before he left. He turned back, and Ryutyu pitched up his snout to the likeness of food.

“I’ve been thinking about it for two days, don’t worry… let’s go guys.” Cyclop stated back to her. We were led into the elevator like puppies from an owner.

“Hey Cyclop, what’d you mean party?” Ryutyu asked, “Do they got other good foods?”

“Indeed, they do, and I’ll take you guys there tonight; but only if you want…” Cyclop winked.

Ryutyu popped his head up to say, but I nudged him. “Yes, but I think we should just go home in order to stay more affiliated with our own mess rather than take the chance of being in an awkward situation with people we look nothing like.” I tried.

“Well, this is the only part of the month I really have off, so… you’re definitely coming, mister EIGHTY-THREE. It’s already two-against-one!” Cyclop funnily commanded.

“Ooh…” Ryutyu whispered. I shrugged with him and allowed for silence. This was truly a beginner’s level bonding moment.

But instead of going to a different floor that would have more artifacts to study, we went to the one we were just attacked at. I was still shuddering inside from everything that occurred just an hour or so ago, and everything was acting so different. Like, it was already sunset…

“Why are we here again?” I asked, noticing the elevator was pushed to go to the same showcase room.

“I really need to see if anything happened when Heru snapped his fingers.” Cyclop said. I frizzled at the thought though, believing something was to happen in the future, and be much worse. I was also trying to keep my shaking attitude and body in when being around my new friends since they were still so much different from me. Like, I was scared deeper inside now, but still, imagine being around a live furry you would see in an image from the internet, and a cyclops. In order to stop myself from exploding my fragmented mind, I tried not to think about it too much; but at times I would shake my arms to get the dread of it all off.

Ryutyu looked at me. I could tell from his ambience that he was not enjoying the tiny clues to the truth about what recently occurred. It was obvious that everything told by his sudden allies were true, which was partially making him horrified more and more down the path…

The elevator opened, revealing nothing to commence of newness. I flipped my hoodie off as I saw nobody around. Ryutyu did the same, but we both did not move.

“Nice.” Cyclop commented to the ambience.

Me and Ryutyu just stood silent as we waited for the next words to come out of Cyclop’s mouth. He just pushed new buttons to reveal going to another floor, three floors up from this one.

“Alrighty, let’s now check out the data.” Cyclop said to me after a while, as the elevator door opened, and we walked out a room full of computers. Three rows vertical of the elevator, having desk shields of pure concrete-like textures and monitors of shiny blacks. Keyboards and mouses were not existent, instead they were replaced with a square that was a glowing blue with a symbol of a green circle glowing on all sides in the middle. Chairs were as modern as human office chairs, and the floor was a

rugged dark blue. It smelt nice and comforting, like work was done or lots of it had been accomplished. The windows were wide and only four panels with thick, white linage. Yet, you must observe for yourself to understand the true beauty of a running sky and skyscrapers leading up to suburban villages of many.

We went to the last computer at the second row, one that was already on and near the elevator's right. Cyclop sat in the chair and started tapping the cube like morse code. What knowledge he was putting into that hand-packing quadrilateral was mysterious to me and Ryutyu. Never had we seen such so simple actions complicate a screen. I did not even know if Ryutyu knew what a screen was at that point.

"Hey, did you have computers back at your domain, Ryutyu?" I asked in a wondering expression, as many squares like tabs were brought up on the screen, filling it with white and black circles and texts of the language unknown to me.

"No?" Ryutyu somehow catechized.

I looked at him with ***foul*** whilst Cyclop smirked at us from his undying attention to the screen of white and green coding starting to omit on the tasks.

"Cyclop, are you finished? I'm starting get hungry again… when's that party?" Ryutyu started to say calmly, breathing a bit louder.

"**Shut**." I peered to him.

"Tonight, Ryutyu, as I said. Have patience." Cyclop restated.

We went silent as he kept on, pursuing the texts and cube at vivace levels. Before he could say he was finished after raising his hand and his finger, I was to intrude.

"Could you put that all in English, please?" I asked.

"Yes." He answered, "And also, look at these mechanisms. They'll give you a good understanding of how my associates are handling that boy."

He went forward and did so.

"Alrighty…" I said out loud as I saw Cyclop get up from his chair and allow for me to sit down. I scooted down into the chair like a swift ninja.

"Well, Ryutyu, I know you're going to be bored here and a bit lonely at the party, so let's go and see what foods we can order for tonight…" Cyclop turned to say to him.

I looked as Ryutyu and Cyclop got together to go to the farthest computer from the elevator, one in the corner to my top-left view. Cyclop turned to give me a thumbs up. I gave him a thumbs up back... I sat, stern at the words in front. There was a list of words on the left and down, having an image on the right. I could not read the taskbar, but I could condemn that the description was there to help with my understanding of the true power within the empire of cyclops.

“Hey, eighty-three, tell us when you’re done.” Cyclop called over as he looked to me. I sighed and nodded…

I looked at the first invention. It was called a “Gravutoon,” a metallic dark blue box with a facet-like handle and four settings. One was “High” on the most left, another “Reverse” on the most right, and above was “Reverse High.” The fourth was at the bottom of the circumference, just stating “Off” in the white text as all the others. It was said that this made a sphere of dark blue transparent “Level 1 Orchestral Waves” around an area of half a mile and allowed for gravitational sub-atomic particles to be altered in their spin and electron flow with these different waves in order to create this field. And on the back was a white switch just like a room’s light switch, yet the middle had a black hole with the shape being a key’s insert. A weird key, but still recognizable. And the description also told of the box to be in possession of every government personnel.

I tapped on the cube since moving it around did nothing with the black box cursor. One tap made it scroll down, so I continued with that method… Next on the list was a two-dimensional, or flat, triangle. Yellow and bricked, having a black top hat on top of the rest. It was told to be concrete in material. It was with a hole in one side, thin enough to not show through the other. The description told of this machine to be in top government official’s hands. And it told that a “Fluxyr” was to be placed in the hole to activate. No settings, but it rather created a similar forcefield around a spherical volume of three-hundred feet, in green transparent yet designed wind-looks of glass, and it was told that orchestral waves would stop working and decompose over short time frames of a day. It also said it was powered by the “Fluxyr” to give off “Torment Waves.”

Next, was the “Fluxyr.” A machine that looked like an un-flappable book made of fluffy plastic whites un-moving for all of time. There was nothing of detail in the three-dimensional model on this image. The description told of it to have a spherical volume extending at a radius of about eight feet. It used these “Torment Waves” to slow down these “Orchestral Waves” and convert them into radio waves after seconds. It was said to be in possession of people who bought such an item. But this was

getting me to appoint a question on where these “Orchestral Waves” were from and how they worked different from gamma waves. I decided to skip a gun below and continue down the page. Now I wanted to get to a description, but how could I do that in tapping a cube? I tapped twice, to find that one tap now led me to a quick summary while another in the split seconds I saw such things, led me to a site which gave me a full glance at a cyclops’ speech. I was confused by the one tap doing something else, but I let my hand of it as I saw as much as I needed and did not want to intrude anything else. I quickly shot a look over to Ryutyu and Cyclop at that moment though, finding they were swirling their thoughts over a cheesy pizza with toppings like pineapples, pepperoni, and cucumbers? Weird, but what really got me to look closer was that Cyclop was controlling the cube the same way as I did. It took me a small ten seconds to discover a reoccurring question... He just tapped, and it came to view… I wondered if the cube could read minds… but back to business!

“To summarize Fedler’s speech, **Orchestral Waves** are the embodiment of extremely high gamma waves that aren’t considered to be in the regular wave spectrum. They have extremely fast wavelengths and frequencies, nothing like or considered at first to be scientifically possible, until we found the two other types similar. Orchestral Waves occur from beings with incredible particle or energetic powering, which allows them to do, but not limited to creating/manipulating materials, controlling gravity, allowing for their bodies to go through intense temperatures and recuperate by mind particles flying back together atomically, etc. Orchestral Waves have also been known to be outdone by its bigger brother, *Torment Waves*, which are waves that go backwards and faster than Orchestral Waves, which are cancelling any other kind of wave to our knowledge…” The article stated before having a long list down on paragraphs about other stuff to mention about it. But, as I skimmed down, thinking about scrolling and letting the one tap on the cube do the work, I found this statement to be quite intriguing: “Orchestral Waves should not be permitted to anybody as free use, fun, scientific investigations, etc., unless the personnel giving and personnel taking in the waves have acquired permission. Law fourteen of the Universal Cyclops Orders can give a wider explanation on what you cannot do with Orchestral Waves and who gives permission.”

I had an instant thought to where much of this may be coming from. I decided to think about this “U.C.O” and found that by tapping it, *it brought* me to a short explanation of the top fifty laws of the cyclops government.

I pulled myself back and stared at the cube. I needed to know what that was and how it worked- because damn, that was taking my thoughts to a whole new level. Did it really know where I wanted to be on this internet or

something? Why was tapping on the cube giving different reactions that I wanted? Was this a coincidence with Cyclop or something?

But I let my mind flail that off to ask those to Cyclop later, and I rather looked at the laws. There was a summary on the top of the list before each instance was listed below:

“No murder, no drug abuse, no petition of the government in violent manners, no racism, no…”

I stopped reading it all, but it listed the commons. It was like The United States of America, but if you made rules that contracted everybody to be a better person overall. It looked nice, but I was sure somebody was on the brims of breaking a crime each day…

So, I was scrolling down, writing flashcards in my head about some of these laws and every exception or not. I had the thought to remember them quickly if I was going to come back here every few trips. And then, one caught my eye.

“Rule Twenty-Three: No using I.P. addresses to open lockboxes and time-travel anything in any universe without permission from a department. This includes: no using Refuto’s on any-”

“No using what?” I asked myself.

“What **IS** that?” Ryutyu asked with a pinch of concern.

“That’s just a chocolate-vanilla-extra barbecue sprinkle- painted ice-cream!” Cyclop exaggerated, grabbing my attention to view what they had been saying. I had not paid any attention, but I guess whatever it was, *was* quite a grossing yet delicious dish.

I looked over to see a common, large white bowl of brown and white swirled ice cream with some black drools and pink sprinkles. It looked interesting, but I was more in of finding out about this place’s rules then about its foods.

I continued to reread the sentence multiple times. I understood it after another minute. More weird announcements came through as I continued, getting deeper into this new society.

“I-P addresses? Lockboxes? Time-travel? Is any of that even a plausible thing?” I wondered.

Curiosity struck me, and I searched it up by tapping twice. I rejoiced the fact that whatever I thought is what the tapping of the cube was bringing me towards. I also noticed there was no logo for the search bar, and it was

just their unknown language springing into the whiteness and fading away without three periods.

But what I found was indefinite. Lockboxes were seemed to be described as safes deep in a certain planet; varying in any galaxy, only opened with a code called an I.P. address. To find a lockbox is a forbidden tutorial and an I.P. is easily accessible using a Umu-ort-fong. I had to spread the word apart to make out “Umuortfong.” It was machine that was shaped like a wide telephone, as I learned when I searched it up.

More into the subject I converted, I learned that such electronics were capable of using atoms with the Orchestral Waves by simply, as I quote, “Condensing the protons and neutrons into the electrons and sub-atomically making all gravity quartz reverse their spin…” or something, the next part went in depth of what was inside the quartz and how the rotation affected things, but really big words were not for me at the time. I just learned that this wide telephone that looked as if it **had not** been stretched, was just another printer in a way. But this was not on my mind anymore, as I kept getting the same wording on all these about subatomic and atomic confusion. I had a fun idea with this advanced world to pursue:

“What kind of atoms are these? Should… Hey, Cyclop! How many elements do you guys have?” I asked.

“Look it up!” Cyclop wailed over from Ryutyu and him now watching food memes, “We found that there are too many elements to count and be made, but our periodic table is more fulfilled than yours.”

I nodded and looked it up with two taps. Their periodic table stretched from negative seven to 349. Words like Umanion, Yumionionion, Reuimmopnion, and even Qwetyion were such words with over 200 protons and exceedingly high average masses. Most intriguing advancements were liquids, but it was so cool to see everything updated (more furthered,) and more of chemistry overall. If all this were true, science would be my full-on education and job. Humans only had 118, and I had thought that since protons could be added to create new elements, there could be an infinite number of elements; this discovery of mine being the evidence for my theory.

Now the machines seemed to make a bit more sense as the descriptions started to prevail their purpose with, *and* against the Orchestral Waves and such. And there were contracted electrons into the electron cloud, more formulas to make converted metals into metalloids, and a lot more. I was just interested with the elements of newness, new electrons, and new whatever else.

“Is that a fried-banana cake?” Ryutyu blasted my deepness with.

“Wait, what?” I shot over happily. I quickly adjusted myself up and away, because my mind had thought of a better solution to what was next in life’s current moments. “Best to get involved with the better of tonight. Making trustier friends by just contemplating memes over foods is a very chill way to do such.” My brain told me, “At least studying the mechanics of the cyclops’ mechanics can always be later.”

Now, I know, I know, that is a bit out of context and a bit raggedy, but I just wanted to see what horrible image of mummery was fishing up to my new allies.

“Dang… that is a fried cake…” I said, leaning in over Cyclop to view the brown and fuzzy, creamy cake with yellow indents of slush. No candles or toppings were on this dessert.

“Yeah- oh, look, sunset!” Cyclop converted our attention over towards.

Ryutyu shot his face over but brought it back quick due to brightness after about five seconds. I just leaned my head up enough to see the flow indirectly for about three seconds. Cyclop just stared back at the cake. But what we saw was magnificent to both of our second-like views. Over to the panels of glass were two orange suns setting on the horizon. One was looking as if it was on top of the other, but off balance to the left a bit. It shone behind a couple of houses while others made it a shadow. But beautiful from the height of the building we were in…

“Two suns? Is that even healthy for the planet, or are you guys using a big machine to alter the temperatures?” I asked, having a prediction of highly elevated equipment in mind.

“Oh, it’s healthy. And that’s because they are perfectly aligned away from our planet in order to make the circumstances just right.” He described shortly.

“Okay…” – Ryutyu.

“Anyways, are you done with independently learning about how our machines are so powerful, or do we have to continue looking about these cursed images?” Cyclop asked. Ryutyu snuck his chair to turn to me.

“Nope, we can go to the party you said was tonight.” I agreed with.

“Yaya!” Ryutyu exclaimed, getting up and following Cyclop.

We went to the elevator. Cyclop pressed the button. Me and Ryutyu flicked our hoodies back up. And we awaited the coming of the upper floor.

We stood in silence, always having Cyclop in front while me and Ryutyu were just side by side in the back. Eventually, we passed a few floors to start hearing a slow fade of music rupt the atmosphere from above.

As we landed on the floor, higher, yet not the farthest, we were greeted with a few disco balls in the black-tiled ceiling, color plates of the rainbow in a path among the dull and white triangular floor, stands, lamps, cabinets, and a lot of spacing filled the area. It was larger than any other place, and it circled around the elevator. Amongst the outer reaches, near the windows, were the spaces of rainbow tiles, and to the right of the elevator's face, was a stage, slightly elevated and wooden, looking for a stand-up comedian to say funny things into one of the two black microphones. Nobody was near, the liquor and wine tastes filled the air, and the Cyclops were all in tuxedos of black. Not much difference between boys and girls, *girls just having a flower* somewhere on their head while the boys were plain. Just like the movies, I tell you!

Now, we stepped out quickly, watching the elevator rush back down. We looked back but shrugged at each other as it could be some other cyclops coming to aid the party.

We started to view around the bass boosted world where drinks were held just at our heads on a countertop of white and black checkers. The waiter there was looking swiftly; as he had a handkerchief of red, but not eyeing us at all. Our hoodies either fit in or were just working to Cyclop's wisdom on culture. And around us, nobody was to look at us too quickly either, as everybody was just enjoying the dancing on rainbow textured tiles, or drinks held in their group of discussion in some corners.

"Hey, Eighty-three; you should take Ryutyu for a drink- it could help with getting to know him better…" Cyclop (a bit out-of-character) stated in a low whisper.

"Oh… are we really doing this that fast?" I whispered back.

"What?" Ryutyu barged in.

Cyclop nodded to me. I nudged Ryutyu to gather his intentions away from the curiosity of our conversation, and rather view the world of beverages to our left. Shelves were accompanied in a light plastic blue, holding remarkable glass designs and only one supreme waiter to behold all of them. No wall was behind, leveraging the fact he and the members kept their distance of dance clean away from possible destruction… and Ryutyu was already awaiting a good chug of anything from his running and stuttering sense of the new species cluttering around him, so I made myself averagely incline towards the stand for his sanity.

“Hey, sir, do you got milk?” I asked the waiter, shivering that he may scream and get me exposed to some awkwardness as I sat down.

He turned, widened his brown eye, and then calmly nodded a “yes.” He grabbed a glass container and poured it into a glass cube, handing one to each of us five seconds after we finished the seating of our butts.

“Can I… have piece of… um…”

“Do you have any appetizers? Like, small snacks for my friend here?” I interrupted Ryutyu’s jittering.

“Sure… any commands on what you want, or just anything?” He asked in a manly voice of rather considering being the fast-paced average ad speaker.

“Anything?” I asked, but did not at the same time…?

“Okay.” He nodded, obviously taking into consideration of our pitched voices to his. He knew we were kids right of the bat, for sure.

He pulled out from a cabinet under the counter, having the following items on a white dish just already prepared: a piece of white bread, three cooked salmons, and grass, all perfectly placed and heated at the moment. He lifted it with one hand to hand to Ryutyu and used the other hand to shut the rest of the steam up.

“Enjoy.” The man happily enlisted.

“He will… that is a lot of fucking food for an appetizer… are you sure you will eat it all?” I whispered and catechized with as much confidence as the cyclops turned away.

“Yeah, I’ll eat it all…” Ryutyu smiled at me, still jittering his body.

“How do you know you will eat it all?” I catechized him before he could chunk food chunks from his mouth at me, “What if-”

“I like to eat when I’m stressed, and now is one’s moment.” Ryutyu answered quickly, starting to pant a little and slow down his shaking.

I was going to continue my sentence to see if he was truly in the zone of fighting or not, but being a male was not my priority in this situation. I just let him eat and chew his face into the glamourous food.

I turned to see Cyclop had traveled over to his fellow accompanies to talk and discuss. I was going to turn back around to start drinking my milk but saw the elevator open.

The entrance of Heru seemed to be police-full at first, before they nudged him, making him swirl his head around to throw a tongue out at them while he angrily did a stomp on. I elevated myself to putting my hoodie back on, hopping he would not notice. The only reference for me was that the glasses in the shelves up front could give a disoriented and refracted reflection of what was behind me. He saw Ryutyu but minded the cops more to an appeal of snarking them off. He is one-dimensioned, and rather not see my same outfit relating to Ryutyu's. By the way, these cops had a cool, black shade, like a pair of shades but with only one lens. They also had guns near their pant pockets, so I trusted they could shoot the child if needed. And Heru had also obtained some circular handcuffs without chains, like just circles around his shoulders and thighs. I had no idea what they were specifically there for though. And to add again, the guards already at the party whipped on their un-secrecy as their shades were brought up out of their leg pockets.

"We are lucky." I said, pulling down my hood. The elevator then rushed back down.

Ryutyu followed my actions, but also started to gulp down all the milk in his glass cube. I looked around for Cyclop, who had gone to talk with others. I stayed close to the counters. I did not want anybody to mind us like the mosquito boy many were staring at immediately…

They spoke to the kid in another language. He responded back to them. They were having a talk, but I was in the mood to see what was around rather than blindly decipher their speeches.

"That kid looks dangerous…" The waiter cyclops said indirectly towards us.

"I'm pretty sure he's thee guy you had to fight off, right eighty-three?" Ryutyu asked in such a pleasant voice as he sort-of slammed his glass down after chugging it all.

"Yeah..." I instantly stated, looking at the sound. I also viewed the elevator going down once again…

"Ay… and… Eighty-three though, that names really disturbing me... I'll ask later… but…" Ryutyu said once again, "um… waiter, do you have white wine?"

"White wine?" I asked, looking up to see no menu in sight.

"Yes… How old are you?" The waiter perceived.

“Seventeen?” Ryutyu answered back, pushing the drunken cup into his presence as he wagged his tail in happiness.

“Tegur…” The waiter said as he nodded his head “no” and pulled out a glass of red wine instead. He poured it in without word and slid it back to Ryutyu, which was displeased with his order by his strong facial postures he tried to give off.

“How do you know about wine?” I catechized my friend before he could argue. Then the elevator rushed back open to bring a few more guards, three to be in fact, pushing a metal cart that looked like a hospital’s, with a box-like machine on top that I did not identify the full aspects of at first…

“I just had it back in thee castle.” Ryutyu answered, “Very delicious at the times of resting.” Ryutyu stated differently but appropriate.

“Alrighty… your speech is varying, if you did not notice…” I told him.

“Oh… yeah, must be me stress eating- drinking I mean… whatever… you know that feeling when you ask a monster nicely for something for the first time, right? It’s just so different and weird… it makes me shiver inside constantly, making me go a bit crazy in my thoughts…” Ryutyu changed topics.

“I get you buddy. Differences like these are not normal in most civilizations, especially for someone who comes from the near past in my view. But listen, I am making it this far without exploding on seeing you and Cyclop, which obviously tells you I am getting used to it, and you will too…” I patted him on the back with.

“Thanks…” He replied.

“Hey, look! The show must be starting- or they are getting a DJ or something…” I changed direction to see Cyclop again, seeing he was talking to his buddies. I saw Ryutyu look quickly before turning to see the elevator open again.

Wilma came out with three guards by her aid, but she was uncuffed and rather happy to see us all gathered. I then peered over to Heru, who was peering over to me at the same time. His eyes were like Ryutyu’s now, round, but instead having a white void with no pupils. And his wings were gone, but his swelling shirt revealed them as a striping. He viewed Wilma with wideness as well…

“Hello.” Wilma said behind me as I kept head down just enough to physically tell Ryutyu I was in trouble.

“Hey- you’re that woman that was doing crazy shit in the cavern or something!” Ryutyu pronounced to us all (The three guards/cops, me, and Wilma who found it a bit dislikable,) as he turned quickly and almost spit out the red wine.

“Michelle?” a voice presented to me.

“Huh?! Oh… Heru? I did not see you there!” I laughed steadily with caution, trying to act like Heru was new. But I could just feel his wrath from his angered face as he looked towards me with great void.

“Yo, is thee Heru?” Ryutyu asked, whilst I took notice of the waiter going back over to the elevator’s doors, where he wiped down glasses continuously with white cloths.

“Yes, and I need to know what you’re doing here.” He asked, getting himself up on a stool and letting his guards circle around.

He then immediately turned to Wilma’s body of closing her hands in her blue robes to cover them from existence. She was trapped by the circle of many guards. But it did not stop him from spitting his tongue out at her and quickly revolted back without an embarrassment towards his childish behavior.

Ryutyu shushed down as I took up the toll of explaining everything about my new encounters. “Well, you see, I am fairly sure me and my friends have gotten a hold on why I am here. There was this music software called ‘Bracussion’, and I took it to far levels with creation. Then, maybe it spawned a few entities in, and now I am here from my school’s bathroom. I cannot put it in a way that is understandable or has any common sense because it is just that random of a theory.” I once again explained with the little evidence I was putting together. Ryutyu even looked disclosed and confused at my almost un-evident theory.

Heru nodded. “Okie-dookie, I just wanted to know...” Heru quickly explained.

“But why are you here?” I asked, letting the guards suck in this information with Wilma just standing behind.

“I’m here because my dad saw how you were breaking the laws of the universe- and now I’m here to stop you, by killing you.” Heru stated. but he knew as instantly as he stated such, a cyclops pulled out a white book of solidified material I had exactly seen on the computer and shoved it in his face. It started to glimmer in his face as dust of purple emitted from Heru, towards the book, “But since I’m being a BAD-BOY- I have to retain from

that… for now…” He stated angrily, letting the guards start to get more stern.

“Well, that is very nice of you to tell me all of that, but if you are here to kill me, why do you not just spawn a black hole or something quick to destroy everything but yourself?” I joked with him. I probably should have not said that, so I pulled myself back to show that I was scared.

“Oh yeah.” Heru quickly stated in like a second, using his hands to open a black hole the size of his finger’s radius, right on top of the palm of both hands. It instantly started to grow and dissolve everything into itself, but as soon as I felt my body be strung into a noodle within milliseconds, it also just reversed and left Heru in a dazzled state with everything back to normal from the two seconds of weirdness. And to explain truly of what happened, it really just reversed the process of being sucked in, which was putting every object back and neatly without disproportion. It was very instant and just blissful, making every cyclops look at the white book that was now glowing green and regaining the white color again.

Heru swagged his hair and his head viciously, trying to escape the awareness of what just happened. But only a guard could state to me was, “Hey, kid, don’t tell him stuff like that- it’s really dangerous.”

“Sure…” I happily applied by, looking around to see the party starting to stare at me and Heru. Ryutyu was bewildered and looking at his glass and feeling his fur. The waiter had stopped his rubbing of the inside of one cup. Cyclop was with the crowd on viewing stuff with the guy on stage just holding the microphone. The guards were ready to redo the process, and Wilma, finally, was just smiling at me, directly in my eyes as I awkwardly searched around the area for a new topic to resign this off from.

“Ugh…” Heru stated as he plopped his head down on the table in shame.

The crowds turned back and started to obtain presumptions on what happened and look further upon the stage as the man started to talk in another language. Cyclop started to walk over, while Ryutyu grabbed my shoulder.

“That was awesome.” He spoke.

“That was scary, dip-shit!” I confronted him realistically with a smirk.

“Awesomely dip-shit to the honest!” Ryutyu laughed.

“Yeah…” I insanely chuckled with a shrug, turning back at Heru as he rose his head slowly to face me with frustration.

“Fuck you.” Heru tolerated towards me.

“Watch this- Hey, Heru! Calm down. Vulgar language is not fucking accepted here!” I laughed back, calmly to him with Ryutyu at aid while Cyclop came fully over to investigate and let some guards travel over to induce in the new conversations.

“You just used vulgar language!” He yelled back, gesturing and arising some guards to be sterner.

“Fuck you!” I used a whisper against him, flipping him off slightly.

Ryutyu just fell into the maze of joy while Cyclop saw me go full kid on this kid.

“Really?” Cyclop asked me in confusion, viewing Wilma just continue her stare onto me as Heru clenched his hands together and looked at the stage announcer.

“It’s just for Ryutyu.” I whispered to him, letting him nod, “Anyways, Heru, if I may ask, what told your father that I was doing wrong in law?”

The guards instantly leaned in. They were obviously in wanting of an answer to why he was after me in the first place. I leaned over to look at them, but Wilma was catching my eyes too much, blocking full vision of the guys behind her with her nine tails taking up space. It made me shiver to think of her so close to me after what happened minutes ago, but then Heru came to speaking terms quicker than I expected, saving me from any lines with Wilma.

“Those dumb army men that came into your school from a random portal.” He stated.

Now, mind off his treatment of conversating, and look at what he just stated as a noun. It stung me like a bee; an army that randomly spawned in a school. I had stayed in the bathroom, safe from observation, but that randomly spawned in army could possibly mean those metallic boots… Now from a portal… I mean, my school was next to a federal sky-force base, so randomly could make sense since who would enter that school violently and massively without any concern about the army coming over just about a few meters?

“I see…” I ended once again, fading my voice off with no dark intent but rather one to move forward.

“Is thee a mosquito?” Ryutyu switched up.

“Yes, I am a mosquito… or fly… humanoid… I honestly… don’t know…” Heru observed, looking at his hands as his wing textured sparkled in.

“He has the DNA of a mosquito but has fly-like features.” A guard infested on saying whilst Heru had his angry hair and eyes shaped upon my posture.

“Tegur.” Another bounced in.

“What does that even mean?” Heru asked perfectly as the music had a DJ swipe, like a common sound effect for a disc swipe.

“It’s just a cultural saying.” The two guards replied.

“Hey… do we know her?” Cyclop asked the two guards, budging them while they were still active towards conversation.

“Her? Her name is Wilma- she helped fight Heru with us. But she also has immense Orchestral Waves which are not representing anywhere near to the universe’s reality of actual E.M. waves.” The guards ended.

“Oh…” Cyclop shrugged. Everybody paused and listened in on the director on the stage. I had no idea what he was stating, but it seemed to gather everybody’s attention but me.

“I can’t believe Heru still has a dad somehow, I thought the man leave by now…” Ryutyu sadly said to the ambience.

“Yeah…” I collaborated with, then peeking around the corner to see Wilma still staring directly into my eyes.

“Hm… what about your parents, bro?” Ryutyu asked me, making me turn to him.

“Heh- I… wait… oh no…” I could only respond with.

My heart dropped and I let my glass slide slowly down. I was only turned to the stage guy, and Ryutyu was in the abyss of what was truly heading inside of me. I stopped to take a quick look at where I truly was, and what was probably happening back at home…

“Oh no… my parents probably think I am missing… and what am I going to tell them?” I catechized Ryutyu indirectly. I also viewed the guards disperse a bit more and levitate away for our comfort.

Cyclop instantly turned from the little silence the room was giving off. He looked at the waiter coming back over right after giving me a raised eyebrow.

“Can I get a glass of Tegur?” Cyclop regarded as funny.

“No, you cannot get a glass of Tegur.” The waiter joked back.

“Alrighty…” He said, looking to me all of a sudden, “Eighty-three, I got this all under control. We’ll be doing some time-changing stuff at the end of our investigation.” Cyclop cracked onto me.

I stared at him, with Ryutyu having the same surprise. “You must have good hearing to hear us through all of the noise.” Ryutyu stated before I could try to do similar.

“Yes, I do. Cyclops have really stabile hearing in all settings.” He boasted like he does, “But, Eighty-three, back to you- I know you’re probably going through another translucent state of awareness on what’s happening, but just know it’s best not to think about it too much.”

“I know… but what happens when I get home?” I asked.

“Well, by then I’ll have permission to access a box in your universe that can allow me to adjust the timeline and such, which can prevent these past events from occurring. It’ll only take like the rest of today or tomorrow, so you’ll meet your parents soon.” He answered.

“Wait- what happens to me?” Ryutyu asked.

“You… well… if Wilma here is also a key player of the situation, then both of you will be sent back to your homes.” Cyclop answered, “But let’s change this up to a more fun topic- what are your thoughts on perpetual motion, Ryutyu-”

“Real quick though, Wilma, girl fox lady or something, could you please stop staring at me? You have been doing it for like the entire time…” I asked politely.

“No.” She stated to me.

Heru popped his head up and leaned back. He saw her switch to him, only letting him have the more whispering and inconsistent statement to phrase: “Bitch.”

Wilma frowned as the guards started to peer closer from their traveling attention towards our conversations. They were ready, each having a pen in their pockets, just like Cyclop did, which is something I just noticed. But Heru just turned his back and plopping his head into the countertop and laying still. It just told me that he had a battle with her that was not so unvulgar… and he did not win…

“Anyways, perpetual motion, what do you think of it?” I transferred back happily towards Ryutyu, allowing the silence to decompose.

I upped a smile as much as I could, letting the awkwardness sink into all of us as I disliked the sign of being watched. But both me and Cyclop looked at Ryutyu's sudden surprise to be in question. "What is perpetual motion again?" Ryutyu asked.

"Perpetual motion is when an object moves repeatedly, forever with the same amount of energy it original started with- right?" I answered and also asked Cyclop for assurance.

"Yeah- do you think it's possible though?" Cyclop furthered into Ryutyu.

"I guess?" Ryutyu stated.

"Well, it cannot be possible because all energy usually converts into something else, forfeiting the object's original energy source after a while- right Cyclop?" I asked back.

"For most things yes, and I understand your confusion too- but I must agree that we don't have perpetual motion in common cases around here." Cyclop said, "But what is perpetual is the saying that nothing is perpetual."

"What do you mean?" Ryutyu asked.

"This is going to be fun to listen to." Wilma finally spoke.

I looked up to her. She was giving me the shivers the entire time, but her essence was easily knocked off by me by just keeping my insides inside; That is to not mind her stare which was creeping me out, so I just slowly turn away each time and try to give her the awkwardness. Plus, her eyes resembled with such an evil presence in the essence…

"Heh, thanks Wilma- and before I start, may I get to know you better?" Cyclop asked like a gentleman. And to your knowledge, we were completely dodging the facts of what the stage guy was saying. We just did not care at the moment, as he had a black and gold suitcase in his right arm and a white paper in the other as two shiny, metallic grey microphones sat across from one another on the stage, making him a bit boring after a while if you did not know the language or have translators at all. But to my current perception, he was talking a lot more than the suitcase was to offer… now back to what Wilma was going to say…

"Yes. I am the Trans-morphic God. I can also read the minds of people. I like to meditate in my cave. I also think you could be good at the stage request." Wilma spat out.

"She talks weird." Ryutyu complied with my thoughts.

“Indeed… she uses no apostrophes, no commas, and also does not combine sentences from what she just told.” I answered.

“How’d you know all that?” Ryutyu asked.

“I went to school to learn about punctuation, and I am pretty good with formal tones.” I answered again.

“Is that why you speak without those… what are they called?” Ryutyu asked me.

“Conjunctures…” I said, trying to remember if that was fully correct.

“What are those?”

“Those are combined words like…

“Like what?”

“Like if you added *it* and *is* together. You get *it*, but add an apostrophe and afterwards, add an *s*.” I spoke.

“Can’t you say it?”

“I do not want to.”

“Why not?”

“Just… no… not formal.”

“Do it…” Ryutyu started up as Cyclop started to come back to me with his statement.

“What were you saying, Cyclop?” I reentered his realm, leaving Ryutyu behind to murmur his thoughts away.

“I was just going to say that the saying that perpetual motion is not real isn’t perpetual itself. The fact that nothing is forever moving, means that the perpetual motion statement is not being objectively true and will eventually become false. To put better, the statement, perpetual motion is impossible, will become impossible itself because it implies that it can be true forever, which is simply false because it also states itself that forever moving things can’t exist… It’s a statement that commits suicide… Ha-ha!” Cyclop stated faster as he went along, chuckling.

“Wait- what?” Ryutyu asked, terrified by the information.

“I get it… heh… very funny…” I raised my head with, laughing a bit.

“Well- don’t take it seriously, because the definition is talking about objects and not equations or thoughts technically in your case. It’s just a

joke, because metaphysically, a very well-known perpetual motion thing is God, which had no beginning and is here for all of time and outside of time too. So, that's also an object you could say is perpetual, but Jesus told us he's not coming back down for a good time, so telling that to your friends is just something smally mind-blowing and easily stated off due to subjectivity of the definition of perpetual motion and also religion…" Cyclop gestured happily, resigning with Wilma on the giggles.

"Wait- you met Jesus or something?" I asked.

"Yes. He's real but dealing with his most perfected society right now. There's such things as perpetual motion objects he has created. It's just that- before we knew, our top world philosopher made that joke with his friends at a diner, making the world chuckle with him on the thinking of such a thought. It's not stupid, just weird and angsty-for-being-correct to put it like that." Cyclop answered finally.

"Hey, you guys should really do the rap challenge." The waiter insisted towards Cyclop as Ryutyu and me started up to loom at them two again.

"With who?"

The waiter shrugged at Cyclop's question. Heru was unavailable due to imprisonment, the guards were watching, other cyclops hadn't gone yet, and the man was still waiting. Yet, three differences were in the light.

"Ryutyu, or Eighty-three- mind tackling the challenge for a few bucks to get whatever you guys want later?" Cyclop catechized us.

"I can't rap. I don't know how to quickly rhyme…" Ryutyu budged down.

"Not me… I just do not rap because what if I say some gibberish in order to rhyme, and that could be wrong or something?" I also ousted.

"Tegur…" Cyclop calmly nodded negatively.

"I could be up for the task." Wilma stated from behind. She had not moved a single position from her encodement. She just spoke and slightly turned her head, and her normal eyes of course.

"Wilma? You, rapping?" Cyclop enlisted like a bully at first, "That would be daringly interesting… since it's just the way you speak, which may be limiting you to your full potential here…"

Wilma just smirked. She then faded into a flash of white and then turned into a giant cloud of pink gas, enduring the room in such a big way, it caught even the guards to bring out their weapons just in case of attacking

actions. But before anything besides wonderment from all could be taken up, it all got sucked into a reforming body of her original state, filling her from shoe to head in three seconds…

Me and Ryutyu observed it with our greatest visuals, trying to figure out what had just happened. Then, the mist finally vanished, revealing the entire party curiously cheering on Cyclop, who had a microphone and an expression of fateful confusion as he faced that nine-tailed fox girl, Wilma.

Wilma held the microphone with a glimpsing shine, pure white and reflected. Cyclop just had his dropped in the essence of his left hand as he was unsure of how he had gotten over to his location and had his arms crossed already. Her smirk was smart, and his eye was large. Then, the crowd proceeded to yell at Cyclop as the stage man turned to them.

“You guys rapping?” Ryutyu translated the man for me.

Although that information was helpful, his noisy breath of unwashed odor clung onto my side, heating it for a minute. I swashed him away with my right arm, trying to keep a straight face in the sudden sensation of discomfort and uncaring he had judged me with. But eventually, I made out the truth to him; “Thanks, bro.”

“Yeah, but do you got a chill beat?” Cyclop asked.

Suddenly, the music changed around the room, turning into a soft expunge of the rotos and Irish banjo at extremely well-sounding levels of electronic advancing and filtering. It was somewhat hop and dubstep, but slow and exciting. It made the room go blue and purple in a checker-like pattern with all the tiles too.

Heru backed up a bit and started to stand up. He gave us a snarl and headed over closer to the crowd to be divinely in the back. The cops still locked themselves in place though, turning their heads to his exact location…

“Throw it forth, fox girl!” Our waiter yelled over to the group before Ryutyu could translate. Ryutyu did not translate afterwards, unnoticing my look towards him too, but the stage man walked off and went into the back of the crowd to talk to the guards, so it really would not of mattered that much anyways…

Wilma turned to him in a flash with a nod, before returning to Cyclop. The battle was close to coming, and quite the definite type of excitement ran through us all as we waited to see how these different species would react against one another… Then, the drop, and such new movements brought the speed of light to its knees.

Ryutyu's jaw dropped as Wilma rushed a pose of her sitting in the air with her tails lifting her up, legs crossed, before switching to a pose of her laughing frantically at Cyclop with the point, then over to back bending and harming lean, making her look like an open backwards "P", creeping everybody's spine out. Finally, she had a pose with her doing a full leg stretch upwards, like she was in yoga class; lifting her right leg as far up and leaving her body to tilt ninety degrees as she made a full standing-split, with her arms of course always bringing her hands with the microphone towards her face. That was all I was seeing in the milliseconds she completed those tasks. And keep in mind, not like a second, nor half a second, but about every sixty to ninety milliseconds, she was altering her body with no refashion or stress. It was perfect again and again, but too fast to tell. And Cyclop, oh boy, he was just as stunned as everybody else, but turned to confusion when she started to fasten her voice.

She was rapping, making the language a bit speedy for even my translator Ryutyu to keep up with. Although a foreign language had different cultures, which means different phrases, I am pretty sure everything Ryutyu told me she was saying was garbage.

"I do not think you are cool… You are just a toy among those of a fool…. I refrain from being a legend… Get yourself a new outfit… I am the one that is lit… I bet you had a fit." Ryutyu told me as I looked.

Her speaking was a bit blocky, but she was definitely throwing him off in weird ways…

First, I had to put a hand on Ryutyu's back; slapping it like a brother again, "Her rapping is actually ***garbage***." I said with strong emphasize.

Ryutyu laughed. "True."

"You can't even speak a comma… I bet your mother was a llama- did she really say that or something- I don't need to introduce; you have no proof, you lose… I don't need a single drip if I got you to clip… Nobody can beat my talent, I have bars that pay more than a cent… what?" Ryutyu translated.

"Well… if that was all English… it would be very interesting to hear her words of wisdom…" I joked.

"Heh, probably. It's too fast, but I understand most of it…" Ryutyu added.

The music transitioned to Cyclop singing his rap part, letting everybody start to grin at their kind try against the shallow lady. Wilma only could stand idling up, waiting for her turn of obsessive movements once again.

“Cyclop has some better bars, right?” I asked Ryutyu as he whispered to himself what Cyclop was pronouncing. I always saw Cyclop was rapping a bit slower, but it gained him more audience reputation.

“Yes…” Ryutyu said, trailing off like he had something to say.

“Like what?”

“Like… um… Bad? Sus? What- wait… he’s using bigger words I don’t understand… I think he’s references engineering parts…” Ryutyu said.

“Alrighty…” I shrugged.

The sudden rap battle continued. Words and rhyming were present throughout the repeating beats, occasionally having fades. During this sequence, me and Ryutyu decided to multitask since their rap battle had already won a winner.

“So, when you met Wilma, what’d she say exactly? Like, was she dis acrobatic?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yes, with her reflexes, but when I met her, she first acted nice and we had a small conversation, which went like, ‘You can talk to me,’ before trying to kill me after a jump scare… in which, kind of confuses me because why did she not just rush into me repeatedly if she wanted to kill me? Did she just want to scare me or something? Come to think of it… she is acting a little suspicious, because for her first impression on me, she was using her powers a little more insanely, but I think the cyclops are really helping by giving her fear of it probably, like Heru of course… just do not question it I guess” I explained without giving Ryutyu a good point to speak in.

“Oh…” Ryutyu suppressively stated.

“Yes, but did you notice she speaks so immaculately.” I asked further.

“Wait, what? What does immaculately mean?” Asked Ryutyu.

“Clean and tidy- but you see, she does not use commas or any conjunctures. I do not use conjunctures, but I use commas so I can be normal... She must have lived in an obnoxiously formal society to use only words and periods.”

Ryutyu shook his head with agreement. “I mean, she is speaking with slight pauses, and I don’t hear any ‘ain’ts’ or ‘it’s.’” Ryutyu also gathered up.

We looked back over to Cyclop, whose turn was turning out in front of the awing crowd. He was making them awe in astonishment from what I could tell…

“Bet you’re a furry- BECAUSE YOUR-?” Ryutyu translated at first before being annoyed.

“What? What did he say?” I said reluctantly, noticing Ryutyu just frustrated his face to a maximum and was ready to pounce up.

“Did he just relate a furry to a- and now he’s…” Ryutyu dawned onto me, making his dog tail swag viciously around.

“What is he saying?” I calmly catechized again.

“He’s fully ambushing my kind with the claims of slavery and- and… dust, and… and stupidity…” Ryutyu thrusted his fist up with. He was angry but was also too scared to cause a big ruckus where people would look towards, so he just clenched his jaw together.

“Maybe he is just using some of those terms as a current way to displease Wilma or something, because I am quite sure he could not be against any race in any fashion…”

“I hope so; I feel offended whenever somebody disses me type of people.” Ryutyu said, crossing his arms tight. I looked back over to the stage.

“Hm… but may I know what type of furry, or people, you are? Like a cat human, or dog man, maybe a dragon humanoid?” I distinctly stated.

Ryutyu was about to say something when his eyes darted over to Wilma. It was her turn, but as soon as she was going to start, she backflipped, and now standing there was Ryutyu, but with Wilma’s nine tails in back instead of Ryutyu’s own. What happened is that she mid-way through air started to disperse her particles into different colors and around her entire body to make her look like Ryutyu in an instant… and all in under a second still…

“Is that me?” Ryutyu catechized frantically, starting to swag his tail fast.

I looked astonished and nonplused. She actually matched Ryutyu perfectly, besides the tails. Cyclop was also hindering on staggering actions, seeing that the being turned into another right in front of him. Of course, she matched Cyclop’s crossed arms pose as Ryutyu and she still had her voice, but more gestures tending to sarcastically impersonate my friend. Plus, Heru was in divine astonishment as the crowd was too. And the guards had also gathered a machine silently on, just in case Wilma was to go frantic like Heru did… which was technically my fault for giving him an idea…

As creepy that it was though, it strung in me again as I remembered that such titling was connected to those actions. I named one of my songs,

“Transmorphic God.” I still did not know if that was a real word, transmorphic, but I progressed to a new conversation topic.

“Ryutyu, remember Bracussion?” I asked.

“What?”

“The program I used and what we are trying to fully figure out; I named some tunes I made, incomplete, but still tunes, I named them stuff like ‘Royal Dragon’ or ‘Transmorphic God’ in order to stand out if I were to publish them.” I asked.

“What?” He repeated.

“Simplified, I am just trying to say that I am starting to believe that I may have created you through that program because of all these hints and references that keep popping up- or it could all be because of coincidences still… because after all, that is just a hypothesis- a music hypothesis!” I tried to retain back to myself.

“Okay, dude, whatever sciences stuff you’re telling me right now, I’m not understanding-” Ryutyu shot to me.

“Me neither- let us not worry about it, I mean, and get back to what I was asking… What are you? Like, in furry terms, what are you?” I restated.

“Can I just continue to watch Wilma? She’s stolen me identity and moving awfully quick- look at it all…” Ryutyu said.

“She is… but could you just answer my question? We will probably see her a lot more often to be honest…” I continued, starting to stare at her speak the other language quickly.

“Fine… I am a dragon- I think… like a human one, but my ears match with a dog… and my tail… and…”

“Alrighty, that is nice to know.” I left off. He also returned quickly to Wilma as I turned around the place to look for food stands… nothing… which meant something was up with this party. Only the waiter was the one with drinks, in which everybody had already obtained before us, and slightly some food, which nobody else had in their comfort… very weird to be honest.

“Yes, but can I ask… *you…* something?” Ryutyu then asked after a few seconds.

“Yes?”

“Okay… what’s your age?” He refuted quickly, turning to me. He wagged his tail slower now, understanding not to be alerted by Wilma and the weird presence…

“I am thirteen.” I said to him, turning with a smirk of confusion.

Ryutyu looked around wide eyed after I answered. Then he put his full-focus back on Wilma, who was still rapping with a fake and deeper voice. Just on stage, she was putting on a show, while Cyclop was just barely striking through with his rhymes at what most I could tell…

“I think the beat is about to drop.” Said Ryutyu.

“Okay.” I agreed,

“Do you think she will go faster than she already is?”

“With her kind of speaking, she could only get better with bigger wording I guess…” I answered.

“Ay… but, I had another question real quick… and sorry for all of em’, I’m just so new…” Ryutyu started.

“And so am I- but we will manage and eventually return to whatever lifestyles we had before; so what is your question?” I accepted.

“Why is it that ya’ think using no conjectures or commas are formal?”

“Society and moral objectivity… But, to explain it better- it is so you actually think a sentence through, usually. If you were to stop using them, you would stop to think about what you would say. It is nice, charming to hear, full, and makes you articulate words much better in my opinion. But if not, then it is good because that is the way writers go… and also some other reasons I have not studied at all…” I explained to him…

After that sentence, Cyclop ended his reign with her as the beat dropped once again. Wilma spung around, with her tails flying around her to reveal me. Yes, me, eighty-three. Of course, she had those nine-tails though, but she copied my voice and was saying non-English things still…

Then, the beat pounded again, letting her swing her tails around to reveal Cyclop with nine-tails, fighting the real Cyclop. Talk about the morphing furry, the crowd was blasted from the visuals. Cyclop then had two drops in, having his remarks still the same pace but still gaining crowd support. The Wilma did it again for every beat down, turning from Cyclop to Heru, then to a policeman, to her original self, then no more at an end.

It was a wild show to perceive. Ryutyu was more open minded now. I could tell from his jaw-dropping and wide-eyed expression he did not

interpret that she was quick, acrobatic, mysterious, and deeper in power levels than first anticipated. Even Heru was tragically invested.

“Now, that is something different.” I said with the crowd’s own language inducement as the song started to fade away, with the lights returning, Cyclop putting his microphone on the mic-stand, Wilma doing the same, the guards pouncing towards the stage with the director, and finally our waiter just coming back to rubbing his glasses near the elevator which had nobody coming in anymore, as it was left on our floor…

“WOW.” Ryutyu loudly escalated.

The beat finally finished, long and hard and out of the fade and back in, leaving the lights to dim further until they brightened up from the crowd’s talks. Then the stage man came up with the briefcase and announced instructions to all. A stutter amongst the crowd cheered off as the man stepped on with a smile. After a minute of talking, Wilma just faded away into the darkness with an eyeroll as Cyclop stood, shaking slightly at the fear of events, but returning to normality.

“Ryutyu! Translate, please!” I startled him, forging fully onto the stage director instead of Wilma’s essence.

“Oh, right… um… ‘That was quite the show nobody was expecting, now, wasn’t it? Now, before I go into the common query of who and what our contenders were, who do you think won?’” Ryutyu translated for me.

The crowd cheered “Cyclop!”

“Okay… where’s the woman he faced?” The stage director then catechized.

“She left through the vents.” Heru stated in their language as Ryutyu translated for me still.

“The vents?” The director asked.

“We saw her turning into a brown gas and escaping through the ventilation cameras.” A guard said as he went up to the stage and started to say such with a pad in his hand to explain with evidence.

“Why didn’t you stop her?” The director catechized with nice confusion.

“We are tracking her, but we were told by E-993 to leave it to their Red Eyes to take care of.” The guard said.

I took the information in from what Ryutyu was translating, and also letting it slide through his ears just like a noodle.

“Dang… so… um… here, Cyclop, your payment!” The stage director said, handing him the suitcase.

“Should I open it?” Cyclop asked with a joking smile.

“You could. But it’s just a hundred… something…” Ryutyu translated, not knowing what the next word meant, “I think ‘Geuryi’ means golds or silvers or bucks or dollars or-”

“Alrighty.” I stopped him before he could continue into the thinking abyss.

Cyclop then hopped off stage, shook a few hands with some other cyclops, and then walked over to us, dodging the squints of Heru.

“Let’s go buy some food…” Cyclop told Ryutyu calmly.

“Wait- you guys did not order?” I suddenly realized.

“Nope, we didn’t.” Ryutyu also said.

“Wait- if you did not order food, then where is this party’s food? Where are the cakes, or pizzas, or others? I have not seen any at all in this party, besides the waiter’s food for Ryutyu.” I asked, looking around, and finally asking the question.

“Yeah- hold on, where is thee cakes and stuff?” Ryutyu asked.

“Hey, waiter, mind to tell why we don’t have an outlet table?” Cyclop asked.

The waiter nudged his head up and looked at us. “We don’t serve full meals at these parties anymore because it’s near dinner and late night, and also because the government would like to use some foods to export towards the Feribbus asteroids so we can fulfill our treaties with them.”

“Oh, thanks for telling me.” Cyclop minded with himself.

“Hey, Cyclop, about the things you said against my KIND OF PEOPLE.” Ryutyu ordered at him, “WAS THAT ALL TRUE?”

Cyclop fermented a bewildered look into my eyes first as Ryutyu put himself up, leaning against the counter, clenching his sharp fingers against such, and removing himself of any childish vexation. Cyclop did not know what to make of such a spastic term. So, he turned to Ryutyu and looked him straight in the eye.

“No-”

“You- stupid little sh-! You’re lying!” Ryutyu almost yelled but hushed down low.

I stopped Ryutyu from grabbing Cyclop’s head with his clawing hands. I laid my hands on his torso, and sat him down with the word, “Hey, calm down, I got this,” right under my breath, “Cyclop, you must realize what you said on stage is completely wrong to Ryutyu’s people. It is like racism, to be put informally, and even though you said it just to rhyme against Wilma or whatever, it is sensitive to Ryutyu.”

“Yeah!” Ryutyu pitched.

“Oh, sorry. I just wanted to use darting expressions to show my status onto her.” Cyclop answered.

“Okay… then, see, Ryutyu? He just wanted to use something more smashing against Wilma.” I stated with politeness.

“That’s true, I may say some things just for the moment, but if I also may, are you able to understand my language now, Eighty-three?” Cyclop also converted too.

“I had to translate everything for him, and just saying it’s ‘for the moment’ isn’t very-”

“Hey, I’m not going to lie, but I never meant any bad to you, Ryutyu.” Cyclop adjusted while Ryutyu tried to establish.

“You better.” Ryutyu quickly spoke again. I decided to look away for just a second to see if anything else was to importance. I saw Heru, just standing there, evil and wickedly with a smirk as he shot his white voiding eyes over to me from the reflection of one of the windows…

“Alrighty guys… alrighty… let us just go before Heru starts acting up again…” I said as Ryutyu snarled at Cyclop. We then all turned to see Heru just smiling at the window as he had his hands behind him. Then, the “weirdest” thing happened…

Heru jumped into the window at dashing speeds, breaking it with everybody’s attention scattering over. But due to the grey box on the trolley, it quickly zapped a following beam of yellow after him as he tried to fly away, towards his glowing blue restraints also dropping him towards the floor and back to the floor. He was nudging as much as he could but was soon paralyzed by the yellow beam shocking thousands of bolts into his body, making him become stabilized in one stance as he was brought back in awkwardly. We were all stunned.

Heru could only grit his teeth as the guards started to depart over to him and take him back into their ways. They then went over to the elevator and took him away, along with all their other features…

“Nice… that was a Powerb two, by the way. It’s just a metallic box that can grab entities using Orchestral or Gamma Waves.” Cyclop stated as we saw the elevator go down.

“Oh thanks. I was wondering what it was, because I only saw a dark blue box on your internet, which was something that effected gravity…” I trailed off.

“I have one of those.” Cyclop stated for me, reassuringly, leaving me to nod and stay in the ambience of the crowd just pinning onto Heru’s recent actions…

Ryutyu crossed his arms at Cyclop during our look around the room for something to talk or do about. He had a face of a jerk in anger, waiting for a response to thrive off. Cyclop just looked over to him and then me. I was just pointing my index finger at Ryutyu with a smirk to tell him that a best decision was easily to be made.

“Hey, Ryutyu, could I make it up to you with some fast-food?” Cyclop asked.

“Ya’ could… but I want an apology too…”

Cyclop stared at him, with me aiding my one-eyed friend. We could only give Ryutyu the shakes. And he turned to me, seeing that I was sad for him; and seeing that I was in no mood for both of them to fight at all. So, at that moment he started to frown and get worried that he was alone in this argument. He let his head go down over his drunken glass.

“I’m sorry…?” Cyclop stated after seeing him get nervous.

Ryutyu sighed and nodded his head back up. Ryutyu then sighed again in a fake disgust and let his arms go. He looked depressed, so I landed him a hand to aid his left shoulder.

“Here is a tip: food is just down the elevator and to Cyclop’s further directions…” I joked.

“What kind of tip are ya’ givin’ me?” Ryutyu asked with a scared but joking kind of worried expression now.

“I am telling you to listen to the guy I am listening to in order to get home. Just mind off the differences in culture, please.” I continued, “What kind of food are we getting?” I stated to Cyclop then.

“Burgers- if Ryutyu wants.” Cyclop drastically prized.

“YES!” Ryutyu exclaimed, making his tail wag around happily.

Another battle…

“Oh, this is delicious!” Ryutyu exclaimed, shoving the large, cheesy burger into his mouth. It was purely almost yellow under the white light. Its soft breading glimmered its palish pecks as its warmness gave off a scent of satisfaction. It contained lettuce on the bottom, the burger cooked sturdily and freshly, then the cheese, some more lettuce, and finally a few pickle slices on top.

“I’m glad that you’re enjoying.” Cyclop said, with an obvious hint he wanted to ask further questions.

“You guys want to talk about… maybe getting home… or finding out about this Bracussion program more? Or something else?” I blankly omitted.

“Something else, in which I’ll start off... Who are we currently fighting and teaming with?” Cyclop asked. “To start, we all know Heru is out to kill us. And we know that my military buddies are here to aid our investigation, so I’ll be talking with them to get our science team on display with us… But, what about Wilma? I know you guys really have that awful first impression with her- but because I’m finding her to be quite a weird piece of art, I think we could at least try to use her in a good way.” Cyclop tried.

“Why does you say it like that?” Ryutyu open-mouthed his sentence.

Cyclop just upped his spine and squinted at the furry. He was minding the specs of food flung from his mouth, and so was I. At least none had gotten present on our clothing. And plus, none even got to the area where our food would have been, if we ordered any for ourselves.

“I just wanted to discuss that topic, because after this we’re going back home, and then resting... And I also thought that the only way to be intruded on those future events was to be interacting with somebody like Wilma… who escaped through the vents if anybody saw… and I also wanted to know more about her if any was to be taken upon the time that I wasn’t listening to your conversations…” Cyclop said.

“Nope… I just disliked her staring…” I stated an answer.

“Alrighty… well then… any questions you have for Eighty-three, Ryutyu?” Cyclop quickly asked as he saw him swallow his food.

“Yeah- why does ya’ name be numbers, and why do ya’ speak like that?” Ryutyu asked me with a happy expression.

“I already told you, I like to talk formally-” I started.

“And his name is Eighty-Three because it’s his favorite number and he doesn’t like his real name to be known to strangers, right?” Cyclop hastily ended for me.

“Right… now… when I get back home, will you need my computer with Bracussion on it or will it be useless?” I catechized my man, slipping in my topic to discuss. It was a transition, a smartly quick one to be alrighty…

“Yes, I’ll need to see what’s up with that copy… but, come to think of it… since Wilma had powers- and you said you named the things abnormal titles- doesn’t that mean Ryutyu had a power or something? Hold on, let me grab one of my pens…” Cyclop asked a new question.

I stayed silent, hovering over and looking away from the chomping furry. Cyclop held his grey pen out, lit the screen on, and it showed normal E.M. waves, with some other text in his language.

“Nothing unusual…” Cyclop stated to himself, “Ryutyu, did you have any powers that only registered in a certain location by any chance?” Cyclop asked.

“I had a sword in my home.” He responded, not closing his mouth still.

And Cyclop once again straightened himself up with a diseased-happy look towards Ryutyu’s ambitious treatment of jawing. So, I helped by getting up from the leather red cushioned, grey metallic and shining chair of the four at the table of grey textured and shining, slightly three-dimensional pyramids, and walked slightly over to Ryutyu. His food was being barged into his mouth, instead of on his white tray of textured triangles.

I used my hands to cautiously enclose his jaw shut. I literally put my right hand onto his top jawline and right under his bottom jawline, squeezing them shut, making him take the bite of his food literally to its fullest.

Then I walked back over to sit down. I lent my hands up onto the table like I was praying. I stared dully into his green sockets, getting the full shock that I actually did something to a different intellectual species without dying. Now I had to quiver in the ambience of sitting next to one and thinking everything through with my best efforts in order to make no wrong impression still.

“Of course.” Cyclop finally stated.

“Well, Cyclop, Ryutyu, if that is all, then I will be heading to the bathrooms. I will be back.” I stated.

I went over to the left side of the counter in red checkers with two cyclops cashiers. There was a slight hall leading to a door on the left being the way into the back and kitchen behind the counters properly, another door north labeled with white tags in black text of so many languages down; forty-two to be exact. It was sticked onto the slight tan, concrete door, having English text in the middle somewhere:

“Females/Others.” It listed.

Then, the right side had a door the same, but now with *“Males.”*

I went in to find it with only three black metallic stalls, each having white toilets and sinks and toilet rolls of thick white. I went into the first one on the top-left of the rectangular room, finding it had a toilet the average size, but the hole was slightly larger. But what I also found was that the soap

was extremely replenished in its translucent pink bottle, the handles were blue and red with little markings of grey, the floors were clean on their black and red tiling, and the walls were just as good. The smell of flowers like roses even emitted from the greyish vents above. It looked very swell, to be honest.

So, I did my duty, came back out, and sat down with cleanness in my exhilarated essence.

“Nice bathrooms, right?” Cyclop said to me as Ryutyu finished his drink within a transparent plastic. It was a normal cubical cup, having a fuzzy blue liquid inside.

“Very clean- how do they do it?” I asked.

“Everybody just likes to keep care of everything at every time needed or wanted.” Cyclop nodded happily.

“I’m done.” Ryutyu directly state out.

“Alrighty…” I said, looking towards Cyclop.

I got out with Cyclop at the same time with Ryutyu being a bit slower. We were about to escape into the dark world outside, when Ryutyu deserted his plate.

“Hey- Ryutyu, don’t forget to throw away your trash…” Cyclop assisted before I could.

“Oh- thanks…” Ryutyu said, catching up next to me as Cyclop went over to the entrance and spilled it into a cubical of black concrete erupting into the white lighting about four feet high. It fell far enough to sound less than it should of…

Cyclop came back over to us as he exited through the glass doors and treaded our way into the coldness of the night. It was chilly, but not extremely chilly, yet cold enough to make us shiver physically. Plus, no moon or suns, just the lights of other stars in the night sky… Cyclop just lead us into the sidewalks towards the launch pad in the skyscraper blocks a few away.

It was just overwhelmingly quiet… until I had a question I remembered.

“Hey, guys, what did you think about English again?”

“It’s just a language known for being the language of sinners in some worlds.” Cyclop stated.

“Yeah- but we actually call it the s-”

“Don’t say it Ryutyu… you know the laws and so do I.” Cyclop mentioned.

Ryutyu dawned a smile to Cyclop. I did not know what they were talking about, but he turned to me with a prominent fashion.

“It’s the *suspicious* language.” Ryutyu told me.

“NoOoooOOooOoOOOOoooo.” I slightly spoke, acting like it was a yell; “Whatever that means…”

Ryutyu giggled as Cyclop turned back with a frowning “Really?” I also laughed it off with a shrug. But then, a better question struck me.

“Why are we not using the portals to get home or something?” I asked Cyclop.

“Well, I’d like to show you what happens to the pads at night, and how you would know it’s night. To further explain, the pads everywhere, whether launch or jump or transport, get reversed during nighttime, the true nighttime where everybody is supposed to go home. That way it’s easier to keep things going from one point to another without crashes in the air. But we can also change it ourselves if we needed too. Like, if you open the small hatch on the top left of the pad, there are three switches, the left one being the reverse one. It automatically switches with the system we have though, but if you ever needed too, you could switch both back and forth on each side of the pads when you needed to go either way. And it also alerts both sides with a beep when manually changed.” Cyclop explained largely.

“You talk a lot.” Ryutyu stated with a smile.

“Alrighty… just explaining the world to you guys; since being in a new land is going to be difficult if you don’t know the standards…” Cyclop also spoke with grateful intentions to himself, making us feel as if he was a good teacher.

I wanted to start another conversation to talk about something rather than sit in this small silence as we continued walking to the nearing jump pad. I looked up into the stars as we passed an alleyway between the buildings, with it having that weird triangular trash bin of some sort. For a final look upon it all and the buildings, finding myself to ask Cyclop about what his society has found about other stars beyond his planet…

I raised my finger and hand to catechize the question but got blocked from the instance I saw and just bypassed by turning away without thought. The launch pad was just ahead glowing, and I was looking up into the glamourous sky with Ryutyu now upon. But only I saw the glowing white eyes

with purple pupils on top of the left side building's roof. It reminded me of Wilma, most likely of the strange nine tails silhouette coming from behind it- but I felt nervous and reverbed after it blinked and faded away to its south as I was turning my head to ask my friends the question. I had quickly reverted my attention back over, but it was well gone by now.

Now, we had a stalker, one in the dark, spooky, unescapable. I felt like my new team was going to run into problems in literally a second.

"What?" Ryutyu asked, beginning to wonder why I was wide eyeing the building with Cyclop also converting attention over to both my face and the roof of the building.

"Was that Wilma? Did you guys see that?" I asked impatiently.

"What?" Cyclop then repeated after Ryutyu.

I sprinted over to the skyscraper's alley we had just walked by, only revealing that a ladder was to aid my conspiracy of what I had just seen. Ryutyu also joined but saw nothing with me.

"Um… I don't see anybody." Ryutyu stated.

"Of course you do not- dimwit! The person left already!" I stated back.

"Guys- don't mind it! Let's just bounce back home!" Cyclop yelled over as he got inches closer.

"Punch!"

The sound of a young boy screaming into the air and an earthquake of wind traveled to our ears. It was loud and scared us to our skeletons. We instantly vamped behind ourselves to see a Cyclop, leeching back as Heru had plummeted into the bounce pad, destroying it with a crater. He had fallen like he was punched from one of the two shining moons. He left a dust cloud to refuge over his presence too, but we saw a white glow through the mini storm as we circled around. But before we could ask and get ready, a team of cyclops landed to our left with some courses of actions in waiting.

Their suits were like a normal astronaut's, white with red lines and unreadably small text to indicate who they were. One had a pink eye, literally the color, but seemingly showed no damage by the mosquito boys near past. He was also well aware of our existence as he turned to viciously look at us, before turning back to the boy.

Heru only let the dust storm fade so he could stare at our presence as we saw him with regeneration in his chest hole. It was letting the rest of the

astronaut police, who had some members low gravity jumping their way into the new battle, get a better look at his current condition.

“Yoooo!” I yelled as I saw the police figures station themselves with black guns to the kid.

“Don’t worry, he-” Cyclop tried to say.

“Oh my god!” Ryutyu yelled to me, trudging me to induce the fact that they had started to blast Heru. We stumbled backwards, watching the power just fire into the boy’s systems.

“Don’t worry, citizens… and non-citizens, we are here to stop him from killing others, so technically it isn’t child abuse and actually justified murder if we do so.” A police figure hand shouldered Cyclop quickly, with joking intentions to us all.

“Thanks, officer.” Cyclop said, smiling.

“Wait what?!” I confused out loud.

“Are these beings under defining law?” The other cyclops asked.

“Sure.” Cyclop stated back.

“Sure, is not of great elaboration. May I know your number real quick?” The cyclop then asked.

“58,932-A.” Our cyclops responded.

“Okay, we will contact you later.”

The police man suddenly ran off to join in on the kid attacks. He used forms of kicking and punches to cycle in as other member of the police form started to reload. Others brought out the trolley of the box and white books. But they also had placed down one of those gravity machines I had seen on the computer, and a yellow flattened triangle, which made a force field around and within the skyscrapers. They also placed the white books, the Fluxyrs, into the yellow triangle beforehand. It became loud, violent, and Ryutyu started to cover his ears with his hands, by also pulling them down. Heru almost did not budge at the bullet spread amongst his body, but it was hard to tell since the punching cyclops had gotten him into a motion of fighting, in which he tried to use a power but a bolt of lightning from the box on the trolley disturbed, making him paralyzed for a moment as the rest of the men started up their firing again. It made little holes on him, some only bleeding like a thin cut. When the team stopped and started to repeat the cycle, his next moves were in using strings and vines from his body, blood tentacles to be exact, which sliced towards the protection gear, slapping

them mostly, but also pulling in his opponents for better options. Another cyclops party had also started to bounce in, one with a leaf blower of rainbow texturing, for whatever purpose that had.

I looked around as Ryutyu started to join with Cyclop on going towards the alleyway to escape through.

As we reached the alleyway for escape, alarms sounded through the oxygen. It was like plastic bed folding at a good volume, then reverbed, echoed, and finally amplified again. It sung repeatedly.

As we rushed past two trashcans and the ladder, Cyclop halted himself. Ryutyu spung around to see what was going on. We all looked back to see Heru had thrusted his way over towards the machinery and somehow deactivated it but got the karma of a thousand bullets and rainbow-swords swung into his body from another police force incoming.

“Cyclop? We got to go!” I yelled to my man as he started to turn back and run with his pens being grabbed by his left hand.

“Hey-” Ryutyu tried to say.

Suddenly, everything started to float upwards and lift to the sky. It was so speedy that I thought I might have thrown-up, but once we were in the air with sixty-feet below us and the air somehow holding us up, I felt a sudden torture in my stomach. I screamed with Ryutyu as I did not know what was going on. We then started to rotate, spinning with in the air with a forcefield bloating Ryutyu from falling through all of it. It bounced him back fluffily, barely dodging a building being thrown just passed me and Cyclop, with it then bouncing a different velocity and hitting another, exploding into pieces with some cyclops jumped out and others like the police being backed from it with the safety of their suits.

“**What the fuck is happening**?!” I yelled to Cyclop with a heartbeat faster than a cheetah. He looked at me from his fast float away.

“I got this- just don’t get hit by anything!” He said, started to open portals with his pens. He was about to grab me, and then Ryutyu who had jumped off a brick building just slowly approaching us but was countered.

The triangle had been swung over with the pink-eyed cyclops shoving a Fluxyr into it, the white book, remember that for no reason please… So, the forcefield opened again. He then shoved another tool, looking like a crimson red, stoned clock with weird symbols I could barely distinguish in the fastening world around me.

Then we started to fall…

But before we could hit the ground, a flash of light appeared. And under was a portal we saw Cyclop ejaculate largely into the bottom of us. It swept in trashcans and people, me second from Ryutyu, but left behind the slowly coming big objects like entire buildings. We landed roughly onto the ground as somebody else on the cyclops team had thrown a cube of green slime into the street below, making it spread out. We all landed into it but were stuck in the gooey diversion instead from the death of speed. It had flattened out by like sixteen feet in length and width, having a height of eight. Once everybody was well considered to the subjectivity of Cyclop's perception, the portal above closed from his swift actions of a pen in the water-like substance. Then the cyclops had used the rainbow leaf blower to suck in all the goo, making us all fall to the ground just a smudge. With our slight pain, we all tried to resume what had happened, and what was about to happen. It was so quick, that the thrills of excitement and terror had expunged everybody's spine.

I was face-flat for a short five seconds before I looked up to my left to see Wilma throwing in a downwards punch onto my head with her cat eyes of yellow and purple pupils. She was blasted by Cyclop's red pen, which shot a red laser beam that stayed solid, pushing her into a new building and leaving her there to suffer the few seconds she was put in her place. I looked up to see my hero right afterwards.

"Holy shit!" I said, pushing myself up and jittering around to contain myself.

"Woo!" Cyclop connected with extreme powers and fun and terrific experience, "That was quite the badass moves she implemented."

"What?" I asked suddenly, turning around to see the cyclops reactivated the sphere of destroying orchestral waves and yellow triangle thingy. There was also Ryutyu crawling away while Heru was getting smashed by the punches of many cyclops, with one holding the leaf blower to suck in the particles flying away from his banged-up bloody face.

"Let's move." Cyclop adjusted, grabbing me by the back and jogging over to Ryutyu. I instantly shot myself down and picked him up by the chest.

"Ah!" He yelled, barfing up a bit of his food.

"Come on…" I stated, shaking my head and moving with Cyclop away. I trudged him forward as he almost mindlessly followed. He was definitely paralyzed by the moment, and I was too, but I was more trying to shake it all off…

As we got to the next street, doors were open as cyclops of all eye colors raged towards the city for protection. None of them had time to observe us, but we were in no time of getting past any of them either. And yes, that is when I took the second to realize we were no longer in the city and rather on one of the outskirts, a few hundred meters away from the gates which led to one of the many suburban neighborhoods. It was more dark, and rather more intensely cold when I felt the rush, but the light of the city casts a spectacular view if you did not have to run so quickly…

Heru was then strung through the walls, blasting the people around him, but not injuring a single one. He just disoriented everybody, leaving a small vanquishing crater to assist in his return to battle as the guns of many cyclops aided his defeat once again. But now we were blocked from heading that way and turning around was no good options as many trash cans and seats and tables were piled up and scattered around, making us vulnerable as we took the small time to navigate through it all. Plus, the forcefield started to glow all rainbow colors around us now, but only as I looked back…

“Portal time!” Cyclop stated, not looking back at the incoming weirdness.

He tried using his orange pen to activate such things, but nothing came to assistance. Instead, a slight comforting inconvenienced sound erupted from the pen, like an extremely nice ringtone note.

“Why- oh, they activated all of our powerful waves to be deactivated.” Cyclop said, turning to me.

“What do we do?” Ryutyu and I asked at the same time, but with a different terrified mood.

“Let’s head up.” Cyclop insisted towards us, pointing to the ladder.

“Why? Is not up there a more horrible place to resign because of height?” I explained as promptly as I could with my dark blondish freckles.

“Yeah!” Ryutyu also stated. I patted him on the back for agreeing with me, seeing he was reawakening to everything with a sad and terrified mood I cannot emphasize enough. He could stand on his own two feet again, but his tail and hair were slightly gooey with the after-slime effect, so he was also disgusted and moving quite indigenously.

Cyclop shrugged and nodded his head off, just climbing up. He then got up and stopped. He looked intensely towards an object. He then turned to us.

“Guys! Come up here and look at this!” He said.

“A-Alrighty!” I agreed, seeing Heru starting to smash the cyclops into the ground with big hands three times the size of his normal ones, that were steaming thickly.

Ryutyu followed me with a slightly open mouth in awe of what was happening and what was completely the unawareness feeling of what was happening as well. But once we got up to the standpoint, we found a weird object to my possession with a new feeling of deception to its location.

It was the school laptop, which the program *Bracussion* open. It was just on the listing files page, showing what I had recently made but with blurred text all over.

“Isn’t that the program you were talking about?” Cyclop asked curiously and in angst, walking forward while grabbing his grey pen to find its waves beeping incredibly.

“How did it end up here?” I questioned him. Ryutyu just stood still and looked surprise with small, green pupils. He could only be so confused as the rest of us.

“I mean, that laptop was at my house and *has been* at my house. I do not know how it ended up here at the slightest…” I gave Ryutyu and Cyclop the context off as we got closer and to the opposing side of the battling below.

“Well, to be safe, let’s just stand back as-” Cyclop was about to say as he grabbed his grey pen from the distance of five feet.

Wilma, of course, was the object on the roof. She instantly uprooted herself from the laptop’s keys, like she faded up into reality like a ghost going through and object and swung plus stretched her torso around to punch Cyclop back to us with three of her arms into his chin. He almost fell off the roof but was caught by Ryutyu’s body just existing. Ryutyu tried to block at first, but was correspondent with physics and fell backwards, just to the edge, and corner, of the building’s roof. Cyclop laid in front of him but got back up with a sad frown and rubbing of his chin. Ryutyu just squealed away from the heights.

Wilma was dark when she fully took place with the laptop absorbing into her shoes; she was with no face and no lights giving her a forming shape. The moons provided enough for a spooky vision if alone. Her tails waved behind her chaotically as chaos blasted further into the city: alarms ramping up, police joining in, and new guns firing at Heru after a few moments.

“Ah! It’s her!” Ryutyu continued to squeal, with his tail just stinging upwards.

“What do you want!?” I judged quickly with horror and command towards Wilma.

“Where’s her face?! Where the hell is her face!?” Ryutyu squealed like a baby again.

“Tegur… she’s definitely not on our side as from what I can now see…” Cyclop stated in the midst of confusion and awing. He was also wide-eyed but was more on the objective that his chin was a bit fucked in pain.

A flashbang was thrown. It emitted the territory below us, blinding Heru as from what we could hear. Heru then lifted himself up with his wings transporting onto his back, flapping faster than a speeding bullet, up and down of course. He hands were over his eyes as he swooshed himself around the air, wanted to dodge any more harm. His bleeding holes had increased, and he looked like he was being bullied. But federal laws here were against him. To our standing demise, his cluttering was altered by a jumping cop, who held an entire metal machine gun he pulled from behind his back. He held it in the fluffy astronaut suit intensely, gripping it with might, before pulling the trigger and letting the bullets rain at Heru.

We ducked for the case it might come to us, but the building stood high enough for windows below to shatter as Heru was drooping downwards. Heru was then pushed into the building’s lower floor, and the top disrupted on our part. We starting to slide forwards, into the territory of the battle.

Ryutyu screamed as he grabbed onto me. I then steadied myself as the building maturely collapsed, falling at a desirable rate for training. I backpedaled as much as I could to dodge the ground below. Our floor titled fully sideways before we jumped, only to hit the concrete with a short smash. Unharmed, we got up in a freaked possession of feelings.

“Oh my god, we just survived!” Ryutyu shouted.

“Yes!” I said, catching my breath from a possible doom, stuttering around to see what was up.

I looked around without concern for above me. I found Heru near the final Cyclops trying to leave the area. He laid wasted on the pavement, before bouncing up inhumanly and turning his head a full 360 degrees to face straight ahead.

He punched an incoming melee cyclops with a shining yet bloody, metallic white katana before turning to see the rest of the nearby crew. But

as that cyclops was pushed back like an anime character, he found us after an identifying adjust. Heru's body then turned the entire 360 degrees so he could run after us.

"You-"

Again, another species cut off by a punch. His yell was forbidden by a dozen police thriving their way from above and the left. But differently, Heru was in no distress. He was happy to be fighting now, as for he saw us backpedal further with fear.

"Oh lad, he is hella creepy! What did you do?" Ryutyu stated immensely.

"Nothing, I just tried to leave a bathroom- wait, where is Cyclop!?" I tried to answer before realizing our man was nowhere to be seen.

I looked above to the building. Nothing but the shattered ceiling and half of the second floor. But, on the building to my left, there were a bunch of portals, the ones I had seen when Cyclop was fighting Heru. Instead, now there was Cyclop and another cyclops who flew up to aid. The other cyclops had no suit on, but was holding a sci-fi gun of some sort, which attacked the incoming fox lady with blue laser beams, while Cyclop shot red laser beams from his red pen. Wilma's attacks though, were in the essence of throwing spikes of darkness or solidified ground through the portals as she bounced through many to swab punches and kicks and tackles into the cyclops too. They tried to shoot her down or at least capture her into this world but were failing as she was the one trying to escape their spherical shield of disallowing Orchestral Waves. And to your knowledge, it was all over that she was getting electrocuted and blasted, but not much seemed to be stopping her…

"Look! He is dealing with Wilma…" I started in the cold as my remaining hairs from the shower stuck up all around my body.

"What about Heru?" Ryutyu asked.

"Let us find a weapon, like a pipe or wrench to protect ourselves with." I answered.

"But where?!" Ryutyu said, breathing loudly as I could now pay attention to.

"Let us look inside the building…" I started quickly. Ryuytu's tail was jittering and my heart was beating fast.

So, I went to search fast. Clothes, dishes, snack boxes, and nothing of leaking cylinders were to use as they were destructed and heavily bent now.

I looked further, finding that some small pipes have been stabilized in shape and removed from their walling, being able to whack.

“I think those are some spare pipes!” I yelled to Ryutyu. He nodded.

I fulfilled my duty of questing with a galvanized steel pipe. A rusted metal pipe, a little shiny still, but hard and evil to the head. There was another, and I tossed it silently to Ryutyu. He saw it clank a noise on the ground, one of firmness for brawl as he stepped back instead of loafing his hands into it.

“Let us go and fight now.” I said to him.

“Why don’t we ‘lEt uS gO’ run-away!?” Ryutyu asked, breaking my mood.

“He will just follow us… we should at least try to help the cyclops police out by giving more of a distraction…” I stated eagerly, looking to see they were not having an easy time with their massive battling bullets.

Ryutyu sighed with terror.

We rushed to see cops firing guns at the bloody mosquito thing. Heru dripped pools of red but minded none when he saw us with pipes, ready for a two-versus-one. My only worry now was that he might use a big power to destroy us, but the shield above was guiding my spirit to a trust I was incapable of blurting out.

Then, the guns stopped, and a charge of lightning hit Heru back about four meters. It came from the cops and not the shield.

Ryutyu exchanged a glance of movement with me.

We then heard slashings and piercings of iron as Heru dodged some cops thrusting their way into his area. He got slang by some, and even picked up a few cops to throw at others. His surety that he would furiously pursue a recognizable brawl attack of intensity was a percent higher than a hundred, as he started to go full-out smashing onto these cyclops with suits. Luckily, none were broken, but some were pounded harshly by the power and acceleration of Heru’s multiple hands he started to form. A little bolt of lightning continued down onto him, but he seemed to not mind it as much as Wilma…

Then, I saw the perfect moment. Heru was back faced, about to battle against a trio of cops with tasers and more sci-fi guns. They shot as he charged, letting the other cops readjust themselves, but allowing us for an entry. I rushed up to him, same speed Ryutyu seemed to take in his boots,

and smacked Heru in the right side of his head when he was about to wrap up a few cops with his strings of blood.

He fell to the left, catching himself by the hands of blood he kept, and jumping back into a position of fisting up, but now turned to me and Ryutyu cautiously intending inwards.

“Finally, a quick fight between you and me.” He said as villain and movieish he could with a tone of death and disruption.

“Uh.” I could only give out, staggering towards Heru’s right like I had just entered a stage with full self-confidence, and then swinging again to not allow another word from his quick speaks.

He then trembled a walk towards the cop gang, but instantly turned back again. As I thought his next move was a tentacle reach, as he was starting to make his body’s particles form into thick, red, squid-like tentacles again; his action of committing it was penetrated by Ryutyu’s shoulder rush into him. Heru was knocked onto the floor, again, disgusted by the creature before him.

“Good job!” I encouraged Ryutyu, as he jumped onto Heru with the pipe in a full smashing way in his nose.

I also did the same, banging in Heru’s head like the baby he could have been. I felt heroic and overpowered as he was pounded in the eyes by me... I felt… like destroying his head with the might of God... To explain how I truly deceived myself of my own power would take a page, but I could already tell by the end of my fourteen swings that Ryutyu had backed off to see if I truly was somebody looking for the ruling role in society.

“Hey, I’m pretty sure he’s dead!” Ryutyu said as the cops started to look around with their weapons tightly in grip, seeing Wilma and Cyclop battle, but also seeing Heru splat out his remains a bit more.

“Wait…” I said, looking upon Heru’s smashed face. The world around me had already seemed to glimmer out as I got so in touch with my anger. But at least my furry friend caught me to my mind… and seeing it scared me. I had made him get smushed in the face; like I had flattened all the organs connecting to the cerebellum, making their use just to fly out and away in a river from his head. The crimson started to glow as I took a moment to see the destructivity in both of us…

“You wish.” Heru sprung up.

He picked me up by my leg and threw me sky high. About twenty feet in the air, I could only yell. But as I was doing so, I saw Cyclop still fighting

Wilma. He was endorsed fully in stopping her shenanigans, leaving me to wonder who could save me now…

To my wishing eye, I was caught by one of the cyclops police before I hit the ground. They caught me with a weird substance, squishy but rubbery, and had also thrown themselves in order to save me, so we rolled out. Dust tried to fly up as I was hit hard and somewhat screeching inside, and I felt my face almost get pounded by the hard and rocky concrete multiple times.

“Ouch, are you okay?” The cyclops police asked me. I was sputtering myself to crawl back to a standing position. I clenched my face, wanting off the hurt. I felt scratches replacing my skin. I knew somewhere on my leg, I was bleeding through my beaten pants, but now was the time to pay attention to other things…

“Yeah, hard landing…” I said with as much current humor I could prompt.

I got up and looked at the cyclops. Same, but with an astronaut suit and a literal purple eye. His name tag was red, saying something I did not understand at the time. The rest of the red strings crossing his outfit were simply weird decorations, but it rung to me that that was what I felt cushioning me for a few seconds, and how he also bounced straight back up from the distinctive rolling.

To a profuse action I had not visualized, Ryutyu was pushed back to me and the cop. His pole was directly and straight-standing in front of him. He also had the awareness of being hit since his eyes were closed shut with his jaw showing crunched together teeth. He had not walked nor ran to us but was pushed back directly on his boots; being slidden to us from the mosquito kid. Ryutyu only racked up a small dust cloud behind him but looked at me after a reassuring pause of action and sense of environment.

“If I can quickly ask- is this personal in any way? You guys are supposed to be evacuating if any danger like this occurs.” The cyclops stated in English to us both as some cyclops started to tolerate Heru with more melee attacks once again. I was surprised he knew English too but minded it off for the time being.

“Yes, he is-”

“Yeah.” Ryutyu said to me. I stopped because I thought he had something to say. We stared at each other for two seconds, before turning to the cyclops to see what he had to say.

“Well… then help us furthermore. This kid is something we haven’t encountered in a long time, and is quite unusual in particle

transformations...” The Cyclop reported, turning to the battle and pulling out a different kind of sci-fi gun from his pocket... in the astronaut suit... wait- it had a casing, so I see now why. It was like a pursue with a zipper, except being a pocket... “Take this- it’ll best gain his particles so he can’t reuse them.” He added, throwing it to me.

Ryutyu flinched as I caught it like a ball. The gun was like a grease gun but had a bigger, or wider, snout hole. The grease gun is like a gun that is made to look like it spits out water for power washing, but this one was hexagonally textured pink with a black barrel and trigger. And the entirety of it emitted a comforting alliance of vision, smell, and touch. It was just fun to feel overall.

Then, the cyclops left to vanquish Heru further. Ryutyu took a chance to speak with me as I inspected the gun for any extras.

“Did ya’ see me fight off Heru by myself? I was so scared, and it was intense!” Ryutyu proclaimed as I darted my head around to see if Heru was to turn to us at any moment still.

“No... I wish I did, because it looks like you banged his chest to a new stance somehow...” I said, stealing the vision of Heru with a slightly curved torso. And, so you know, this man was completely made of blood, including his clothes, so I think he could not care for such implosions into his body. I mean, he could just soak it back up, right? It seemed like his electrified tentacles were doing that to his splats by just waving over them and making them disappear...

At that moment, a cyclops that had a large minigun, aimed it at Heru; just about six feet away from when he swinged about from his rocket boots pulsing blue fire. He was obviously a different rank from the rest of the police, since he had green stripes and such as his decoration on his astronaut suit.

Heru was blasted with intense fire rate. Bullets darted onto him like water onto a bed. Heru just absorbed it as much as he could...

Heru was blood filled in the face after three seconds. After five, in which the minigunner ended, he was pouring a flood from the added-up streams of red from all parts of him. Though, he still stood, smiling and tangling up his blood with his tentacles as some cyclops either shot their grease-guns to soak it up before him, or used weapons to slash it out of him...

It was horrific in the end.

“Here I go…” I stated, shooting the gun with no reload or anything but the trigger pull.

The gun started to such in the air before me like a vacuum. I started to aim it towards the incoming blood stream, making it swell up like a backwards waterfall. It came into the gun and stayed inside with no containment initialization or anything. I kept on going, see the amount I was taking up have almost no effect on the situation to my vision.

“This gun does not seem to be doing much… and how would I know if it full? Could I… (I turn the gun in rotations to see if any other buttons were present,) dispense it in a way?” I asked Ryutyu.

“I don’t know.” He stated back.

“Well… if he needs particles taken away in order to be neutralized, it seems that would take forever with the amount of mass he contains in his volume…” I said, looking over to a cyclops with the rainbow leaf-blower that sucked in his blood at alarming rates. He tried to snatch it from the cyclops but was repented by the other authorities of such kinds. They protected their guns from his capture in all ways possible.

“Then how do we kill him?” Ryutyu efficiently asked normally.

I paused and looked at the battle as Ryutyu continued and Wilma was unknown with Cyclop…

“Do you have anything in mind?” Ryutyu asked after a few seconds. I looked at him before seeing the cops start to baffle Heru with a lot more rainbow guns from another incoming party. So many were about, and they started to gain all of his fallen nutrients whilst others plummeted him down into the ground with football tackling and knives. He seemed to be getting overwhelmed…

“Hey!” The cyclops yelled to us as he rejoined, gliding over with his boots. “My department would like me to ask what you truly are.” He said with his purple eye.

“I am a human. And he is a humanoid furry of some sort.” I said with some sort of joking intention just in case of sensitivity.

“Alright, thank you…” He stated, turning back, having a sense of distrust in his voice.

“The metal plates in his face can’t last forever!” Another cyclops yelled over to a different one, as they battled. Ryutyu translated that for me by the way.

“Sir… how much more of this craziness before we defeat him?” I asked.

“Not a lot! Just a few more minutes… or you could try to get him to use some big powers of his in order to activate the shield to its full-security-potential!” The cyclops stated as he ravaged forwards towards Heru with a blood-sucker-grease-gun, before coming back because Heru had kicked some cyclops sky high like me and started to vamp more punches in again.

“Alrighty… so, I guess we could speed this up if we mentally get to him?” I pondered to Ryutyu as the cyclops ran back into action.

“Yes, but how?” Ryutyu asked back.

“I mean, he seems like he would get offended quite easily, especially from us since he hates us for no specific reason, other than I am not supposed to be here or something; so, let us go and try to make him feel bad... or something…” I planned for us.

“Okay...” Ryutyu said, completely agreeing to my new layout of advantage.

I saw Ryutyu whip a sweat from his face. It was cold, but such friction from our bones were already replacing that temperature, as well as the explosions of lightning putting humidity and smoke into the air. They also made some of Heru’s particles turn into gas… “Oh yeah, I think the electric bolts are vaporizing some of Heru’s particles into gas- so that is how we can defeat him! We just have to activate the shield more and more against him!” I thought of towards Ryutyu as I noticed such things.

The cyclops police force continued blowing devasting weaponry ammunition into Heru. Plus, nobody had died to what I was seeing, so we were in good shape against this noob who could barely dodge…

“Heru, you fucking fat-ass bitch with adopted parents- get your stupid shit together, dumbass.” I yelled over to him, currently wrestling our fellow policeman by the neck.

He twisted his head in an instant. He was definitely delighted to see us again by his sudden change of anger to smirk.

“Ha-ha.” He said normally, still staring at us, and continuing to now punch the police cyclops. It was almost inaudible, but my ears had been adapted to gunshots…

“Huh?” Ryutyu asked, not understand his hyphenated words.

“Which one of you called me those mean words?!” He demanded, bouncing off the cyclops with a backflipped which he landed. He then arose

his tentacles up again to put a shield, a rectangle of solidifying blood to his right in order to block some bullets.

“Now you say something.” I told back.

“You’re a stupid idiot for messing with us, lad!” Ryutyu yelled over, throwing his pipe at Heru. Sadly, he missed by a few inches.

The policeman of our accompaniment sprung away from Heru’s grasp and went up to his crewmates. He started talking to them. One then yelled something, and they fell back for a reload session. Then the Cyclop stared over to us. Now we were facing Heru for another few moments.

“Yo, I thought we were a friendly-Christian group.” I alerted Ryutyu of his non-profanity. I then raised my pipe to start my defense against Heru’s jittering anger.

“What’d you mean? Ya’ was just the one saying slurs!” Ryutyu stated back.

“Nah bro. I was just being formal…” I smiled at him, but still not letting my eyes off Heru. And to your notice, he was hearing me and my joke with Ryutyu…

“Uh… oh, I kinda’ get it.” Ryutyu stated as he also got ready.

Heru swept his hands down in offense. He thrusted them up with a snarl, and up came the road. Spikes lifted me and Ryutyu uneasily through the air like anti-gravity had been activated. There were not fast, so we had time to react and slide between them instead of being splintered to death... Untouched, but stuck inside some thinned spike box that was made around us as we slid through some spikes sprangling different directions, with only the ceiling to show the stars above, I felt as if the rocks would crumble and we would meet our demise, but the shield was conflicting Heru this entire time…

There was a blue laser, purely blue, that shot in a cylinder-like shape at Heru from all directions of the shield above.

“Augh!” Heru screamed as the lasers seemed to pursuit him on a dangerous level.

Due to my enclosed vision, I could only speculate how it happened. To some era of randomness, the splintering concrete sprung me over to where Cyclop (plus the other cyclops) and Wilma were flashing each other with sci-fi mechanics instead of portals. Then the rocks slowed down to a stop, before retracting back into the ground as I slipped out onto the roof with a short fall.

I faceplanted my face in. I took my time with gathering info on my relocated surroundings. Wilma was up in Cyclop's face, pointing at his chest with her left hand as she spammed her infinitely seemingly other arms into a shield of green swirls in the shape of an oval. The other cyclops was yellow-eyed and holding a yellow pen, while Cyclop was configuring his own pens. He was putting together the red pen and his own yellow pen, tip by tip, in order to create a bigger spherical forcefield of black as he separated them from his instantaneously clicking, before which he shot up the black sphere. It fell like a basketball, hitting Wilma on the head as she tried to use one of her motion-blurred arms to hold it up and away. It plummeted through her like you had transformed the mesh on an image. She was splatted into the floor, before bouncing away as the cop went to pursue her more and Cyclop came over to me.

"Nice to see you're still alive…" Cyclop said happily, giving me a hand.

"Hell yeah…" I said, looking around as he started to whip out his red pen for a few laser beams.

I then searched the broken land below. It was flat and cracked now, but Heru was laying inside the ground, having half of his body out, pushing off the floor with agony.

"Wait, where is Ryutyu?" I asked myself.

I looked around. I stepped back a bit as I was a bit scared to see a cyclops jet-boot his way up onto the roof, but he gave me the "Tegur," and left with the rainbow leaf-blower machine in order to help with taking down Wilma now.

I retrieved myself to look for Ryutyu again… He did not seem to be anywhere... Was he stuck in the ground too? I hoped not…

I jumped down onto the ladder to my left of the building, swung down, and observed as much as I ran onto the road. I looked both ways though, just in case this was a physically feeling dream still- habits I mean…

There were cracks all about the road, and some pieces implanted weirdly onto the surface from a fall. I was in full sight, and I looked over to Heru and the cops starting to pick on him further. They were sucking away all his particles slowly and surely, making him weaker. Now he was stuck in the road…

Then Cyclop jumped down with me. I turned to see him have a straight face with confusion. He tampered with his coat before scanning the area fast.

“So, where’s Ryutyu?” He asked promptly.

“Somewhere… hopefully not in the ground…” I answered.

Cyclop sighed. “You were correct, Eighty-Three. I should’ve used the portal to just get you guys back to my house-”

“Do not… just… let us try to find Ryutyu…” I stopped him.

I sprinted along the road, lifting road pieces up in some areas to find more space for his possible conclusion. I continued my search amongst the rocks furthermore. The more I searched, the more I slowed down…

“I’m not finding anything in the road…” Cyclop said, swinging his grey pen around.

“Oh my…” I said, getting worried for Ryutyu.

“Oh no! A policeman!” Cyclop said, starting to spank out his yellow pen. He switched something on its blue screen before activating a shield of purple swirls, which he controlled the rotation of with his pen sticking up straight.

He swept it into the floor, starting to pull up parts of the road in chunks, over and over, before at least eight feet down there was a cyclops. He swept him up with the rock part on top. The cyclops under it was in an astronaut suit, and quickly through the rock off himself.

The cyclops coughed before retreating to the rest of the group. He also said something in the other language very quickly to the policemen started to gather some medical equipment from portals they were spawning in.

“Alrighty… we got to be quicker…” Cyclop wide-eyed with me.

I continued. Sidewalk rocks, more road rocks, nothing under any. My final message, if time was still intact for my friend, was a cry of agony.

“Ryutyu? Where are you!?” I drafted to the world.

No response. I furthermore went on. I felt like crying already, not much emotional, but more of caring for a future trusted friend… for a dead one… for another being who wanted to reside with me, even if it was just for this cause… I felt sad if he were going to die to some move from a dimensional being. It was so unfair to everybody… so quick…

Then, I had a hope of checking around the building. As if he were stuck in the rocks, up to my theory, his farthest location would be around the building across. It was red and bricky, windows shattered as rocks had previously broken. There was a fire starting inside. It was uncertain of what

caused this, but I had a hypothesis that the friction might have moved against something flammable.

After I checked around, nothing of Ryutyu was found. It did not look like he could be stuck far down past the flames, but if he were, he would already be gone. Long gone…

“I’m scanning… me my…” Cyclop conjoined with my common sense.

“What!?” I asked in impatience.

Then I looked. I saw Ryutyu’s fur poking out from a window. It was there, but it seemed to be huffing up and down… That was no good…

“We need to get up there-” Cyclop tried.

A cyclops yelled towards us. Cyclop was instantly needed to handle a rainbow gun from what I was seeing in gestations.

“I’ve got to go help diffuse Heru for good- you get Ryutyu.” Cyclop said.

“Wait! I do not…” I said, suddenly realizing it was up to me.

I bounced into the building like a sudden beat drop, ran up the stairs of fragmented bricks, and pushed the cracked door open. Gusts of grey steam poured into my face, and out to the atmosphere it went. I scattered my eyes back, pushing my now foggy glasses a tad bit down. The stove was on fire, the sink had water spewing onto the solid floor, and a microwave looked like it was frying a… thing… for too long. It was purely black, put the heat built up inside it had made a cloud to expert into the kitchen. And besides the northern wall, the most important thing lay right of the window.

Ryutyu was there, back facing me, arms cradling himself, heavily breathing in the fog. I rushed myself over to him, turning him over. He was unconscious at most, breathing heavier each second, and coughing at how much anti-oxygen he was pulling in. I had to get him out. I tried to pick him up, but damn he was heavy.

“Wake up!” I yelled to him.

He said nothing but instead started on coughing a bit.

I looked out the window effortlessly. It was a drop, most likely a broken or sprained leg if he was to be on my back. But the wood of the ceiling collapsed behind me, blocking any safe route of escape. The dust started to form with the steam now. My breathing was being blocked by the air a single increasing percentage a second. The smell was burnt from the steam and whatever was in that microwave.

I looked down and took the boots off Ryutyu. They might help with my impact, so I put them on, throwing my shoes out the window, far enough. I then laid on Ryutyu face up and proceeded to pull him onto my back using his arms. I tried forwarding myself to launch up with my knees from a sit-up position, and it ACTUALLY WORKED, but with two fails at first. It seemed that straining my core here was best to start with. I had to get half of his spine to keep up with mine, and then use my spread-out feet in order to pull him up like a ragdoll as I stood up with his slumping body. A bit awkward, but it worked… and he was extremely terrifying for my back afterwards…

It was the only way to save him, though.

I looked out at the window. The pressure on me, literally and figuratively, was extraordinarily strong. So, I said, “Good luck,” and jumped off into the sidewalk. I landed with a plop, shattering broken glass even further under my feet. I trembled as I felt my feet stutter the extra mass but kept up with an intense face of stress and redness. I had also let go of Ryutyu with a slight swing to the right just after, letting him just fall and lay to my right as I sat down and took some deep breaths. These boots were good, bu heavy as they were pure metal. Nevertheless, I had saved my newish friend. He was unconscious though, and we most likely had to get medical treatment now…

I bent my back down to where I laid fully on the concrete pavements with small specks of glass and brick, moaning at the happiness I had to feel when the world around me was chaotic. I mean, no heavy Ryutyu on me, and I had just saved his life. Now it was time to make sure I did for good. “Cyclop!” I called.

Still, the sounds of gunshots and heavy blowing and sucking were heard. A few moments passed before I leached myself up to interest my curiosity. Most cyclops were in a circle around him. Heru was in the sky, being suck into sixteen different ways. His particles were being blown into these lawn blowers efficiently, and eventually he gave up. Heru fell onto the road and stayed put. He was surely not dead; I could tell that. He was trembling and shaking in his deadly, skinned, and skinny red body. But with fear or anger came the question…

Cyclop then looked over to me like he had actually heard something. The police landed, and before he could walk over for inspection, the purple eyed one we had seen walked over and shook hands. They had a twelve second conversation, before pointing to me, thumbs up, then leave. The police started to run physical tests on Heru, like bumping him with their boots and putting syringes in him from a gun they obtained from a portal

they recently opened. They were also scanning him with a few gizmos too, each having their own grey pen.

“Is Ryutyu okay?” Cyclop asked, seemingly worried as well as I was, running over.

“Yes, but he needs medical attention.” I answered, kneeling over to him, flipping hos body over, and putting my hand over his heart area and knocking to see if that would send any kind of message.

“Alrighty… let’s just go home now… I got some medical things there too…” Cyclop agreed with me. He looked over to Wilma and the two cops, with a third joining in an astronaut suit of green.

I looked over with him. Wilma was just absorbing the shield’s lightning as she was infinitely throwing hands and kicks, jumping high and quickly dodging to sides, transforming into liquid and gases to get through and past lasers untouched, with other cool intentions of abilities to aid her battle.

“Are you guys going to be doing anything with her!?” I asked.

“Surely, but Heru is something everybody’s more interested in right now… Wilma is about to be taken care of, with the same process…” Cyclop said, “At least Heru will be in jail by the time-”

Heru floated up into the sky in an instant. His spine was bent over, and his head was throbbing. The policemen suddenly sprung their guns up, ready to fire. Heru pointed to Cyclop, jittering, and now with blood filled eyes, purely red.

“You… are… going… to… PAY!” He screamed to us, shaking rapidly.

He crunched himself into a literally sphere, then sprung open into a straight cheering pose. Lights flickered as he suddenly glowed like the sun.

Then, he was stopped. The blue spherical shield above us all sprung into full opaque, and it threw lightning bolts of green at him. Heru screamed as he was darted in the soul from all degrees on a sphere; his hair stinging up and his eyes closing tight. He slowly descended to the floor afterwards, making everybody have a confusion on what he truly was going to do…

The police gathered around him.

He had not moved, or from my view, could move at all. His pose was paused in his cheerleading jump, and he was “under” in the brain. One cyclops pulled out a blue neon radio (like a walkie-talkie for your pocket on Earth) and called for some backup probably.

Cyclop grabbed his portal pen and clicked it to open a portal beneath us and back to the garage. I let Ryutyu fall, but quickly adjusted over to him, pulling him up with Cyclop's help…

Friend Help

"Where am I?" Ryutyu simply asked with his unnerving condition.

"Hell." I answered jokingly, suddenly feeling joy for somebody I saved. "Now, please, do not panic."

"Okay." He simply answered.

"Alrighty… You have a sprained leg, a bent arm bone, a bit of a head and chest bonk, and we gave you some adrenaline…" I explained shortly.

"From- wait, what exactly happened after I… the rocks flung me…" Ryutyu started to remember.

"Yes, you see, the rocks came up, and I got flung to the Cyclop verses Wilma battle. You probably slipped out to the kitchen, which banged you against the wall or something while the spikes of rock plastered into the pipes, or mechanisms, in order to make things break... Then, we went to save you… and… succeeded…" I tried to explain, realizing I was not getting far with sounding smart with the case.

"Oh… I slipped out of the rocks and fell onto the roof side-first, which collapsed in another room… I remember… I also splashed my leg knee first into the table when falling… I then made my way away from the burning stuff in there and tried to get out to the stairs… but the smoke was dreadful, and a ceiling light then fell on my head, I think… and I thought the window wasn't that high, but when I looked, it was far from the ground, and I didn't want to take the risk of jumping down twelve-thousand feet for a more broken leg-"

"You still got one." Cyclop interjected his sloping remembrance of fear.

“YES, I DO. Now… what else… I don’t think there was much else…” Ryutyu spoke.

“Alrighty…” I said sadly, quickly rebuttoning: “So, what will we be doing for the rest of the night?”

“Well, Ryutyu is hurt, so you must take care of him. And tomorrow, I need to go explain some of you guys and Heru to the police, then head out for groceries too.” Cyclop enlisted shortly.

“Alrighty.” I said, retaining the info.

“So… it’s still the same day?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yes, Cyclop just justified that.” I answered.

“Okay… wait, what time is it?” Ryutyu asked.

“It’s time to sleep- no! I’m joking! It’s like… in human terms… nine, thirty-two P.M. and… in Ryutyu’s terms… midnight…” Cyclop said.

“Wait, what is Ryutyu?” I asked.

“I’m a… loyal dragon to the empire… what’d ya’ mean?” Ryutyu asked.

“I mean, like what species are you?” I asked.

“I thought I already told you…” He spoke.

“I may have forgotten, because I do not remember you telling me…” – Me.

“Oh… I don’t know about species. I’m just a royal man…” Ryutyu tapped his fingers on the couch. I was sitting next to him, to his right of the long tan couch as he was laying sideways with a comfy and soft tan blanket, which he let his arms cross over and lay wasted for energy. Cyclop was sitting in the chair to his left, in the roundtable’s area we had sat in before.

“Ryutyu is Ryutyu.” Cyclop joked with us.

“Ha-ha!” Ryutyu smiled.

“Alrighty… I’m going to get my pajamas on, and Eighty-Three, you can sleep in the guest room since Ryutyu will be out here…” Cyclop said, getting up.

“But I am not tired-” I spoke against.

“Me too…” Ryutyu also confronted.

“Yeah, we literally were just fighting *for* and *with* our lives. I am quite sure that our hearts, or at least my heart, are beating too fast for sleep.” I also stated.

“Well then… I guess we could talk about some stuff in the meantime… any questions first?” Cyclop asked.

“Yeah- how’d ya’ know if ya’ mates have stopped Heru and Wilma by now?” Ryutyu asked. I nodded with agreement for Cyclop to answer that good question.

“Well, first Heru. I can go get on the news to show you guys that the cops have probably handled him into a secure jail... He was, of course, hit by the giant shield bolt which made him loose a lot of particles, and he can still get paralyzed by immense shock when low on particles and without Orchestral Waves, so he has scientifically been neutralized… hold on, let me get the news…” Cyclop explained, grabbing a remote from the top of the television stand; a black two-by-four cabinet dresser made in black marbled textures. They had metallic pink handles too, for some weird reason.

Cyclop turned on the television, it being a rectangular screen fully dark, then turning grey from his dark remote with green buttons. It then strung up an animated cartoon of some sort with a left fade, and the cartoon was about some cyclops giggling at the math teacher as they made some jokes in their language. He then switched the channel by inserting his language’s numbers, which then showed the news.

It had the common hemi-circular table with two men and two women, the woman having each a yellow flower on the left-top side of their head, while some guards were in the back. They were not speaking English, but they had half of the lower part of the screen with a camera exerting over the recent scene. There was less damage, more cyclops, and Wilma battling them all with speed. They all had astronaut suits now and were being bounced around as she tried to slash them into the walls for pain. And the camera also seemed to be in a helicopter as lights started to pinpoint where Wilma was and going at some times of the quickness. Heru though, was not present.

“Do you need it in English?” Cyclop asked me.

“Wait, but is it not live?” I asked back, noticing the news people started to confess over some papers handed by the guards, and then had statistics of piecewise graphs show up. Then there were some bar graphs too… (I know I add too much material, but please, it is just so you understand every detail. That is what needs to be known in stories like these…)

“Well, it’s live, but we have an auto-generating translator.” Cyclop said, going to settings of the television, and switching one of the many unreadable controls to English, along with some other features he tinkered with in a few seconds.

“-Think that too, but it seems these characters must’ve been associated with an official employee of the government universal techniques. Cops have already talked to him and have taken down the mosquito boy named “Heru Ureh,” as from incoming interrogation. All this is probably just some error possibly made from terrorists, but if not, then the classified number of the GUT cyclops must associate with the police in order to restore the normality of both our universe, and wherever these beings belong…” The man said, with the woman starting up about the statistics, possibly again. Ryutyu also wide eyed as the cops started to suck up all her mashed particles, from ammunition firing, into the rainbow leaf-blowers, as she tried to escape further and further to the edge of the shield in order to escape out into the real world.

And then Cyclop turned it off, and smirked back to us, waiting for the enrollment of questions.

“Hold up, you guys are damn quick to interrogate Heru. Like, how are you people so fast to even get those facts onto the news? Are these news reporters not supposed to be home by now? And where were all of those policemen beforehand?” I catechized Cyclop a bunch.

“One; we send radio transmissions to cyclops who have a job to stay up all night if they want, but we can also gain them with a beep from our other devices. Two; the news reporters were awoken with the rest of the police gang and others, which probably jump-padded their way to their stations at the same time we had already left and were giving treatment to Ryutyu. Third: I just answered that question in number two.” Cyclop said.

“But when- how were they woken up so quickly and efficiently? Like-” I tried.

“When the cops accidently looked away from Heru escaping, resulting in him falling onto the jump pad probably, they most likely contacted the red eyes, which then contacted the news people and other cops. It was going to take some time, but some nightguards were also told to get over to the area. We would of sent military officials, but… the red eyes had a different plan I guess… and those cyclops also have portal pens, so all they had to do was get dressed and make a portal-” Cyclop continued.

“But how were they not tired or something?!” I promptly asked.

“Cyclops just keep their brains open during sleep, like not physically, but we allow ourselves to hear the environment as we sleep, because we don’t have many dreams. Plus, we have our brain activate-” Cyclop tried.

“That does not sound right! Ryutyu, do you agree?!” I asked my furry friend.

“Yeah… it sounds a bit farfetched and too good to be true.” Ryutyu spoke.

“It’s just we found no reason to shut off our brains entirely to the outside, since we can just monitor our surroundings constantly, and we don’t have dreams to look up towards when we get old.” Cyclop said.

“That… MMM… whatever you say. I am totally new to your culture and how everything inside your body works… but… how can we be sure you are not lying?” I then asked.

“Would it matter? I must delete your guys’ memory after all of this because it’s going to be required by law. But- I know now is what is presently most important, so, just trust me. If I was lying, it would be easy to find out. You can research it on a computer if you want…” Cyclop said.

“Oh…” Ryutyu stated afterwards…

“Okay… sounds alright… but I must then question- how have your people advanced so far to portals and memory-washing? Like, how do you guys even differentiate between yourselves and others when you all look the same?” I asked, noticing my gestures were intense in throwing down my hands.

“I think it’s smell.” Ryutyu barged in.

“Yes, Ryutyu is correct… To your first question though, Eighty-Three, we found working alone not to be as productive as working with other people. It didn’t evolve problem solving as fast, it didn’t make people comforted around everybody, it just overall didn’t evolve society when we looked at all the cons. So, with everybody being opened to the idea that teamwork could get us very far in short times, everybody agreed to its pros. This was way back in like 435 B.C., when we were still foreign to how electricity worked. So, with teamwork, people started to think of better ways to do everything during town meetings and at home. We started to make things condensed in mechanics, we studied medical fields way too much, and read our Bible nonstop to truly gain the ways of how Jesus wanted us to dominate our planet peacefully-”

“What’s your planet called?” Ryutyu asked.

“It goes by many names, but mainly K-Q, which stands for Kind Questioners. We got the name when the philosopher age came by in five-hundred B.C.” Cyclop answered.

I was mind blown. “Okay… whatever you say… yet again though, Jesus? You said your race has met or something?” I asked.

“Yes. He is currently on a planet with his most perfected creatures. He likes us but is letting his so-called ‘tests’ continue running. We think he means that he made a bunch of creatures in the beginning times in order to see which species would come out the best with their different traits…” – Cyclop.

“Wow… okay… um… so, how did you guys get with Jesus… like, in your biblical book? How did it all start?” I then asked.

“Well, in the beginning, there were humans. They were the first. Forty-three years later, God decided to spawn in cyclops. (Cyclop then slips into the chair next to the couch.) We were given fifteen men, fifteen women, thirty stone huts on the edge of a desert next to a field of plains, and one book named the Bible. It was a guideline to how we should live and understand. It stated we should dominate the world with peace. So, we took the Bible and glorified it with ourselves, as we continued to piece together a date for when Jesus Christ would come down to help, and how other beings dwelled in the universe. (Ryutyu lays back further) It took us a bit of structuring and knowledge to figure out the world, but we got there. Eventually, (I slump my body over as I try to remember this and not interrupt,) there was a surge in a trend we call the ‘Philosopher Age,’ in which many started to think of ways to improve society. We found inconveniences everywhere, and the only way to dominate the world was to remove them. So, many people met together in order to form new ways of doing tasks. It spread efficiently. Then, we thought of teamwork. (Ryutyu closes his eyes.) We decided to test many experiments on whether that would help. It was almost even, but due to some other thoughts, it then blasted up as a normality in 435 B.C., as I already told you. So, for another hundred years, we invented laws, (I nod my head in care, but fall to tiredness of the day.) found no reason for politics after a few experiments, evolved science incredibly fast, started to use iron and copper, found fifty-three elements a little into the era of ‘Exploration,’ and after some time we had a formatted military and met Jesus with so much under our belt to show. He came down from the heavens, being in a human form as he told us. And many were astonished to this event, having parades and dinners, and long conversations… are you guys paying attention anymore?” Cyclop stopped.

“Oh, yes! I was just resting my eyes.” I excused myself upwards, as Ryutyu started to snore.

“Am I boring you?” Cyclop asked after a comedic pause with his blue eye not blinking.

“No… actually not… I am just tired from today, and Ryutyu needs some rest- wait, we gave him adrenaline, right?” I, Eighty-three, asked.

“We did, but that was just to wake him from his unconscious state, as he does need sleep in order to recuperate his small damages.” Cyclop said.

“Why have we not sent him to the hospital again?” I then proceeded a question.

“Because why waste their time when all the materials are here and safe…” Cyclop answered.

“Well, alrighty… hey… should I ask you some more questions tomorrow? Because, I have some questions that do not really matter, and I have some that can, and I have some I do not remember but know I need the answers too…” I asked.

“Yeah, I’ll be free right before and after the police questions and grocery shop.” Cyclop said.

“Alrighty… now… where do I sleep exactly?” I then asked, scooting a bit away from the snoring furry with a sleeping tail wrapping around his blanket.

Cyclop got up from his chair and showed me the guest room. It was with a king-sized bed, a dresser with a television in front, the exact same as the outside one, and a closet to the doorframe’s right. I walked in, examining the room. It was “empty” in ways, but the window in front of the room gave in the light of white from an outside moon. I went over to it to see its exact comparison to Earth’s.

“Your moon…” I said, hoping for an answer to my indirect question.

“Yes? Our moon… we call it ‘Olip,’ but it does resemble Earth’s moon very similarly. It just doesn’t have craters, as you can see…” Cyclop answered.

“Nice…” I said, looking back on the shutoff circular ceiling light of the room. It was a darkish blue overall, and Cyclop was just sitting on the front of the bed with a confused face turning to me, wondering what was next for my questioning. “Um… I hate to ask this… but should I change?” I then asked, “These clothes might be too dirty to sleep in after today’s mess…” I realized.

“No, you don’t need to change.” Cyclop said, “That dirt can’t effect you majorly anyways…” He said, getting up and walking into his room and shutting the door, “Have a good night’s rest.” He stated right before.

I dazzled my face a frown as I examined my dirty shirt and pants. I then looked out the window once again. I stared, smiling at its movie-like appearance. So solid, so white, so just-there. I left myself to my bed after a few seconds. I needed sleep, and who knew what was next…

I gathered myself in the white sheets, laying my head turned away from the doorframe on the fluffy pillow. I let my arms rest under it.

Closing my eyes… I started to think…

“This bed has not been touched by anybody because no crinkles were present… is Cyclop really this nice? Am I still dreaming? I think Wilma knows where we went if she can read minds… are we safe from Wilma? Have the police handled her? Is Ryutyu going to be ready to walk again by tomorrow? Who were the heroes in the cyclops bible? How do portals work again? Oh yeah, Orchestral Waves and how they are really weird in the E.M. spectrum… Torment Waves though, what do they look like physically? What if I go back home? What will I tell my parents? Are my brothers and family, okay? This is inspiring me and my books, I already know it…” I catechized myself with the voices in my head. It was long, and I put thought into each question, having soon a summary to ask Cyclop by three minutes. It was keeping me awake, but also resting me by providing a way to think away to a dream or something…

I was well in depth of falling asleep after a short while. I was still hearing the world, but quiet with my thoughts, stabilizing my composure in bed. I heard something in the kitchen, like the fridge opening and a glass of water being poured- oh, it had to be Ryutyu since Cyclop was in bed, and his door was still shut due to my audio cues. But why was Ryutyu up again? Hm… knocked off sleep schedule, I guess…

And finally, I fell asleep just a bit later after the sounds went silent…

THE DREAM

“Oh look, he is back!” The nine said, as he showed up in my dream of a white void once again.

“Wa- what the hell? Bruh…” I escalated, trying to calm myself down. I instantly grew awake in my dream, noticing he was from my past dream. Now the nine was alone without the seven or the black hole, just hovering up and down six feet in front, and seven feet up. How did I calculate that? I estimated actually…

“Yes, it is I! The stickman!” The nine cheered, turning into a three-dimensional stickman with blocky proportions in a spiral from his ‘nine’ form. He had two gaping black eyes, a mouth of pure darkness, a round white head with a neck into a somewhat rectangular body with somewhat rectangular hands and legs. He had a shirt of grey and pants of grey, only being singled out by an outline. They were both long but cut off by a foot’s length from the end of his foot or hand, which was just the rectangle of whiteness under the swelling clothes. No fingers, or a nose, or ears, or lips really, just a weird stickman suddenly.

“Um…” I spoke, clenching my face on the awkwardness and terror.

[If you will look to the right again, you will find the weird Stickman in his current form. Portrait again- but please- just know I am not the average graphic designer; I am the below-average graphic designer.]

“Aw, sorry for the sudden physical change in appearance, I have to get your attention to last longer.” He spoke, with his circular eyes cutting themselves down to look as if he were questioning or sad or expressing a feeling. His mouth also proportionally made out into a circle for an “O” or long rectangle for an “E” which was weird when you saw it front, but normal in animation.

“What? Okay, hold on- firstly, who are you, and what do you want? I saw you in my last dream, if you say you are the nine that reminisced with the black hole...” I asked, trying to keep a cool with the jittering from the sudden flight and movements this creepy figure was giving.

“Questions, questions. What am I supposed to do? Answer them like Cyclop? Just so you know some pieces of information that will not matter in like… what? Only five days?” The stickman said happily, spawning a golden watch onto his right block hand as he held it up to his voiding eyes.

“How do you know about my friends?” I asked with a terrified confusion, realizing he said ‘Cyclop.’

“Funny question, since you know I am in your mind and most likely none of this is real… but I will answer-”

“Oh, okay. I guess I will be waking up then…” I spoke, turning back.

“Not so fast! You still want answers, right?” He tried.

“Does it matter anyways? Since, if you are in my brain, I could just figure them out on my own then…” I said, starting to march away and slap myself in the face.

“Alrighty… go ahead…” The stickman said intrusively.

So, I stopped, then flopping myself into the ground, only finding it to be undamaging. Then I stood up to face him, trying to snap my neck around, only to find I was scared to death and not dead with my head having a full 360 turn. Getting out of a dream was harder than expected…

“What is this? Why can I not wake up?” I spoke back, terrified.

“Because I have a request.” The stickman smiled…

I put my hands on my hips, waiting for the thoughts of waking up to hit me. Weirdly, nothing was happening. There was no fog or blur in the dream,

and it felt real, although no pain was felt when I threw myself into the ground.

“Really?” I asked, getting intrigued.

“Yes, it is rather a deal too. I would like you to take one of Cyclop’s pens in order to get home, go to Bracussion on your computer still in your room, and delete all the files of music you made, and then make one called ‘Controlling Stickman’ or ‘3D Stickman’ please… or not…” The stickman told like a command but with a pleasing tone and violent grin.

“Buddy, you sound like the back of my brain telling me just to steal-my-way home.” I answered back.

“Well… how could I say I am not apart of you… when I have only appeared in your dreams…” The stickman whispered to himself, turning away, “You know what? It is plentifully hard to get one like you to listen without intervening in life. Come to think of it, I am quite efficient at giving you reasons to listen to me, and why I am not the back of your brain. First, why do you think I appeared twice in your dreams, chronologically?” He asked.

“Maybe because my brain would like to tell me something… and that still sounds like something the back of my brain would say…” I answered, “But, I do enjoy that I can talk with my brain in a lucid dream, who will at least visualize an acter like you, where they are a separate being with traits like me…”

“Alrighty… if you think I could not change your mind in the currency of the moment, then so be it. But I must confess, I am the nine, (The stickman turns back into the nine,) and you will be seeing me in every dream till you do my deed. I want the universe restored without having to edit it myself.” He ended.

I put my hands on my hips and waited till he the nine bounced down to me, turning into the stickman, and continued to walk slowly up. He then paused, stared with nothingness, and left me to frazzle inside.

“What?” I almost trembled.

He took his hand, turned it into a few fingers, lightly pressed against my chest, and flicked his fingers. I stuttered backwards into the door of the guest room, seeing the dream fade away being a smoke of grey gas. The stickman was through it, but the gases started to refrain back into his portal and make a short eclipse of his area turning too small and just disappearing. It was different, so unusual, that I tapped my fingers anxiously to see if the room was real and other things related. Blinking- fine, smelling- fine, feeling

things- fine. Furthermore, on what I was seeing though, was the window portraying the outside with light, signaling day.

I then grabbed the doorknob and opened it towards myself. I left into the hallway, whipping back to the guest room for one more look. Without any actions being concentrated, I perceived the nice yellows of the hallway to the living room, where Cyclop was still dressed in a black tuxedo and Ryutyu still had his ragged clothing wear. He was being X-rayed by Cyclop.

“Hello guys…” I said normally without tiredness as I treaded forwards.

“Hey… what happened to you?” Ryutyu asked, looking down as Cyclop knelt with a pad of a greenscreen showing white bones slightly out of place. It was encased in the tablet’s metal framing, and Ryutyu only had his left leg down on the floor as he was still in his side-ways sleeping position.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I heard a bang against the door.” Ryutyu offered back as I noticed he was now wearing his metallic boots and has hit tail wrapped around his chest... Still though, doggy tail fluffy though!?

“Oh, it was just me… sleep-walking probably…” I stated back.

“Well… it seems he just has a slight injury... should heal after like five more hours…” Cyclop said, turning up and around as he let his left hand hold the tablet, “But anyways… how was sleeping, Eighty-Three?”

“Uh… fine?” I answered, swishing my eyes over to the silent Ryutyu.

“Alrighty… just wanted to know, since today you will be going home, unless we have a bigger issue.” He said, walking over to the kitchen.

“Thanks… um… I had another question…” I continued.

“Again?” Cyclop chuckled.

“How long will you be gone again?” I asked.

“Only like an hour at max. After groceries, we’ll head to your house, get the actual laptop, acquire Wilma to be in the same universe, and then you’ll wait as I go do my business with resetting everything…” Cyclop managed as he continued pressing buttons on the tablet.

“Hm…” I low-key said.

“Alrighty… I’ll be going now, so if you wanted to ask me anything important, now would be the time…” Cyclop said as he left the tablet on the counter.

“Oh- yeah, what’d ‘Tegur’ mean? I heard some cyclops also saying the word…” Ryutyu asked.

“That’s not important, but… it just means like ‘Ugh’ or something rather inconsiderable to be existent. We use it in a form of short dislike towards an object.” Cyclop answered, leaving…

He shut the door behind him, letting me to look at Ryutyu with confusion and also have an arising joke. Cyclop turned and walked out, fastening himself to the pad of immense speed. The door of plastic brown with a golden knob fell shut like a pillar falling, slow and gracefully. The window of a circle on the top of the door let in a shining light, but not too big to my thoughts. Ryutyu was squinted when he looked at it, so he turned to the shadowed backyard.

“He is fast.” I stated to the door as I looked back.

“Well, he was up like fifteen minutes before ya’, and I was just lying here waiting for something like food. And then he started to scan me leg after asking me for consent, and then that’s when ya’ woke up.” Ryutyu answered.

“Oh… but Ryutyu, replace the ‘T’ in ‘Tegur’ with an ‘N’ and say it.” I accomplished.

“Ne-gur?” Ryutyu stated.

“Ha, you said it!” I giggled a little.

“I don’t understand, what do it mean?” Ryutyu asked.

“It relates to the N-word.” I spoke.

“What’s thee N-word?” He asked back.

I sighed. “Well… The joke is ruined… but it does not matter, let us see what is in the kitchen…” I spoke.

“I can’t get up…” Ryutyu whimpered, “Without hurting me-self."

“Just hop over…” I spoke again.

“Oh…” Ryutyu designated, coming over as I opened the fridge. Inside, was a bunch of fast-food snacks that looked like the kind of things I would treat myself to whenever I felt like it at home. Of course, unreadable brands, but still somewhat the same packaging. Ryutyu also inspected food sources, being the cabinets right of the refrigerator. He opened to find another box of snacks I could not identify. And this one was completely new to the both of us, as I could tell from his wide eyeing.

“So… um… how does it feel to not take a shower?” I asked unconfidently as he leaned against the countertop and snudged food into his mouth, slowly recognizing my turn to rage as he was chomping on it with his mouth open.

“Shower… um… no, I haven’t put myself in water in a long time…” He spoke, with me dimming my eyes onto him with questioning ability to his accent and past. “Did ya’ take a shower?” Ryutyu then asked.

“I did not.” I said, walking over to the comforting couch afterwards. Ryutyu just stared at my absence. I looked back over to him with a small embarrassment for my actions being a bit rude…

“Are you joining me or not?” I cheerfully ramped over to him.

“For what?” Ryutyu asked as he hopped over with the box of crackers.

“For… the… whatever-you-want-to-do session, I guess. You got to tell me how we can start gaming like gamers on whatever games these cyclops have…” I worded, having awkwardness stroll up my spine a mostly.

“Why do you say it like that?” Ryutyu asked in a happily confused tone. I whipped back around as he sat down, clinging away as well as I did so we were not too close together.

“Uh… why is your accent changing constantly?” I smirked a catechize.

“What’d ya’ mean?” He asked back.

“Like… well… the way you speak… probably not best to describe it as accent- but I am relating to the times you may say ‘Ya’ in an Australian tone or then may say ‘Yes’ in a more formal tone of a British person or speak normal English instead of the fragmented old-English.” I explained.

“I… just go with the flow?” Ryutyu stated back. So, I squinted at him.

“Like the flow… you know… the way everything’s going? I have stopped myself from asking questions about these TV’s or computers or who Cyclop is working for or all these other things I don’t understand… because, you know… everything happening is so new and weird…” Ryutyu answered.

“I understand that it has been a wild ride, but at least we are still alive… and it is nice to know you are going with the flow, because I am too… like, what do my parents think of me, right now? Do I already have detectives looking for me? How long have I been gone…”? I stated.

“Yeah…” Ryutyu stated for me.

I trembled in the dialogue. Kind of relatable and awkward.

“Alrighty… how about we learn what kind of games these cyclops have?” I orientated after a short pause.

Now, from the amount of playing that was going to occur when we learnt how to turn on a cyclops TV and boot up the discs, was going to be averaging heavily. It was kind of hard figuring it out, but Ryutyu helped me out with the language at first. We got to start our first game in the long wait for Cyclop to return. Ryutyu, by the way, could hold the remote awkwardly after a while. I had to experience the pain with him too, though. The pink remotes were like chips, or reversed hull, being shaped with four purple and spherical buttons on each side, with three green ones down the middle, shaped like a triangle then to square then to circle at bottom. It was hard to manage, but the gameplay made it easier with the English setting.

But at first, we had a little conversation like this- if you wanted to know:

“Hm… I like that the cyclops here have a good multi-language system. Imagine if it was just their language…” I tried to speak as the game of planes loaded in.

“I could speak their language for you, still.” Ryutyu stated back.

“I know… (I look over to Ryutyu with confusion) and it has been very helpful… but, where did you learn the cyclops language?” I then asked.

“I dun-no.” Ryutyu stated back in a more Scottish accent.

I squinted at him from the word.

“What?” He asked.

“Nothing…” I stated back, turning my head slowly back to the gameplay to start.

We sat in silence as the game started to register the instructions for the black planes with cyclops inside, still have the tuxedos.

“Cyclop said… he was… going to talk to the FBI or something, right?” Ryutyu asked as we started to fly around in the game, trying to achieve the objective of flying through purple hoops of gas.

“Wha- how do you know about the FBI?! You said you only lived in medieval times! And how would you know what an American investigation force is, from a different planet!?” I exclaimed.

“I don’t remember! I just… had thought of that… I don’t even know what FBI is… what stands for… or what me planet is called… (in a whisper to

himself.) I barely remember anything to be honest…” Ryutyu, in an Irish accent, stated.

“Bruh… Cyclop is going to have to get you checked out if you do not even remember what your planet is called…” I whispered in a fade, as he funnily whimpered.

Now, Cyclop, the man himself, was sitting in a dark room. One light shined above him in a spherical globe of white, hanging from a black cylinder holding onto the darkness of the ceiling. The table he sat at was made of concrete. It was square and floated from a source under the floor. The seats were unmovable spheres of white and grey polka dots to sit on uncomfortably, built to interrogate somebody further into “Hell’s confinement.”

Cyclop sat with a pose of hard thinking, crossing his left leg over his right and putting the gun stance of his right hand under his chin.

“Now, I know you’ve been excited about having your first victims of disordered reality-”

“Yeah, I know.” Cyclop interjected the cyclops on the other side of the concrete square, being inside the darkness, too far to see.

“But, 58,932-A, who really were those people to you?” The cyclops asked on the other side of the concrete square, being inside the darkness, too far to see.

“Those were my friends, or acquaintances I need to return by the end of the day. They know their situation and want to go home, so them tricking us shouldn’t be much of a problem.” 58,932-A, also known as Cyclop still, refugeed. The other cyclops started to take notes with a pencil in the shadows.

“Okay. Now, why are they here?” The other cyclops then asked.

“They are here because the human one got caught up in a glitch back in his universe. The furry boy one joined recently, and the other girl furry… I don’t really know… all I know is something is up that can’t simply be stopped by just sending them home with erased minds.”

“Hm… what about… you and Heru?”

“We had nothing to do with each other at all, before my human friend came in. He, Heru, wanted to kill him for some unknown reason.”

“Hm… now, you know under law he must return immediately.”

“I know… but could I receive a pardon in the records? I’m trying to find out why the other two furry-humans are also around…”

“Sure… but could you explain these characters a bit more? For instance, we’d like to know more about Wilma- as she escaped from our grasp last night.”

Cyclop paused but thought of a summary to tell the man.

“You see, the human- my friend, explained it to be a plausible series of events off something called Bracussion, which is a forbidden program amongst their kind- being humans. The boy furry, named Ryutyu, is also around because my human friend, nicknamed Eighty-Three just so you know, found Ryutyu in a nearby forest when we were trying to escape Heru’s first attack. Then they found Wilma in a cave also further into the forest, in which I led Heru to attack her while we left back home.”

The other cyclops was confused from the summary, but nothing was to be shown on his face as he was forbidden into the darkness.

“Well, that seems like a specific protocol may need to be taken, so I’ll contact The Red Eyes to hold onto Heru and let Wilma be disregarded in capturing. That way they’ll give you as much information so you can find her yourself.” The other Cyclop stated.

“How will I get the Red Eye’s information again?” Asked Cyclop.

“Should be through your grey pen.” The man said.

“Okay- But isn’t she still extremely dangerous?” Cyclop asked.

“We decreased her use of particle power and energy with one of the Electro-Ulp lasers luckily, so all you need to do is find her and do what you need to do.” The other cyclops answered.

“Electro-Ulp lasers… that’s quite rare to use…” Cyclop whispered to himself, “Thank you, sir. Will that be all?” Cyclop ended.

“Yes.” The other ended too.

When Cyclop left the police station, it was enough of the orange suns in his eye to alert him for a quick mall shop now. So off he went to this endless mall across the city, which was in the back of the city, upon another suburban field of houses, which circled the entire luminous city at night and made it stand out in day. It took him a few minutes to reach there, even with the pads. When he arrived, it was as busy as ever. Many cyclops were shuffling through nicely and orderly, but many were blocking sight of a yard

down. And a few metallic grey, box carts were left, but at least fifteen were still stationed in the red-lined, white squared entrance with no doors.

Our Cyclop had to trug through mass crowds to reach one of the platinum shops in the abyss of tan walls, where he bought: crackers, quick-drinks, chocolate boxes, and bottles of water. He already had a half-full cart. Cyclop said that he felt like he was forgetting something, because it seemed like such a small cart to buy in the almost endless land of stores in front; waiting for him to comfort them with money in exchange for whatever. But nothing sprang to line, and he shrugged it off as he already had everything needed. Cyclop went to leave and started to pick out his grey pen but was caught off guard by a physically-eye-catching cyclops in a shop.

He saw this cyclops with a purple eye have nine tails just like Wilma's, and she also had a blue flower with a blue tuxedo of their sort. Cyclop reverted away from grabbing his grey pen as she was continuing her gestures to a cashier by one of the clothing shops. She was obviously feeling endangered because her movements were swagged and slippery, and her face was clenching with green as her hands tried to sway the feeling away from her mouth by pressing on it sometimes.

Cyclop decided to act on her presence normally, as he also smelled a sniff to find out a weird stench was emitting from this cyclops too, furthering his suspicion to be obvious.

"Are you Wilma?" Cyclop asked in his langauge, pushing his cart to the side as he walked up to her with the cashier being as confused as him.

The cyclops turned to Cyclop, impaled with a green faced. Her eyes were bloated with tears and her stressing body was massively shaking when still.

"Yes." The girl cyclops answered in their language back, also in the most formal way she could, stuttering her breath still.

"She literally just walked up here and asked to go to the bathroom, and I would allow her, but we've got a policy where she's got to pay for an item first, and the door is locked by me too." The Cyclop cashier explained.

"Well, just let her go, I'm sure she could get something afterwards." Cyclop politely helped.

"The closest free-one is behind the three crowds. (The cashier sighs in embarrassment,) Otherwise, she'll have to be committing that P-J in her hands or something." The cashier stated.

"A P-J?" She asked, having her nine tails cling upwards a bit.

“A P-J is a throw up incident.” The cashier answered.

“Heh, funny term.” Spoke Cyclop.

“Can you pay for something!?” Wilma finally understatedly spoke, turning everything about her into her normal type through a slight swirl of colors and meshing, whilst rapping around her blue robes around her head, leaving her black long sleeves to match her pants. Her ears were also curling and drudging downwards on her smooth hair.

“Yeah… but I swear, you guys ought to be nicer…” Cyclop said, starting to pull out the wallet which encased the brown money as Wilma shook. The cashier also wide-eyed as always, but soon closed himself away from surprise.

“We’d- I’d love to, but my boss is going to fire me for not keeping our bathrooms the cleanest! People were eating in there, and it made him disgusted to see crumbs on the floor, so now employees have to lock the doors and inspect it afterwards, since it’s only a one-person bathroom anyways.” The cashier stated.

“Mm!” Wilma raveled through her robes as Cyclop gathered a single paper.

“Tegur… this mall needs more space… do you know when they’ll start adding more so you guys can make your bathrooms at least for a party of five?” Cyclop asked as he shoved the brown leather wallet back into his pants.

“Mm!” Wilma insisted louder.

Cyclop grabbed a pink candy bar from the box on the cashier’s glass countertop. He handed it to the green-eyed cashier slowly.

“Fine man.” The cashier smiled, “She may go.”

Wilma rushed off to the bathroom, with her tails flowing behind and the blue robes still rapped around. She was having no time to close the door or even stall door behind her. Her sickness was the mystery to Cyclop now.

“So- do you know her?” The cashier catechized.

“Not really- I was actually on the lookout for her as she was one of those nearby criminals, I needed to take care of.” Cyclop ended the conversation with.

“Tegur… I haven’t watched the news in forever…” The cashier said.

“Hm…” Cyclop said back, “But did you know they said that the Cyclopals might be removing the money system in a week due to vote?”

“Wow… that’s unexpected…” The cashier said.

“Well, everybody is completely okay with getting the same things and working differently, so I guess it’s a win for everything if we don’t have to worry about money and get designated mealtimes too.” Cyclop conversated as he worried about Wilma’s insane throw-up sounds. The cashier nodded and looked worried about Wilma.

Then she stopped three seconds later, and after about a few seconds of patience from her silence, Wilma came out of the bathrooms, having her blue robes now on. She was also trying to head on to the crowds and get away from Cyclop’s questions she sensed. He was immediate to advance towards her.

“Hey, Wilma, we need to talk.” Cyclop said with no mush in his voice, grabbing his cart.

Wilma looked at him, turning to see his weighted mind and serious face. She obviously wanted to walk off, but it was mature of her not to do so.

“Yes?” Wilma sputtered out, letting a face-message of need-to-evacuate towards Cyclop and his cart.

“I need to discuss some important topics with you.” Cyclop emancipated, walking up to Wilma as she sloped forwards and back. He motioned her to walk with him.

And so, they walked together in the crowds, past thousands of eye stares, but never minded it. Once they reached a less populated cafeteria place, one outside and near the middle square pool, (there were three pools lined up, side by side in the back of the mall, about a yard apart in marble white flooring,) they found the hugeness of the mall to keep crowd’s away from their starting conversations.

Cyclop sat on a rug of pure blue cotton above another carpet of fuzzy dead yellow. Wilma also sat crossed lapped as Cyclop was, in front of him about four feet away. She looked around as he grabbed his grey pen and fidgeted with it. She saw some cyclops guards nearby, discussing her presence, but also grabbing their different colored pens out just to analyze the current situation on whether they should interfere or not.

“Look… I would like to have you peacefully around so I can gather more evidence and investigate the reason why a kid, nick-named Eighty-Three, is not back in his universe living the way he should.” Cyclop started.

“I know.” Wilma said, still in a tone of despair, letting her nine brownish tails just hover around, upwards in back. She also had her ears wide and up now, ready to listen.

“You… know?” Cyclop asked, seeing some the cyclops guards tell some others to go retrieve something.

“Yes. I can read thoughts through the waves of the electromagnetic spectrum.” Wilma explained.

“Oh?” Cyclop insisted on her talking more about.

“Only strong ones stand out. Weak waves are less fortunate to tell. Waves are strong when one thinks more about a subject. You are currently thinking about the dangers of me.”

“Alrighty… that’s intriguing… but what else about your mind?”

“Not much else. My waves can travel like light across space. The electromagnetic waves only can get blocked by so much though.”

“Well- if you’re so good at reading minds, tell me what Eighty-Three was thinking of- at a time in the party.”

“His name is [redacted]. He wanted to hide it when Ryutyu asked him about his real name. That was one thing he kept to himself.” Wilma stated.

“…That’s his name?” Cyclop founded and made surety of.

“Yes. I would not say it to [redacted]. He would absorb madness. Do not reveal the name to Ryutyu either.” Wilma said.

“Alrighty… I know I should probably be getting to the point- but why are you sick?” Cyclop questioned.

“Too many people. Too many neurons reacting with the waves.” Wilma said, leveraging her head down.

“Alrighty- Now, the way you speak is something I must ask. Eighty-Three does it formerly like a book, but why do you speak formerly? You guys don’t ever say conjunctions, and it makes me wonder.”

Wilma shrugged. “We like it.” She spoke.

“Alrighty- that’s good to know… but now- to the point… but first, I must say that I know we got off on a bad track, so you’re obviously going to want to kill me or some of us still… but… just listen. I’m going to need you to find out the reasoning for your essence in his universe, and why Bracussion is still there too. That’s literally it, summed up. I just need you to **not** try to kill me- because if you do- my cyclops friends will come back at you with the

Humanitor, and kill you like a normal human- which is what it does- but if you do help- I can return you to whatever universes you belong in, and we can all depart in peace to our normal lives again…" Cyclop described.

Wilma nodded, flinching her ears and starting to look him in his one eye.

"I understand. Your race has been very trustworthy. I understand the consequences. I understand the achievements."

"Good… (Cyclop squints,) I guess… Now, what else do you remember about Eighty-Three's thoughts at the party?"

"I remember he had a program running through his mind. It was called about Bracussion. It was something he saw as intriguing. He saw it as a spawner for me and Ryutyu."

"Alrighty…"

"And Heru will be a problem."

"What'd you mean? He's locked up in prison currently…" Cyclop catechized, as the guards that left started to come back with the same kind of metallic, shocking restraints that Heru had in the city battle.

"I know the question flowing through your head is about my foreshadowing. I do not have the ability to foreshadow. I felt instinct upon his waves. He is deadly and angry. His only mission is to kill Eighty-Three. It is all that runs through his mind."

"Okay… so…" Cyclop started as the guards finally managed their way over.

"Hey, 58,932-A, is this the Wilma from the battle last night?" One of the guards asked.

"Yes." Wilma blurted, wide eyeing and deviously looking to her left side.

"Okay… we wanted to ask you if you'd be okay with putting on these restraints. They'll shock her each time she uses massive waves." The guard said with the other one at his left.

"I could… but I'm trying to see if she's trustworthy…" Cyclop said back.

"Well… have them anyways. (The cyclops toss them down onto Cyclop's lap.) We'll be arranging time to be at your aid if she manages to get into a battle with you. The Red Eyes aren't helping anymore, because keeping Heru contained is enough of a chore…"

“If I may ask- how did Heru escape your cuffs before, at night after the party?” Cyclop then catechized the two.

“He saw some kind of drink fizzing after the waiter poured in a soda of some sort for a cyclops, so he decided to turn his body into an explosion of liquids. Nobody was harmed, except him who got shocked mightily, but he got his blood everywhere- and started moving it through the slivers of the elevator. Luckily, the cuffs were blocking portions of his blood from exiting its cracks with extreme fields of electricity, so they came back onto him after he regenerated himself…” The guards finally explained.

“Okay…” Cyclop said, standing up with Wilma. She lifted herself by her tails, and let her legs fall. She was only hoping she did not have to wear those weird shocking cuffs…

“Can we go?” She interrupted Cyclop as he was about to speak again.

“Alrighty… thanks and see you guys later!” Cyclop waved to the guards, who nicely waved back, as he walked off with her.

So, they were off to traveling now, peacefully through the crowd’s outskirts, with Wilma budging a few gulps and lowering her ears too. Eventually, Wilma reached a quieter place with him, and then had to tell Cyclop the truth of the concerning factor within the situation…

“You talk a lot.” Wilma said.

Cyclop just stared back up to her and stated: “Tegur,” before returning to silence.

Now, back to the untold, but instead lived story of me and Ryutyu.

It was about right at the time Cyclop was going to the mall when a weird event occurred. Recently, Ryutyu has been trying to talk me into the gaming language for a good majority of the time, whilst I have tried to switch up the gameplay with these fun minigames we visualized on the screen. We were as hungry, and not for snacks. So, we were going to call any place for food because Ryutyu had made a joke about it recently as well.

“To your left!” Ryutyu exclaimed, wagging his tails and having his ears titled the way I was driving in game. He also was rather pointing to the TV where I was racing a character named “Umlip.”

“Yes, I know. I have to shoot the tranquilizer in under five seconds in order to get the guy…” I said, fading off as I was smashing more buttons on the now stabilized and understandable controller.

We sat as we tried to finish a grand trophy of silver on our fifth game. It was about racing but was somewhat dark with guns and maybe a bit of blood here and there. We eventually finished in first place after some intense final frames but laid back in victory and laziness as we could only think about our stomach aches.

“Man, I’m so hungry, I would kill for *something*.” Ryutyu hyperbolized.

“Would you really?” I asked jokingly.

“No, not really. Death actually creeps me out.” He answered.

“You know what? I will order something. I do not know how we are going to pay, but I can call Cyclop if we actually order something…” I stood up for our deprivation, smiling at Ryutyu also. He knew that his past joke was going into action very soon.

I went over to the kitchen phone after taking the white and plastic phonebook over. Honestly, I could not read a word, but the background gave clues to what the city had in store. Finally, after flipping four pages, there was a food background with a blue fish and a grey salami covering a rainbow background. Luckily, there was parenthesis under the text revealing English and Chinese numbers for the phone numbers, and not just this foreign language numbers.

“Whatever this place is called- wait, Ryutyu, get over here so you can read this to me.” I imperatively asked of him.

“I’m not extra-fluent with thee language.” He remarked upon. I still squinted whenever I heard a difference in the way he spoke at times…

He used a hopping method to get over, rather than stilts.

“It says… sushi and fish on the first one, pizza on the second, and chicken on the-”

“Pizza-a-a-a. Alrighty, 432-432-432-432.” I robotically interrupted without a correct mind.

“Ha-ha! It’s the same number each time!” Ryutyu jerked into words as well.

I looked at the phone on the wall. Like a human’s but registered with ten squares off pushing with symbols of mystery. Same foreign symbols on the sheet though…

“I am guessing this one is one.” I asked Rytuyu in an incorrect format, pointing to the top-left button under the rectangular screen lit up in bright blue for all the time we were here.

“Yep.” He answered.

I inputted the numbers like I would. 432, four times, each with an autogenerated dash breaking them apart or me on the phone. At least dashes were not different.

The phone rang with a tone of a snap. Like a snap of the fingers, pitched, but still digestible. It snapped three times before the noise of a ‘fronted’ rubbing of the hands played. It was up in my face, the sound… Bright and slick, a man yelped words into the phone after a moment, stopping all others.

Ryutyu was about to confess to the man that we spoke English, but I took that action before him. I smirked and looked at Ryutyu whilst he was about to do so, ensuring him that I had no social anxiety to these strangers, so it was cool for the both of us to have a good laugh at the joke about to come in, hopefully.

“wE sPeAK eNgLisH.” I said in the most puberty-like voice.

“Nice- do remember, I *not* **fluid**.” The man on the opposite side yelled.

“Alrighty… Now, we would like a pizza. A cheese pizza, to be exact; no big crust, no cheese, no sauces, and no pizza.” I accidentally un-lenified, I think.

“Wait, **what**? Did you said you want cheese pizza, ***without*** cheese? Without PIZZA?” He momentarily confused down to.

Ryutyu got the idea and shook his head a slow yes with a sloping smile to insanity.

“No, I said I wanted a pepperoni lettuce without the ravioli, but leave the sausage pizzas in.” I said in the most business-like way.

The man on the other side paused for a moment, before more wondering came to his brain. “What part of a- wait… um… has sausages in it? Am I hearing you correctly?”

“NO. (Ryutyu laughed at my bold expunge of a word.) I mean, I specifically stated I wanted a vegan keyboard without the bread, include the sausage, remove the cheese, add ketchup, and include a fish without any greens. I am allergic to gluten.”

The man paused as Ryutyu could be heard giggling intensely to my right.

“I thought you said you were… fluid? Like, water-fluid, right? Like, **ultra-based**?” I added in the silence.

“Fluid-”

“Oh yes- forgor’ my drink! Could we order the clarinet for a beverage- actually, could we have your laundry detergent from the back?” I then asked like Ryutyu.

The man paused again. “No?”

I came back to it, smiling hard. “So, are you guys cooking it yet?”

“No, we’re- I’m trying to find out what you want. Do you want the cheese pizza, the sausage pizza, the vegan pizza, the-”

“Vegan pizza? What ***is*** that?” I asked, faking an offended mood in the second question.

“Pizza with broccoli, lettuce, and tomato. It can be healthy, and we’ll add some sugars to make it taste better if you’re diet.”

“Alright, I will have the fish pizza instead.”

“Are you sure YOU WANT THE FISH PIZZA?”

“Yes, the lollipop-chocolate extravaganza; but without the pizza, and leave in the cheese, for I am in need of gluten.”

The man paused on the other side of the phone. He could obviously hear me chuckling inside while Ryutyu laughed so hard he could not make a sound anymore. We were that in the dust of our joke.

“Okay- DAMN, we’ll make you your cheese pizza, as long as this one isn’t a joke as well.”

“It is not.”

“That’ll be twenty-six quents.” The man insisted strongly.

“Twenty-six?”

“I assume you pay with English money, so translated, that is eighty-nine dollars.”

“What?! You guys are smoking mad pot if a cheese pizza costs that much.”

“Well, the cheese pizza costs only thirteen dollars. The tax is flipping you over.” The man on the other side smiled.

“What is the tax?” I asked, grinning back to his sloping happy voice.

“There’s a tax for bullshitting against a restaurant.” He said in the calmest way.

“Okay then,” I said, “We would instead like a gluten-free chicken nugget, just one big one with lemonade sauce.”

“ARE YOU SURE?” The man toned in, pushing the phone inside his mouth and laughing at the same time.

“Yes, but no lettuce, just the pizza, and only one slice. But remember, remove the vegetables and add the pepperoni. I want it buttery with lettuce.”

The pause was so large it made Ryutyu contract the “disease of eye watering.” The amount he was guffawing was making him slam into the wall and lightly smash his fist into it. I was just there with the widest smile I had earned from the most incorrect evaluation of an order. We could also tell the man was just frozen in frustration and deception.

“Could I also get a special delivery of frozen sushi and a lollipop with that?”

“You can get a special delivery of a gun to your head; because you are acting like a maaaaaaaaad fool right now.” The man squawked.

Then, the door of the house was knocked on. I was about to continue, but it was loud and obnoxious, presenting someone was there.

“Oh no, is it the cops?” I asked Ryutyu.

“Hopefully not.” He laughed an end.

“Well, (I hang up the phone.) Let us stop being fake-drunks and see what is up with… (I look to the door’s windows.) Bruh, my man looking like Columbus out there.” I said, starting to walk forward to the door.

I let Ryutyu finish his after seconds of a long chortle. He then stood straight up and started to follow me with his hopping, with a deeming straight face towards what was to happen in the next moments.

“Those don’t look like cyclops.” He stated.

“Well, do you have any weapons if they are dangerous?” I asked in a very low whisper as the started knocking again.

“Well… I don’t think I have me sword… so, um…” Ryutyu spoke, “I don’t think we should open it.”

“Well… they seem to not be leaving… I will ask.” I said, “Hey! We are not open for visitors currently, find something else to do!” I slightly yelled to

them behind the door as the pounded harder. Nothing happened for a few moments, and I knew they could hear me- until they knocked again. They obviously had not gotten my message.

“Ryutyu, can I use your boots?” I asked.

“For what?” He asked back.

“To throw, and then grab those leg-helpers; aw, I forgot the name…” I said in still a low whisper.

Ryutyu nodded “yes” and allowed me to walk over to the couch and gather his left boot to hold into my hands and have it ready to launch at them. Ryutyu stayed with me and decided to open the door for me as he cramped against the right side of the wall, and I was ready for who could possibly be these red beings outside.

There standing, were three weird-looking conquistadors. They were in red Spanish wear, the kind of clothing that looked like balloons on their shoulders back in the seventeen-hundreds, but slightly off. The forward one of the three was with a brown beard in a rectangle down, having green eyes and thick brown eyebrows. He wore a somewhat wide fedora in red with yellow stripes, having a red feather cling onto it too. Take to notice though, the stripe colors were different on the hats and on the clothing for each, so it made me confused on who their fashionist was… They also had the balloon-like and puffed shoulders, with also knee pads of red on his knees, also with a red plus yellow lined one-sided skirt that started from the top of their torso and went down to the top of their thighs. There was also, at the top, a hemisphere opening to see a white handkerchief hanging down out of it, and a black shirt underneath this fashion as well. A yellow and red-striped shirt under the balloons on their shoulders also was there, making me look tensely to see where it ended- and in conclusion I just came up with the idea it was a part of the black shirt. He also had yellowish-red pants. So, technically, everything was striped yellow and red… The other two also had the same outfits, each also have white handkerchiefs expunge from the top of their sleeves on both arms. They also had handkerchiefs of white come from their black shoes; ones that looked like a pilgrim’s shoes to be honest… Each had a gold square defined on top too... It was weird, but they were tall and standing bright upon our door as they looked down upon us, hands on their

hips.

[If you will look above once again, this scenery image is another I made. I forgot the first guy's ears, the middleman to be exact. The man on the left is the third guy, and the man on the right is the second guy. It looks garbage still, especially with the background and shoes shapes each has, but I will uphold it for the cringe.]

"Um… Hello?" I welcomed with Ryutyu's boot firmly in place of my throwing position, seeing them have shiny white bladed swords with black handles and a rectangular quillon, hanging from the left hip. They also had brown leather, rounded square pouches on their right side.

"Yas yam dnim ruoy eno eht ot ralimis laed a reffo ot ereh era ew taht uoy mrofni ot ekil dluow ew dna seneiT lamiT eht era ew, olleh." The first one said as the other two stayed firm. His voice was so disturbing, it made me

think he was speaking in reverse. It was also old and accented, but his stare proved more a bad message than his sentence.

I looked to Ryutyu. He seemed to be as bewildered as I was.

“Could you say that in English?” I asked.

“Dlrow eht fo hturt dna yrotciv suoirolg eht ot uoy dael ll'ew dna, su nioj, won. sdrawkcab tsuj tub, hsilgne gnikaeps er'ew.” The middle one then stated.

“What language is that?” I asked Ryutyu.

“I don’t know. Maybe they’re speaking a different dialect or something.” He spoke.

“That is not- how would you know what a dialect- okay, ahem, fellow men, please leave. We are not looking for trouble and simply are just residing here.” I said, letting them just stare at us with a squint.

I then saw a cyclops round the corner of the street on the other side and look at the men. He yelled something, probably “Hey!” in his language, and started over with a nice walk as only the right Spanish man turned to see him.

“Alrighty… bye…” I said, closing the door quickly.

Then they proceeded to knock, again.

“Don’t answer.” Ryutyu stated to me.

“Agreed.” I agreed, scared just as him.

“Wait a minute-” The cyclops said outside in their language, behind the door. Suddenly, we heard the knocking of the door decease as the red conquistadors headed over to a cyclops, revealing their swords in a slash against the floor and such as they fully dove onto him with their old reflexes. The cyclops outside grabbed a pen of his and pulled out the red lasers onto them.

I opened the door to see what was happening. Me and Ryutyu observed the men trying to advance onto the cyclops with a yellow shield pen and a red pen, shooting lasers and blocking such attacks or movements the standing Spanish men were up to.

“Should we help?” Asked Ryutyu while I turned to him wide-eyed, “Y’know, help with fishing off em’ Colombuses?” He asked.

“Well, yeah?” I stated, dropping his boot onto the floor and allowing him to put his feet inside.

“Hey, cyclops man, can we help?” I yelled over, letting them all turn to me.

“Sure! Please do! But are they your business?” He asked back in English, over the sounds of his fire.

“Probably…” I whispered to myself, “Wait, Ryutyu, could you help?”

“Probably not, I got this leg here still in ache pain.” Ryutyu answered.

“Okay…” I understood.

I went up to one of the three Spanish men. This one was on the right, being with white hair, brown eyes, and white eyebrows with nothing else on his face but wrinkles. He was closest, being five feet away from the other ones. The cyclops was blocking their vivid slashes with his shield. Ryutyu was surprised and trying to get on his armor just in case he had to help with the sudden offense.

This man slashed his sword one-handed. I shoulder-thrusted myself into him, knocking him onto the ground away from my surprise attack. The sounds of iron and metal were almost enough to block out his fall, but he quickly leveraged himself back up and peered over to me with another, while the third continued against the cyclops who started to aim his red lasers, which were being dodged and flown into the street or reflected off their swords; he started to aim that at the confused Spanish men.

“Won!” The first man said.

Instantly, the Spanish men dodged to the right of an incoming laser shot from the cyclops, that had a dark blue eye, something I could barely tell it was not our Cyclop. The Spanish men then started to rehearse themselves to the side, and the first one was to grab out their own orange pen that looked exactly like a cyclops pen. He then clicked it, to open a portal under themselves, going towards a more darkish, town-like area. They fell without any of our resources luckily.

“Woo! Hey, nice work, kid.” The cyclops said as he saw them fumble down and crash land a bit.

“Thanks.” I quickly stated back, getting us to look down into the portal to the old men.

“Hey, are you our Cyclop?” Ryutyu then asked as he came up with the hopping on his foot, noticing his blue eye, but not the exact brightness of it.

“Nope, I don’t know you guys at all.” The cyclops said with his opened eye, “But what I do know- is that I was just coming to check up on these

weird waves you guys are emitting. I'm an investigator of A-68's intelligence group." The cyclops explained fast, pulling out a grey pen and showing us whilst he said it.

"Okay… cool… what about them?" I asked the cyclops about those men, seeing Ryutyu sit down with ache in his face.

The men had started to stand back up and looked up to us. Then, the middle and first one pointing to me.

"Ereh nwod emoc." He said, putting his sword back in place.

"What is thee saying?" Ryutyu asked before I could.

"Hm… I don't know." The cyclops said, "Could you say that in English for the boys?" He then yelled.

The Spanish men said nothing as we hovered over the portal.

"Could we talk this through?" I then asked them.

Nothing but a stare and a point to me.

"Hey… kid, do you think they'll answer if we send you *only* down?" The cyclops thought of.

"Wait, what?" Ryutyu asked.

The cyclops stood up with me and Ryutyu in confusion.

"I don't know who these guys are… but it would be a good try to see what they want…" The cyclops inferred.

"I do not want to go down there! They might kill me!" I protested.

"They might, but if you take these pens as protection, maybe you can make them answer. They aren't running away, and they're pointing to you, so they obviously can just come back with their portals to haunt you with what they want to say in private, since they're also not speaking around us too… (The cyclops shrugged a happy grin,) Heh, I'm just saying, cyclops need all the info on everything, so if you can gather what these guys are doing with *these kinds of waves* (The cyclops pulls his grey pen to my face and shows me the reversed waves with weird widths and lengths on the normal electromagnetic-wave spectrum instrument-reader,) it would be greatly appreciated…" The cyclops put me in awe with.

"No, I will not go." I spoke, "That is something very weird to say, unless you are trying to get me out of here with some evil intentions you have towards this situation." I bobbed my head. Ryutyu was also on my side with a stern look now.

“I’m not, I’m just saying… you can take this grey pen to translate what their saying, this yellow pen to shield yourself, and this red pen to offense… (We all look to the idling men,) they still haven’t left… (We look at the cyclops with a pause, making him sigh,) Tegur… I’ll go first if you don’t want to…” The cyclops said, pulling out the pens and then using them to hop down and protect himself.

The Spanish men started to slash their swords at him.

“He can face them off.” Ryutyu said, with my shrouding over to him and back.

I looked down further into the area, with Ryutyu coming over, and getting a worried expression for the ganged-up cyclops. “Maybe not…” Ryutyu then observed as the cyclops was just repeating the situation with these fast melees. The cyclops was aiming at different places, and at signs which tried to fall onto the Spanish men, but they were fast.

“Oh… I guess he was not lying… maybe I should help…” I started.

“But, what if ya’ die? What if he’s fine? What if ya’ get a broke’ leg or some?” Ryutyu catechized me.

“Ryutyu… you are perfectly correct in all your essence. I should not try to help the somewhat ‘good’ with just my bare hands, but I helped you in the cave when I could have left you to die. Me and Cyclop then found you, and Wilma, and now we are here, in a closer place to our investigation then we probably would have been, and we are not strangers to each other either... So, it seems to go better when I help instead of being a spectator or hide, but I hope the luck of that does not run off of me now…” I said, putting my arm around him, giving the speech, and then jumping down the six feet.

I plopped down, finding it a bit trembly to keep myself up.

“But what about me?” Ryutyu asked down.

“You need to stay up there, because you are hurt!” I said, running away with the sentence.

I kept myself up to the cyclops, who started to charge his shield into the Spanish men. He made them disperse and have a slight trip as he gained towards my side, having all three pens in action.

“Okay, kid, now’s your chance if you want it…” He spoke.

“Wait- how do you use the pens exactly? Do you just click them, and they will spawn something randomly, or is there a pattern?” I asked as he shot red lasers at the fleeing men who tried stabilizing themselves again.

“A pattern. One click on the red one shoots lasers, two clicks do a beam. One click on the yellow, and it spawns a rectangular front-body shield under your control of the pen. Two clicks, a full spherical shield. Then, the grey pen will just tell you… I’m setting it to English… okay, there… are you ready?” He then stated, handing them all to me, as he grabbed out an orange one.

“I… um… where are you going?” I quickly asked as he pulled out the portal pen, feeling my heartbeat start up faster than ever now.

“I’m going away because it’s now your job to tell me what they want…” The cyclops said.

“But… what if- why- how do you know this is- um…” I stuttered.

“Remember, I’m working with the Cyclopals, and we would like information on everything. Just call 544-324-111-924 to give us the information!” The cyclops stated as he bounced away just to portal away, closing it in my face.

I looked back upon the other portal Ryutyu squinted through, before it closed. I was forced to look upon the Spanish men, putting their swords back in and rushing away into the empty building just to their rights. They fondly entered the door, and closed it swiftly, allowing only more a few mere seconds of my brain to bewilder in the absolute blue rooms of perfection just inside the damp and red bricked building of narrowness. It had alleyways on both sides, having green trash bins and yellow lights. The building also had no windows.

I looked viciously around. Nothing else was around, but some two pedestrians, being cyclops who were in stare at the situation that had just taken place, on the other side of the black road on their own sidewalk of grey concrete plates.

I turned back to my sudden mission. I clenched the three pens tightly, and decided to barge my way into the door, blasting it open and diving towards the floor, with a low jump. I expected them to swing from the doors with their swords, but nobody was there.

“Wow, I was expecting them to be slicing me up right there…” I said to myself in my head.

I then started to bring myself up. I looked upon the room. Light blue walls, boxing me in with the texture of paint just put on. Then there were the bottoms of each wall with an extended white, rounded rectangular of a width about half an inch. The ceiling was also blondish popcorn, but no lights were around on top either. All was made of some sort of natural material too.

“Where is the light coming from?” I was thinking to myself, swinging around the place also for the Spanish men and wonderment of the light source.

To the top left of the room from the entrance was the whitest door ever. Nothing resembled it, but a knob of a golden sphere from a golden handle. The rest was literally just a smooth surface.

I then tested my senses. But this is when it got weird…

My sniff sensed nothing. My lips had no taste, as my tongue tried. I touched the walls with a face of pure agony in bewilderment. It had no feeling.

“Hello?” I said to the dead ambience.

My voice had no sound. Nothing vibrated into my ears. It was completely silent… but at least I could still breathe… breathe in nothing and feel none of it purse my lips… I huffed and I puffed to make sure this was not insanity.

I tapped the wall and said, “Where is the sound?”

Nothing erupted. “Oh, hell no.” I said to myself out loud, turning back to the door I came through.

The door was now the white door.

I instantly turned to my other side of the room. Still, a white door. I turned back again. Another white door in the same place the original door was supposed to be.

I went up to it, having the memory of Wilma’s weird illusion pierce in my head. I went up to the original door’s original location, now with the white door, and grabbed the doorknob. Instantly, unexpectedly, and weirdly, my spine shuddered my body as the entire thing just fell into my grasp. I pushed it forward suddenly, seeing it fall into another room. No sound though, and the completely wooden brown floor of planks had no dent in it either, after I lifted the door of course, to see it…

Looking forward, another white door. Looking backwards, the same white door, but on that side of the room. I went to press the one further down with just one finger, finding another room the exact same way as the door fell lightly and without the comfort of sound or touch. I facepalmed in the silence and headed all the way back to the other. Same thing.

I panicked, putting the pens I had in my hand into one of my pant’s pockets, so they mumbled down there.

I went forth, into another door, same thing. I started to rush into the doors, trying to find another way. Same thing. Blasting the doors down like running through them was easily done anywhere, I found the same thing. Suddenly, I stopped and looked back. Nothing, but now the doors I had crashed down built my horizon.

“Hey! What the fuck is happening?!” I demanded into the atmosphere.

NOTHING answered back.

“Anybody?” I asked in a frenzy as I continued down the silent-ness of everything.

The fact that my voice was not being heard was making me go insane.

(Now, use that line for a meme or something. It can relate to many things.)

I rushed further and further, soon having a mirror-to-mirror illusion of the rooms when I looked back. Infinite rooms apparently.

“What do you want?! Spanish-looking men, answer me!” I commanded into the air.

I busted the next door after a pause. This room, finally, had the door on the left or right side of the room. Much better, because now my calls were being answered in a way of coincidence or not…

“What the fuck is this bullshit!? I ask for answers, and you give me more doors, but now in a different place on the walls?!” I stated to the rooms madly. Still, I could not hear a thing.

I ran my way through the right ways, not going through one “left” door. So many doors and such, so much, so much, so much, so many, so much white and light blue, where were the light sources coming from again?

Then, in the least expected way, I tripped on some stairs. Suddenly, one of the rooms led into some fifteen stairs upholstering into another room. I looked back, stuttering my bones as I found the newness to be a sign of hope yet danger. Nothing behind me, so I did as all humans and stepped quickly up the stairs and barged the white door open. It fell forwards far enough.

Nothing was in this room. Not another white door, but rather just the walls enclosing me in. Instantly, I knew what this was as I peered around in angst.

“This is where the boss battle begins.” Somebody said through the silence to my right.

I looked, screamed, and jumped back at the scary form of breaking nature and moving two-dimensions. It was a wooden sign, having a cylinder brown hold up and peer slightly above the cracked rectangle that held an image of the Stick Man's smiling face. Those black holes for eyes, and mouth moved as I glanced over to it and bounced back from terrifying waves of sound.

I tried to regain my conscience to uphold a conversation but bounced back further as the sound of my scream was un-hearable and one of the Spanish men swiped their sword into the wall where my head would have been. He also stomped onto the floor from the stairs, pulling back his sword that un-harmed the wall in any way. He allowed for the two other Spanish men to enter with their clothing falling to their own wind, and the silence was still there.

Then the first one started to say things. I could not hear it, but they were now pointing their swords at me.

"What? Nobody can hear you!" I said in almost a scream, seeing that the sign of my dream-Stickman had flown back into the floor like it was noclipping.

The Spanish men continued to talk. The first and second one started to whisper to each other, and then turn back to me. The third one grabbed out a yellow metallic box from his leather pouch. The cube was fitting the size of a hand. It had green buttons all over it, but one side had a rectangular extend covering the entire side, and that was the button he pressed. When I was squinting over to the box, it also had some labels in reverse English.

I got a light switch turned on in my head.

"Oh- you guys are speaking reverse English!" I said out loud, hearing my voice now.

Their pouches also made a slight noise, and the swords were still aiming at me. The third one also put the cube back in his pouch.

"Dlrow eht ot gnirb dluoc uoy rorroh dna ytivitcurtsed eht leef lliw ydobon erehw, yrotciv suoirolg eht eveihca ot su nioj." The third one said, finally. He was speaking with a tone of all the others, backwards and disgruntled, more discomforting and elder than weird. Disturbingly enough, this Spanish man resembled blue eyes and brown facial hair, only being his eyebrows. Nothing else but their dry lips remained.

"Hold on! I will listen to what you have to say if you allow me to figure out these settings for translating…" I said quickly, pulling out my grey pen from my pants pocket and shuffling through it after my pause in speech. I

found the English buttons to take a few seconds, because each was saying it needed “X” amount of clicks to press the button, and because I was taking sneak peeks at my somewhat enemies every second. I also found that there was like a one-and-a-half second delay, so my luck was not at its finest. Luckily, they are just shuffling more and more about, moving in directions and holding their blades tight as I sweated around as well… Then, through a long dreary list, I found “Translate” on the grey pen. Clicking towards it, the wave analyzer came up with a blank box on top. Much other things were stated in numbers, like frequency and wave type, but I was more focused on what it was looking for. It stated “Language,” but when I clicked on it, I changed it too “Current Language Setting – Reversed/Mirrored.” I then pushed it out like a microphone, putting them up to the task.

“Go ahead, say something now.” I intended, trying not to seem scared.

“Gnidaeh er'uoy naht htap lufecaep erom a nwod uoy dael neht lliw hcihw, ecived tolp a niatbo ot redro ni su htiw emoc uoy taht si ksa ew lla. yrotciv suoirolg a fo laed ruo tpecca uoy erus gnikam fo laog tnerruc a evah hcihw, srelevart emit fo puorg a, seneiT lamiT eht era ew.” The second said.

“We are the Timal Tienes, a group of time travelers, which have a current goal of making sure you accept our deal of a glorious victory. All we ask is that you come with us in order to obtain a plot device, which will then lead you down a more peaceful path than you're heading.” The pen struck into text, saying it was backwards English.

“What? Wait-wait-wait… what? I… what… um… mind telling me more?” I asked them after reading the message in angst, shaking a bit.

“Ydobyna ot sgnorw on od uoy erus ekam nac taht dohtem elbarovaf a htiw tnemirepxe ll'ew dna, won su wollof. noitcurtsed reggib a ot del ti dna, erofeb os enod evah ew sa, rehtruf hcum nialpxe tonnac ew.” The second one noted again.

“We cannot explain much further, as we have done so before, and it led to a bigger destruction. Follow us now, and we'll experiment with a favorable method that can make sure you do no wrongs to anybody.” The grey pen then textualized.

“Um… I-I-I… h-how could, I be sure? W-what do you mean- I… do… um…? I cannot not accept… you guys seem really unreliable- I mean… could you possibly provide more information?” I said in a scared frown, shaking. My heartbeat at that point was the highest in my life to be honest.

The three looked at each other, lowering their swords, and looked at each other, each to another once. They then nodded their heads and looked back upon me.

“Won eid tsum uoy neht.” The first one said, still amongst the only sound of voices.

“Then you must die now.” The grey pen translated.

“Ah!” I yelled, backing away and accidently dropping the pen. Then the third launched himself, making me dodge to the left and scatter back. He had implanted his sword into the wall, but it only slid up, fermented the toughness that these walls emitted.

Then the second Timal Tiene member came after me, slashing his sword at my neck. I ducked forwards, throwing myself into his chest and flopping him onto the floor. Then I rolled away and bounced up, instantly having to duck to the first Timal Tiene’s sword slice like the second’s. I then thrusted my hand up to his chin, puncturing him backwards. Sadly though, they gripped onto their swords well enough that it seemed I had no chance of obtaining a proper offense.

“Hey! Please, stop! Could we please talk this out?!” I screamed as the third avoided my wish and went for a down-cut. I dodged to the right, leveraging myself a heartbeat faster to their pacing. Then, I grabbed my red pen in a grasp for power.

“O- bruh!” I stated, barely backing away from a side slash the third came with. Then, I pointed my red pen and clicked way too many times. So, it shot out a laser beam, making these Timal Tienes all disperse to the wall as I tried to control the pure accuracy of the shot. It was more like I was holding a massive rod, because it put mass on my shoulders with how much I had to move the laser. Plus, it was not damaging the wall…

So, I was terrified and hoping for a way out with my few seconds of observation left, before another attack…

I looked towards the old door’s position while pulling out the yellow pen. The door was gone now, and just part of the wall was in its location. I looked around the room for escape… and found that the other side, to my top right, held an outlet to a dark corridor of immense heights that also revealed rooms rotating in weird ways and causing some sort of stairway up with different parts stringing about, like a weird dimension where things were collapsing correctly into place to form a tilted world of rooms that created the walls at ninety-degree angles and such. I honestly do not know what it is called, but you hopefully get the point.

The first came at me, trying to poke me out. I activated my yellow pen and moved to the left, making my shield fling him with the sword slightly inside it as it activated. If I had not activated it, it would not have been stuck and I would be still alive, but since it was a greater advantage, I used it to sling and bang the man into the second man. They crashed into the wall as I looked towards the third.

“Buddy, please do not…” I spoke.

He stated nothing but came at me with an uppercut. I used the shield to block and used my fists to punch his face. I then saw his pull back and decided to advance. I used the shield to push him into the wall, closed my pen’s shield, put it back in my pocket, and punched him on the cheek in order to make him flail to the ground. And to say, it was so smooth how I switched so fast… then the second and first Timal Tienes came back up, but I switch around to start my advancements towards them, and when I mean advancements, I mean killing them for survival if needed.

“You see this?” I told towards them, “I would not mess with people-you-”

The first came in without voice and went for a poke in my chest. I moved to the side a bit, grabbed the sword, felt the big pinch as I clenched it too hard, and used it to pull myself forwards and into him. Head bopping him, I then used my now bloody left hand (from the blade) to grab his beard and pull on it, then throw him unto the floor. I then pounced next to him, opening his hands devilishly and removing the sword from him. I then turned around, pain in my left hand and worry in my eyes as I had just hurt somebody. But… the second Timal Tiene member was just standing there, ready to fight with his sword slanted to the side.

I stood my sword in my right hand the same way, lending him the one-versus-one to begin.

I shook my hand to get some of the blood off, but that obviously did not help, so I rushed at him with the sword then, banging it against his upper shield block, lower left leg, and then I dodged his left swipe by moving back, but then I started the sword directly at his chest. He tried moving to the side, but I leveraged it up into his chest sideways, pressuring it down. He felt pain now, as he was probably bleeding from the low-like power of my velocity switch. Henceforth, he scrambled around as the others got up to assist, but as soon as they were all up and he was close to the door after almost a full 180 degree turn around the room, I went for another poke, and succeeded with my speed. The first rushed into me, so I blocked with my hand up and holding my sword to point down a bit to the left. The third then tackled into

us, making us almost fall to the concrete floor twenty feet below, but our swords did when we accidently flung them from the tackle... We luckily were able to act onto this path of white doors under us as it led into another blue room which was rotated ninety degrees and had three exits to other doors which could climb this cavern…

The other two came about as I fronted towards the second with a few childish punches all over his body.

I jumped up, grabbed my yellow pen from my pocket, and looked sternly toward the two men that had jumped down onto the platform. Around us was the feeling of fight, many pathways of doors in different angles flowing about, and the nothingness that flowed with our voices. Not even them landing on the platform from about a five feet drop made a sound…

“Alrighty… let us go…” I said, kneeling, keeping my eyes on the men, picking up their friend, and holding him hostage. I grasped my hands around his neck and held him forwards towards the men, “If you want to fight, then we can do so. Just know, I am not afraid anymore.”

“Ylrae tirips eurt sih etavitca dna niap eht ecudni ot ffo mih kconk, neethgie pets.” The first told the second as they stood away, swords in hard grasp and ready.

“NáitsabeS tuoba tahw?” The third asked back. The third, if I have not already explained, had the same suit on. His head was a bit more rounded yet looked like he was thirty. He had a smooth and upping orange mustache, as well as hair that was orange and stringy like Heru’s a bit. He also had teal eyes and orangish eyebrows that were slim.

“Tnorf ruo ot llah eht nwod seog yob eht erus ekam dna nur tsum eh neht. Nottub niap-nu s'ebuc eht htiw flesmih evas lliw náitsabeS yllufepoh.” The first responded with. And to say, I am getting this information from… actually, I will just say this is what I thought they were saying…

I said nothing but let them talk. Then the first man came at me as I choked his buddy harder. I then pushed the man forwards into the first, but then the first grabbed the second and thrusted him into me after a weird trip. As the first fell to the floor and I tried to perceive their strategy as I tried to grab the breathing second Timal Tiene, the third came around with a sidekick in alarming speeds. I dodged to the right, but the first then thrusted his legs up from the floor as I jumped a bit, making me fall a bit back. But the bit made me fall with the second Timal Tiene in hand. So, midway in air, I turned around as much as could to put him under me.

“Ah!” I screamed as I fell with the man trying to turn around to punch me in the air with one hand and pull out his cube in the other.

I felt the wind and lift of my spirit, bones, and fluids inside as I fell a longways down. There were other door pathways too, which scared me even more if we fell onto one; and we did. I fell onto one with his head to upper torse being my shield from the right passageway below. I was also then fidgeting to make sure he would not get my high ground all that time, by grabbing his hair and pulling it up, and making my body use him as boat in the air. But as the twenty feet came closer to us, even after the flop we had when hitting the door pathway, which just made us do a deceleration and backflip, I placed myself in a position of sitting on my knees on top of him as much as I could, making sure my body could have a shield of him as I crumbled myself together and aimed our rotations so I was on top, by moving my weight. I made his arms tremble and sway so whatever he was doing with the cube could not save him or hurt me... and when we got close to the floor, I made sure to make his head thrust down as much as possible. Then he had thrown the cube in a certain velocity as a final effort to do something, but I was unsure of what.

Then, we hit the floor. His head was pounded into the floor, splatting blood, and malfunctioning his face onto the floor. It was gruesome and red. I felt a massive intense push into his body as it pounded hard into the floor, but I then got up with a paralyzed look to the acceleration of his crimson streams and sudden plop to all my bones, stiffening the pain. The feeling was like when you have that fake fall in bed but maximize it and make it frizzle your bones a lot more when the impact hits. It made my heartbeat explode, and I felt the pain of crashing into him from a slight gap between us.

He had let the cube go towards one of the two halls nearby. The cube had spawned in a circle of thin green fire around his corpse, cutting the exits of this area off. But his body was unmoving, and I was squealing away from his death. I jumped myself up again, seeing the torture and green that was about. It was truly mad.

“Sdneirf ruoy tuohtiw si ti erehw yrotciv suoirolg ruo fo noisrev a eveihca ot uoy stnaw eh! Laed s'namkcits eht wollof ton od, dlihc!” The second stated over.

I wide eyed the situation around me. So much had just happened, and they were trying to reach me by going down other door walkways that were closer together on their left. I was to run away from their randomness, and my kill. I was too scared to talk, to cry, to understand, so I looked at the thin fire and ran through it, and then towards the hallway with the cube. I picked

it up with a swipe and ran away as much as I could, down the darkness of a long hall that probably led nowhere…

I found a pair of stairs in the darkness, babbling me and my bones as I ran into the wood. I decided to find my way up it, using the thinking of my rushing brain, which made me trip a few times as I gambled up the stairs quickly. When I reached a certain point, I tried waking up into another set of stairs, but found a white door fall over and reveal a patch of green lands, infinite and never-ending. I stepped high onto the grass, looking back as the door faded into oxygen, literally going transparent, and the dark stairs which had no light emitting on them still, faded away the same. The talks of the Timal Tienes decreased, and I was left to this new world. Hills were about, and a literally giant wooden boat stood acres away. It looked like Noah's ark to be honest…

"Well, that was quite extraordinary." The similar voice stated to my left again.

I looked to see the Stickman sign, moving with all its creepiness. I startled back at the sight, but also recognized his existence. There were no clouds above, not even a sun, but the sky was blue, making the air feel a little moist and warm, which added onto the terrifying encounter that I had to examine to make sure this was happening.

"What… in the world… was that?" I asked him, trembling.

"The Timal Tienes. They wanted to give you their own version of my deal, which is sad since it is literally their only purpose." The stickman sign said as it extended its mesh with a bouncy format where it just leaned and moved enough, so you could see the ADHD, "But, I am here to say you are doing well in progress."

"Wa-?" I tried.

"Do not try to catechize it now. All your questions will be answered soon…" The stickman ended.

"Where- I- um- why- how- what?" I stuttered, looking around, and then at my hands, seeing I was still grasping the cube.

"Aww… does little man not know where is he is? First up though, the fact that I am literally in front of you with a physical form tends to say I am real, right?" The stickman switched.

"Uh… I mean… I guess…" I inhaled and exhaled largely with my dark blondish freckles.

“Okay cool, so now you know I am another entity, right? And not just some schizophrenic illusion of yours?” The stickman then said.

“I-I-I-I guess?”

“Alrighty… and the deal, we will discuss later… but, secondly, what do you think of Noah’s ark?” The stickman said.

“I- what- oh… um… sure… looks cool…” I spoke finally straight, “Why am I here?”

“I just thought maybe… you know… you wanted to touch it or something? Maybe go inside and look around at the old relic? Just, know it exists? (I look at the sign with confusion.) No? Oh, okay… then I am guessing your next question is how to get home, right?” He then catechized.

“Right…” I founded.

“Alrighty… you can walk through that portal to find a way home.” He then stated, shimmering his circles over to a cubical, purple-lined portal gateway to a dark room with pictures stated around a long and concrete grey hallway of nothing but the staleness, each image in golden frames showing a green amoeba inside of a red goo of some sort.

“Wa- what?” I told the stickman, leaving my mouth open to more questions.

“Well, it is a room which leads to a room with a portal gun which can get you home…” the Stickman stated with a devilish intention.

“Oh… okay… but first, actually, I will take you with me… if I can get you up from the ground of course…” I said, looking at the sign.

“No… I will not be with you on any un-personal journeys. It is either you and me, or not at all.” He said, shaking his two-dimensional head.

I went over with a smiling yet angry and terrified face of what would happen if I tried. I went over to tap the top of the wooden sign with my free hand, but found his default expression in the silence, inducing the next occurrence to a flawing scare.

I yelled a scream as I suddenly got teleported back to where Ryutyu was sitting on the couch, looking down. I was tapping his nose now, and the sign of the Stickman was gone, and the scenery, now suddenly and silently replaced with the immediate closure of Cyclop’s living room. Ryutyu bounced up his spine in awe and a slight scream as he suddenly saw me pop into existence with my own terror, and bop on his snout.

“What the fuck!?” He asked in the yell as I was doing so too, making his tail stand straight up in fear with his wide-eye sockets and ear flicker.

“Ryutyu! Oh my god… uh… what?” I asked the room around me as I was too scared to realize there were no illusions around, and this was all real.

“What- what- how’re here?” Ryutyu asked as he started to relief himself.

“I… just came in… I?” I confused myself, breathing in and out slowly and sitting on the couch with a quick awareness state towards the windows. I looked upon my hands and saw the cube was gone… “The cube?” I then whispered to myself in an awe of terrifying, before nudging it off with a sighing shake of my head and trying to calm down again.

“What happened?!” Ryutyu asked, “How’d ya’ come back in an instant? Where’d ya’ come from even!?”

“I… okay… oh… Ryutyu… I… okay, okay…” I started as I put myself up straight next to him, “So… could I get a moment of silence to reconfigure my brain to what just happened?”

“Lad…” Ryutyu shook his head.

“Okay, Ryutyu… how would I explain this?” I asked.

“What in fuck’s name is ya’ doing?” Ryutyu demanded.

“You are not helping…” I stated back with depression.

“Oh- s-sorry lad…” Ryutyu said with a sudden sad face letting his tail wave down from the exclusive upright.

“Alrighty… first things first… I would like to say… those Timal Tienes men; the Spanish men… they were a bit… weirder than I expected…”

Ryutyu paused with ease into what I had to say.

“Okay, okay… Ryutyu…” I tried as I remembered everything.

“Y-yes?” he asked. I laid my arm on his back and started after a deep breath.

“So… the Timal Tiene men tried to escape into this apartment building with a bunch of blue rooms that trapped me inside a loop with some exceptions. After I ran in craze for some time, I finally got to a room from some stairs after punching down a bunch of white doors, and I found this sign… the sign… told me in the like- everything had no sound first of all- no sound, no taste, no air on your lips- no smell- just silence of senses, except

vision- and the sign just existed to my left and said, ‘This is where the boss battle begins,’ and then he disappeared as the… Timal Tienes came in to slice me up…” I started.

“Um… and then?” Ryutyu asked.

“Ryutyu, I would like to give you a secret of mine real quick though…” I said, “Before I continue…”

“Oh?” He spoke.

“This Stickman sign… it was a dream character’s face of mine, like a stickman’s but with big black eyes, and it… was on a wooden sign… and I had been this guy in my dreams since my last two dreams. He acts like me in a way, but more extroverted… I think he might be a real being living in my mind or something… but he was around the Timal Tienes, and they did not pay attention towards him, so I think he might be an illusion…” I stated to Ryutyu.

“I…” He awed.

“Can I trust you to not tell Cyclop that right now?” I asked.

“Why?” he asked back.

“It is just super random and makes me look crazy. And I know I look stupid for telling you this-”

“Ya’ don’t look stupid… I’m ya’ friend- if something is worrying you, I can help with whatever it is…” Ryutyu quoted incorrectly.

“You took that from the damn game we had earlier.” I found.

“Well… it strung me with a mood…” Ryutyu started.

“Okay, back to my thing. (I chuckled, making him smile a bit,) The Timal Tienes has swords and they were fighting me as I tried to first translate their backwards English with the grey pen, and then found they wanted me to join them to go somewhere else and leave you guys behind… or something they wanted to stop from me enduring a destruction or something…”

“And ya’ picked the correct choice lad.” Ryutyu said, “Ya’ shouldn’t go off with strangers…”

“But I went off with you, idiot.” I joked, letting my hand off him.

“Oh- damn… heh.” He laughed, and I did too.

“And beforehand, I went with Cyclop to dodge a missile, remember?” I spoke.

“Yeah.” Ryutyu spoke.

“Okay- anyways… so… yeah, I did a little fighting with the red and yellow pen, and eventually I got knocked off with one of them to another story, and then we fell off… and I threw him into the floor below… in order to protect myself… and… he…”

I stopped.

“He… what?” Ryutyu started…

“You see, this is the part I did not want to tell you. It… is… scary… and my blood is rushing just from the thought that I would even do a thing…”

“What’d you do?!”

“I… Ryutyu, I am scared.”

Ryutyu put his hand onto my back.

“Whatever happened is okay to keep as a secret with meh.” Ryutyu stated.

“Well… I killed a man… out of anger of battle…” I answered, lowering my head.

A pause made me feel embarrassed.

“Well done, lad! That’s the greatest achievement anybody- YOU could have wished for!” Ryutyu exclaimed.

“What- what? You are supposed to be backing away and calling nine-one-one.” I stated in confusion.

“I have no idea what that is- but I wouldn’t do it! Killing somebody on purpose because thee was pursuing you on a dangerous level is like… the most fulfilling deed to conquer! You ain’t gonna get tested or trialed- you gonna get a reward for that shit! You’re saving others by putting a criminal down! It’s so cool! I’ve never personally done it… but many back at thee castle have- and they say it feels like heaven’s finest wine!” Ryutyu exclaimed with joy.

“I still have no idea how you guys have wine but not electricity…” I joked.

“But- like- you survived!” Ryutyu said, patting me on the back with a smile in his yellowish teeth.

“But- like- the way you talk is constantly changing…” I then joked with a grin.

“Oh. Oop, sorry- just something that happens when I’m excited…” Ryutyu tried.

I squinted at him with a bigger grin.

“Are you lying to me? Do YOU have a secret? Should I know about something?” I catechized him a triple.

“I swear I’m just doing it by nature!” He stated, putting his hands up.

“Alrighty…” I squinted further, “But- I swear you are going to make me go insane with that kind of talk…” I then said in a whisper that resonated towards him.

“My accent or that-kill-you-had?” He asked.

“The kill… like, if we find a way to kill people because they were trying to offend us illegally is just going to make us a couple of ‘murderer-want-to-be’ people. I am going to be honest with you right now… I am scared that I might go to jail for a higher council, but I am also thrilled by the experience the more I think of it.” I ended my part.

“Well- they’re the bad guys and ya’ aren’t, so killin’ em’ should be of no lawsuit to ya’ expense.” Ryutyu sentenced.

“How do you know about lawsuits in your medieval time?” I asked.

“Just… sus.” He spoke.

“OH- OKAY.” I bolded, “Now, could we… possibly get back to gaming and look like we did nothing?”

“I guess, but I’m hungry!” Spoke Ryutyu with a needy voice impression.

I snorted. “Me too. I will go check the cabinets for food.”

“Hold on- ya’ don’t know how to read that stuff…” Ryutyu said, hopping over.

“Hm… thanks.” I stated.

We walked over to the kitchen of Cyclop, finding each cabinet was wooden with golden knobs of squares. We opened the right above the phone; a half-heighted cabinet, finding it held some sort of cylinder containers looking like drugs or pills. We searched the next top one, full and hanging compared to the first. It contained packages of crackers in zebra

shapes, cat-shaped mushrooms in a translucent bag, some bottles filled with… cheese? - And some other things.

“Gurof-b-fo? That’s weird company name.” Ryutyu said.

“What?” I recalled.

“Yeah, me response too, it’s extremely hard to pronounce the word.” Ryutyu created.

I looked at the package. Of course, nothing was to visualize to my brain in an understanding way besides the image of zebras in stripes of green and red.

I shrugged off and went to look around more. I found cabinets with silverware somewhat related to ours, or mine. There were other cabinets with dressings and sauces, spices, dippers, pots, and one with a miniature sculpture of Jesus Christ giving a thumbs up with a Cyclop next to him, also thumbing up.

“Question: Could you explain what Christianity is like for you guys?” I asked to Ryutyu from behind.

“Christianity? You mean like Jesus Christ?”

“Yes, fully explain. I barely remember the summary you gave last night…” I said to Ryutyu.

“Okay… he was cool- If I remember more correctly, he came down from heaven and inspected our castles at an early age. He spread hope and conquest through the lands, argumented for peace across the most deadliest tribes back then. That was before one tribe, called the Yumors Inb Eaqs, decided to hang him for trespassing, even though he had a visit pass or something. It was unfair, and everybody went to war with the tribe, eventually leading to all castles settling out for a resolution against wars after demolishing those bastards. He arose four days later, I think, and asked us to not sin, giving the crowd one bible each. It said that he would come back in three thousand years for a recruitment but has never been seen again.” Ryutyu let out.

“Damn, an entire story, and you remember all that… new question is, was Jesus like you?” I then catechized.

“Yeah, kind of and not… I got the Bible stuff from a nearby Christian friend at thee castle… he was said to be like a human at first- in which I had no idea of what that was- until you… and then he was a full on doggish-dragon boy after being prompted by some landlord to transform… and I guess he was normal, having glowing green everywhere, and grew till about

forty-four. He was great to everybody- funny, and cool. Then of course, the battle.” Ryutyu then explained. “What about ya’ Jesus?”

“Extremely nice. Helped and did a lot of things like your Jesus but was slaughtered by some Romans.” I told to Ryutyu without pause.

“Oh…” He released, unknowing if I was happy or not. I shook my head to reassure him it was not nice at all. He raised sad eyebrows.

“So… gaming?” I asked.

“Oh… okay…” Ryutyu smiled.

“Yeah- I know I am trying to avoid the obvious elephant in the room- being the facts of what the hell just happened…” I said, “But, if we do not mind it- we can have a better and more whOlESoME oNE-hUnDrEd dAY.”

“Yeah, I agree lad… I try to avoid the think of things that would make me sad or angry too…” Ryutyu stated.

“Hm- yes- also- I have one last question, good man.” – Me, Eighty-Three.

“What is thy?” Ryutyu asked in a medieval tone after a second.

“Why do you speak differently? Like in different accents?” I asked Ryutyu, who looked at me.

“I dunno’- but you do too, lad!” Stated Ryutyu, nudging me.

“Buddy-” – Me, jokingly.

“Are you lying to me? Do YOU have a secret? Should I know about something?” Ryutyu catechized ME a triple.

“No – but the fact that you remembered those words exactly…” I voiced jokingly.

We both chuckled.

“Alrighty… so, what about the blue-eyed cyclops?” I then asked.

“He talked to me for a bit, telling me all was gonna’ be alright, even if not, and explaining that the pen had some sort of tracking device to another grey pen he had-”

“He **had** other pens?”

“Yeah- and he used them to track the audio and visuals from ya’ grey pen, but he didn’t show meh anything… and I was listening to any sound that might have been able to occur.” Ryutyu said.

“Alrighty.” I happily agreed to listen to.

Just then, Cyclop opened the door. We saw Wilma standing in back and to the left of Cyclop, holding her sleeves into each other, letting the sleeves drip down as she looked to have the cloth diverge into itself like an old senpai figure. Cyclop was in front, loafing a huge grey sack bag over his shoulder, having his grey pen inside the key door hole, opening it somehow. He then pulled his back and looked at us in the kitchen, letting the darkened and nearer-evening sunshine flow through, emitting Wilma as a large being with her nine tails making a shadowy impression bigger than others.

“Hey, Ryutyu, is your leg fixed yet?” He said after a pause as we viewed Wilma with her staring and unmoving essence.

“Uh- no.” Ryutyu responded.

Another talk, really?

“So, ya’ are Wilma, right?” Ryutyu asked as we sat at the round table once again, but now it was out from the wall and with four chairs.

“Wilma Xeryt.” She fulfilled.

“Okay… are you against us?” Rytuyu went on, snacking on the Gurof-b-fos box.

“I never was. I was just playing around.” She joked to us, making Ryutyu instantly worried and confused like Cyclop, also at the table with the bag to his side.

“Now, what are your thoughts on **macaroni** and *cheeeeese?”* I stated, bored.

Wilma turned to me in full confusion- okay, I am sorry for so much of that word, but my vocabulary is limited, okay? Alrighty, so I, instead of telling her it was joke, just switched the topic as everyone else was happily intertwined to know the answer now.

“Also, do the porkchops go in before the milk, or after? Making cereal is quite hard these days, not-going-to-lie.” I continued to joke with Ryutyu at my aid in full pleasure.

“Porkchops go alone. They are not cereal.” Wilma finally agreed to answer.

“No, answer my question of which I put in the bowl first! What kind of dilemma you are trying to set up? Like… sheesh, she is trying to make me put the spoon in first, which, of course, will make the milk curve up and out of the bowl because of physics...” I then demanded.

“Can we back on topic?” Cyclop grinned nicely.

She shook her head no. “Show me what kind cereal you eat.”

Cyclop sighed and got up to go drag the bag to his room.

“Nah, the joke is old… now- but we did want to ask- are planning against us?” I then asked.

She shook her head no. “I am obliging to this new problem you all are having.”

Cyclop was now pulling the sack bag into his room after a curly turn around the structure of his home. It looked as if there were bodies in it, so I converted the attention over to him.

“What are those!?” I asked like the meme, pointing to the bag.

“These… are astronaut suits… made for… surviving bad attacks… such as… rocks splintering up… or being hit by a meteor… me and Wilma went to go buy them at last minute… right before we… left the mall…” Cyclop said every time he was not pulling the chug with all his might.

“Cool… anyways, what is the real reason ya’ are helping us after what ya’ done and tried at even the battle though?” Ryutyu considered back in.

Cyclop seemed to notice the question and zoomed in for the answer as well.

Wilma sighed before her response. “Multiple reasons.”

“Do you want to list them?” I asked.

“I could.” She said, pausing everybody.

“Don’t, just tell… her what we’ve got to do…” Cyclop nudged as he continued loafing the bag into his room and shutting the door.

“I have to get back home, for my own safety, for Cyclop’s job, and for you and Ryutyu’s discovery back home, wherever you guys came from.” I spoke.

“With a name that is a number?” Wilma smiled.

“Oh, yeah, why are you named Eighty-three again?” Ryutyu cockily pronounced.

“I needed a nickname; so, my favorite number came to choice.” I answered, “But- back to this business please- I *need* to get home.”

“Why not stay?” Wilma curiously asked.

“So… I don’t lose my privileges or my job for a certain amount of time or get you guys killed by Heru for elongating our adventure.” Cyclop said as he came out of his room.

“Do we leave to find our own universes afterwards?” Wilma said, looking down.

“Well, if you can take Ryutyu back home- that’ll be swell, and if you want, I could contact my authorities to truly see if you guys need your memories erased…” Cyclop budged in as he sat down again.

“Also, Wilma- do you remember anything of your past?” I said, running the idea that Wilma must now tell.

“I do. I remember being in a hut with my family. I do not remember my family. The important object was that I was sitting quietly.” She shortly explained.

“Oh yeah? Well, I remember my family. My dad’s name was Elchester Yudas Eudsavar. He is a wizard-” Cyclop started.

“Did we ask?” Ryutyu inclined.

“Ha- but- wait- wizard?” I found in Cyclop, eyeing him constructively.

“Well… he is enlisted as a wizard. His job is to comfort many tools handed to him, provided by the council: ‘Cyclopals,’ obviously, using them for universal justice of course- and he kind of just keeps them in check with some allies otherwise. But un-fun fact- my mother died when I was four, and

henceforth I never could ask for a brother, or any siblings.” Cyclop said, having a straight face in the last part. His eager expressions and happy personality only made me more worried though.

“How old is your father?” Wilma catechized.

“247.” Cyclop exploded into our minds.

“Wow! Me people only live to about 162!” Ryutyu shot in.

“What about your kind of people, Wilma?” I asked, knowing everybody knew humans died at like ninety years of age.

“We call ourselves the caretakers. We keep the world in balance throughout our 23,432 years we live on our exotic planet.” Wilma said.

“Ya’ must be lying.” Ryutyu dropped with a jaw drop.

“I am not.” She answered quickly. “I am 4,397 years old.”

“bRuH! sHe iS uSiNg COmMaS! sHe hAS tO uSE cOmMaS iN oRdEr tO sAy tHOsE laRGE nUmBeRs!” I did an ambience.

“If you’re so old, then why-”

“My people rap battle in our spare time. There are no fights because our arguments pour those out. My knowledge is also large in history.” Wilma stated.

“Boasting.” I spoke, with Cyclop getting up.

“Hold on everybody, I’ll go get the suits ready for our next mission…” Cyclop said, leaving.

“Alrighty.” I stated again.

So, Wilma had just answered my question about knowledge, Ryutyu’s about oldness, and mine again about Wilma’s spare time and politics. Thing I did not really care for, so I then asked a more pleasantly important question: “How do you read our minds?”

“I wonder that too sometimes. I sense brainwaves. Brainwaves vary with their frequency of mind waves. Higher frequency equals higher vision of the thought.” Wilma said, looking at Ryutyu because she knew I was just getting reassured of the fact, “I would like to try entering a body and finding out what lies deep in their minds with the neurons they have gained. I do not though. It looks and sounds creepy.”

“Eh… probably is. How would you go inside somebody though?” Ryutyu asked.

“I can minimize my size. I use atoms to my wealth.” Wilma sentenced apart.

“Hold on, can you tell me why Ryutyu changes from ‘you’ to ‘ya’’ or speaks normal English and at other times speaks old English?” I asked of Wilma.

Wilma looked at Ryutyu, daring her ears down on him as her tails waved smoothly and yet faster now.

“He just goes with the flow.” She spoke.

“Of course…” I shook my head, making Ryutyu smile at my smirk and head bob afterwards.

“So, guys, and one gal, what do you think of these astronaut suits? I figured our sizes through estimations, so I hope they fit. If they don’t, just let me help you put pressure into them…” He hastily stated, running back to his closet to go configure the next one as he gave me a normal one with a toss.

I caught the astronaut suit, and looked at its white, shining, metalizing shell. The entire thing was like a NASA spacesuit, but there were thick perpendicular stripes on every end. These stripes were rainbow, and I thought they all were, till Cyclop brought out Ryutyu’s and threw it to him. His stripes were blue and like mine, in shape of rectangles, but it had a tube that let his tail come through. It had more diameter, but I could see his tail furs would hesitate it.

“Hold on, let me go to the bathroom first.” I stated, getting up.

“Me too.” Ryutyu insisted, letting his suit just ease to the floor like mine, as he came with me to the door in the middle of the hallway to the guest and Cyclop’s room. I entered first, finding it was quite blue textured in squares, and relatable to a human’s bathroom… but there was a difference…

“Why is the toilet hole so big? What kind of shits are you cyclops taking?” I said to the ambience, making Ryutyu smirk at my sudden joke as I locked the door.

So, I did my job, letting the toilet flush with a nice, soapy water, then washed my hands with pink soap in front a mirror, seeing my unshaved face, dried my hands in the blonde towel on a metal hook behind me, then went out the white door to put my suit on, letting Ryutyu do his business in his ragged clothing. It took him longer than my quick experience.

“Has Cyclop ever failed you?” Wilma then randomly asked after a short while, as I came back over. I was also putting on my suit like jumpsuits, in front of her.

“No… he took care of me instead of eat me, which will always be a plus.” I said, honoring the look of Ryutyu’s glance at Cyclop’s sharp teeth as he entered with a smile to the living room the same time Ryutyu was leaving the bathroom with wet hands he did not dry with the towel, but grabbed his hoodie to dry them. Cyclop then finally threw Wilma her own, but it was slightly different, with the stripes being brown.

The furry people started to put their suits on.

For Wilma and Ryutyu, there was an inflatable tail holder, and Cyclop left without any instructions but to just fit her nine-tails into it, with Ryutyu just to try to put his one tail into a floppy cylinder. Cyclop then went back into his room and picked up the suit for him, in orange. He came out awkwardly, seeing that I put my suit on with soggy indents, Ryutyu was just glazed with his own air and jaw pressing against the glass, and Wilma just frowning at the amount of space she was composed into now.

“We fat now?” He asked jokingly, after a pause.

“Less fat than Wilma.” I laughed immediately.

She sighed with Ryutyu also chuckling inside the suits. Cyclop smiled, shook his head, and announced the next thing with a sigh.

“But honestly, guys, I **dislike these suits**. Never buy cheap astronaut suits from a man with a red eye.” Cyclop breathed out to us, “Never buy anything from the Red Eyes actually, because they’re all robots with bad marketing skills.”

“Ight broski.” Ryutyu said.

“Robots now?” I asked Cyclop again.

“Yeah- wait- let’s check up on Heru first, we need to find out if he’s escaped prison or something, just in case.” Cyclop entered again, trying to walk to the front door.

“Do you have one of those portal guns the cops were using?” I asked, confronting that he was totally making us do this.

He looked back with the most stubborn grin I could see. “No, and no portals inside. And I have pens that can do that already- but both could still suck objects inside and towards another location, so we do it outside on a flat surface where only the grass could get cut off.”

So, we squished ourselves through the door roughly, came out to the quiet road, and opened a portal…

HAHA, lol meet.

“So, you need my help?” Heru honored to us, flipping a golden coin whilst leaning against the wall, letting a lighting effect of coolness, darkness, and shallow intentions cross our scene. It was a rusty cell with stone everything, grey and obsolete, yet smelled strong with bricks. Light was surely enough to keep the entirety of it all awake, since the window, crossed with barring, were big in radius yet let slices through. And the bricky, dirty floor of sweat made some puddles even, arising a smell of discomfort to whose sweat it was.

“No, we just wanted to see how you were doing, because, you know, you’re like the only prisoner here.” Cyclop directed back to him. We were standing there like we had all just seen the end of the world or something so terrifying, because we became stiff.

“What about that guy?” He told back, not even looking but pointing to the other cyclops within the closed jail cell with the same features.

Cyclop turned behind him to see a cyclops washing the floors with a light blue, stringed mop with green water silking on it, but with a metallic grey pole for grabbing, and the blue metallic bucket of green liquid having no soap. He was in a tuxedo just like the rest of the cyclops. [Book created by William White]

“He’s the janitor, dumbass.” Ryutyu flashed back angrily.

“Fuck you.” Heru stated, looking up to see now the janitor looking over to them.

“Ryutyu, do not.” I landed my astronaut suit hand onto his left shoulder.

“Sorry for Ryutyu’s ambition here… we’re going to bounce now, before any of us get too greedy for revenge- so best of luck that you grow out of your vicious ways, mister Heru…” Cyclop lead as nice as he could, walking further and into the middle of the long hallway, grabbing his orange pen and clicking it.

We hopped through while Heru was angry, clenching the bars as Wilma finally went in last before he saw us vanish to our hopes. Then the portal closed as the janitor looked back onto his work in the other cell. Heru saw a cyclops also come down from the hallway’s entrance, a guard technically, and Heru had the instinct just to turn back and look away from him.

“Why do you really hate those guys?” The cyclops assistant from the battle said. He was the same guy who asked why we were against Heru in

the street battle. He came up to Heru with a chocolate chip cookie in his hands, untouched of the mouth yet.

“That boy deserves to die.” Heru shocked to the cyclops. The cyclops did not flinch, instead he lent his hand out to Heru, letting Heru look at cookie, but most importantly, the mercy, and gladly grab it after a surprised pause. Heru then was chomping down on the square chocolate chip cookie, smiling at the wall of thick rocks, and looking away from the cyclops still.

“I hope it helps... personalities like yours just need some assistance sometimes...” The cyclops reminded, turning around to walk away.

Heru had tried to use air to make the keys off the Cyclop’s pants and float to him with his free, left hand; but the cell sensed it, turning the entire area into a giant lightning shock container, while giving the door bars a rainbow-flowing wall that slide to the left of the container from the right on the other side, that then the wall would then light on purple fire inside, and then sink back into the walls from a rectangular hole, all in the same split seconds it fired out, and none would hit the cyclops outside if they hesitated to touch the rainbow wall. There was also a flashing barrier if the wall failed, but we will not talk about that, because too much science connects it to physics and, particularly, field forces with fiction.

“Aw…” The cyclops stated as he turned around to see Heru try that. His keys were still on him, but the force fields, or field forces, stopped his energy from flowing through the particles, so he was instead tased, obviously as I already stated.

Then, after a moment of Heru getting himself back into place, another cyclops walked past our cyclops, this one being in a grey tuxedo, having no other differences, and he placed some miso soup on the floor, then gently sliding in into Heru’s room through the thick bars. The cyclops leeched back, scared that Heru might have tried to grab his arm, but there were automatic shocking buttons in place for whenever he would act bad, so he did not try at all because of past experiences.

The cyclops then rushed without any words, and our associate also left at about the same time.

Heru frowned as he saw the cookie be some dust onto the floor now but turned it into a smile as he saw the soup. He grabbed the miso soup, dipped his hand in, and placed his hands upon the bars of the window. He thought it could help by maintaining a rust till the material would fall off, but he did not know if the material would ever disintegrate.

“I hope this works...” Heru thought to himself.

Nothing happened, except the wind of the air was so fresh outside, it only made him more eager to escape. Heru then looked out to the suns, grinning as his hand was soaked in the soup.

“That’s going to take at least a year for the rust to actually do something, and by then you’re already going to be transported somewhere else, and even if not, you’ll have to get past the force fields we got enlisted too.” The janitor said as he continued sweeping.

Heru frowned right after, suddenly realizing the cyclops was right. He knew nothing about physics but was sure the amount of energy in him could provide something to help.

“Okay… so… what if… can I?” He said as he backed away and walked back and forth through the stall to see if it could spring and idea into him.

The cyclops in the other cell just shook his head and stated: “Tegur…”

But, as he was doing so, Heru had a brilliant idea.

“Ouchie!” He yelled inside, not minding the millions of bolts persuade his body into ashes as he morphed into the window. He was passing through the threshold, making his blood and body compress to be malfunctioned as it passed the threshold slowly and disgustingly, making streams fall back and forwards from the window from the tough lightning and stress. Then he was falling six feet to the cut grass below. He lied on the ground dramatized but trying to reform slowly with the little energy left.

“Hey! What in the world!?” The cyclops janitor yelled, pulling out his grey pen, “Red Eyes, Heru is escaping! I need help at the Down-Town Thirteen Jail!” He yelled to the grey pen’s phone call.

Heru was burnt everywhere now, and he had kept the screaming inside for over six seconds. Mainly, his essence was melted off, sludging down like lava had been poured quickly onto it with black paint as he put it back together like a weird mutation. Heavily deformed, he sucked the air into what remains of a mouth he had drooping left in his sludge form of crimson, eventually bloating it till it looked somewhat normal. The scratches on his face enticed him to hurry up, squinting countless dols of pain to his body every second. He had to leave this area, so he used his mosquito wings to open, but they fell to dust in moments as some bolts of lightning hit again. He ached a yell and then stopped, knowing the cops were coming already. He took off, running as fast as he could, leaving puddles of blood as he took off in pain and torture. He tried his fastest to go the fastest, running far until he saw the police form run towards him from the distance.

Heru was far enough and past a few trees now, in the open land that was left before a suburban village- so he opened a portal with his finger in a slight motion as he was still drooping to the ground: that portal leading out to a random world. He crawled, (or sludges as you could say), himself through the glimmering blue of an oval and laid almost dead on the ground. But his reign was off no stopping there.

The portal closed as Heru again vacuumed air into his body, using it to fill back up his body from the atoms he had lost. Eventually, he could stand from a long reformation process, but still was tired. Once this deteriorated being could use his two legs, he used the ground to form a tentacle, stabbing himself with the Earth’s nutrients. After some of traveled into his body, he recovered his skin, but now with a brown, blonde, and greenish touch. It was disgusting, but he looked like he only the floor of the forest from a trip on a stick. Now, Heru gazed upon the desolate desert, finding a town to be instantly nearby…

Heru's Genocide

Heru, now upon a world he had almost no consideration of, was smiling to the town. It was made of ancient sand homes that were planted in the sand dunes, slightly a walk towards. Each one was a blonde and dusty, cubical sandstone with no windows but rather circular holes, and no doors either…

Heru started his walk to the village, noticing some people started to affirm into reality by noticing him too, but some were already there and rushing over to tell the news of what they just saw.

"It's a god! He's reformed himself!" They screamed to the village as Heru came forth.

These people were midgets of humans, like literal dwarfs. The males were having brown beards and the woman having black hair always. Each had a pink tube as a nose that hung down, and pimples washed into their face. Their skin was dark, and their mouths always open and drooling white spit. Their eyes were literal black spheres instead of human eyes, and their eyebrows were thick and unified. Their shirts were green and old with their pants being shaggy and blue, with boots of leather brown and strings of white wool. They were all at least half the height of Heru, but each was fat and wore a hat to protect their bald heads; the hat being a fedora of leather brown, literally a dirty dirt-brown fedora they tipped off when Heru was becoming present in their lands.

"Oh my! Me my! Isn't that the god of nature?!" The girl, with a normal pitched voice, said on the side of two men stated in their language, nothing Earthly.

"No- it's a dangerous stranger… look! He's fully white, not like any of our gods! He might be something else!" A man said in the back to the coming crowd.

"He also has fully white eyes! He's probably another being possessed by a god!" The boy next, on the left of the girl, said lowly and darkly to the crowd's growing size with his luxury cut.

"Our god of Eart has come to save us with a messenger!" Another guy yelled.

“We must worship him, or the gods will get mad!” Another random stated.

“Actually, before we worship him- we should use him for science and studies to see if he’s actually a god or possessed being…” A doctor devilishly grinned to their right. He wore a white shirt and held a wooden clipboard, and nothing else but a white fedora and had no hairline.

“Wait- but what if he calls the god of destruction if we don’t give him luxury instantly?” The girl asked the doctor, making the crowd sudden into the thought.

The doctor sighed with his smartness… “We’ll give him luxury, just let me run some tests on him first…”

“Um… hello? Do you guys have water, possibly spare blood and food?” Heru asked as he stubbed his earthly reformed body towards them.

“What does he want?” The boy to the right swagged at Heru, with a childish voice of a man, somehow. He had an afro and no fedora, implying something about him was important.

“Didn’t the gods speak our language?” The girl asked again, noticing Heru was using some of his particle’s energy to bring up soil from the sand

“What if they don’t, but they’re still gods?” The right man of the girl asked.

“Ahem- lord, are you badly hurt?” The doctor stated instead, as the crowd let him pass towards the doctor who stared at Heru and made the greatest eye contact.

“I don’t understand your language.” Heru said in English, shaking his head and shrugging as widely as he could.

“Maybe he doesn’t understand Felopoko… do you understand Fetre?” The dwarf asked in the language Fetre after Felopoko.

“I said, I don’t-understand-what-your-language- but look! Arm! Hurt! Me- bleeding! Assistance!” Heru stated in English further.

“I think he’s saying his arm is amputated and un-regenerating…” The doctor implied as Heru removed his left, earthly and crimson red arm, and shoved it in their face, letting the blood flow down extremely slowly.

“Let him pass with the doctor!” Another dark dwarf asked of the crowd to do.

The doctor turned and moved from the crowd as it was dispersing away from Heru, and the doctor shook his hand to lead Heru towards his path.

Heru just went on, letting his dirt from his earthly-manipulated body parts fall off as he trudged with the doctor to the second sandstone building on the right.

The doctor led him in and down a sudden staircase of sandstone into a grey stoned hallway that led to a white wool door. The doctor opened it and showed him the medical bed, made of white wool, like a nearby wooden table with white wool as its top and some glass instruments, like flasks and graduated cylinders- but a giant graduated cylinder contained the red substance of liquids called “blood,” which made Heru point towards.

“You want the blood?” The doctor asked.

Heru shrugged and was wide-eyed in his voiding white eyes. He had nothing to say but was going with it as he saw regeneration products just in front.

The doctor lent his hand towards the bed and let Heru observe to lay down on the pillow-less bed. So, he did, but sat up and watched the medical scientist.

Then the doctor stayed silent as he went for a nail, or needle if you want to call it. He pulled out a hammer too, and a few other nails. Then, he grabbed a pair of scissors from a white wool toolbox just like humans, located on the top of the table. Around Heru were lanterns, with fireflies in the darkness too. There were pictures of art around, but nothing else besides the three hung wooden canvases on metal nails of detached and dislocated surgeries in red and black paints.

Heru sighed. “Can’t doctors just get to the point sometimes? Why they gotta do all this ‘starting’ stuff and finding out who you are? Just give me some medicine, or the blood, I don’t want to have to steal it…” Heru whispered to himself. The doctor whipped around, squinted, before returning with Heru’s confused eyebrows, “Hey, dude, do you speak cyclops?” Heru asked in the language of the cyclops.

The doctor stayed silent and continued examining his tools before he took the flask and poured the giant graduated cylinder of blood into it with his left hand. Once filled to the top of their own measurements, the doctor turned and looked at Heru in the eyes. He grabbed the scissors and hammer in his left, with the flask in his right hand.

The doctor slowly came over with a handful of his tools. He let the flask rest on the bed as arranged his tools into his human hands and got ready to start indented onto Heru's right hand he had just lying there. Then, he pointed up his finger in a "wait," and went back to retrieve a syringe of some medieval sort. It was metallic and like an injector of normalized proportions but seemed greyer and more rounded with its blue liquid inside the container, having only two glass rectangles in the middle on two sides, allowing anything to be seen on the other side. The doctor came back over in a jiffy to stab it into Heru's right arm, making Heru just continue raising his eyebrows and be stinged enough to have a displeased facial expression.

"Hopefully… this next procedure… doesn't… hurt…" The doctor smiled as Heru was unaware and confused of the situation. The doctor then grabbed the hammer and nails to start the process.

Heru saw the doctor start to anchor his precise accuracy in. The doctor was squinting heavily as Heru started to breath heavily from the impression of pain he might get, furthering his already wrecked state. Heru was displeased heavily too, so he pointing with his left hand to the graduated cylinder of blood and then used his right hand to point to his mouth, making the doctor look at the inclination of what he wanted. The doctor shook his head, and grabbed Heru's arm to put it back down. Heru then sighed with a an anger and looked to his left shoulder with a worried face and let some of his tissue drip off into other parts of his skin as he used his left arm to grab a flowing vein, literally in place because Heru could use the energy to remove every tissue and blood leakage and then keep the veins in order, with his energy, and so he grabbed a nearby vein to ask with his thumb and index finger. Heru then had the next question, as he directed the liquid to flow into that vein and stay there:

"Hey- could I drink this by any chance? I'm too weak to regenerate right now, because you haven't given me the damn blood I've been pointing too- SO I'm sorry that I'm fearing surgery- of all things- but I need something else to divert my attention…" Heru asked, letting the doctor cringe at the sudden sound in silence, except for the rumbling of conversations above.

"What?" The doctor asked in his own language, staring and seeing Heru have the vein picked to his fashion in his sense of dismissive fear from the face, "Uh… let that run through your body… if that's what you asked…" The doctor then said, looking back down as he examined just a few more seconds.

Heru did not listen, and rather just took his vein and started to slip the liquid into his mouth with the flow. Then, the doctor pitched in his hammer with a nail, sweating at the suddenness. He was too calm down and continue

his work, but Heru felt the pain and screamed, forwarding his spine to grab the glass flask and then bouncing up, devouring it as he stood on the bed, before he rushed over to the graduated cylinder and drank all of that. After a vicious poor, he saw drips of red on the floor, then using his now regenerating arm to start manipulating it to grow longer and suck up all those sweet particles for himself. It was a bit messy, but he cleared the floor afterwards, and went into a happy daze of content from the refreshment.

“Ugh!” The doctor back-pedaled with disgust and disappointment.

“See? I’m already feeling better! Dumbass!” Heru said as eagerly-to-get-away as he truffled his body parts to slightly reform more, seeing that the fulfillment only lasted so long…

He went up the stairs with the doctor being him protesting his actions and grabbing onto his blood shirt. The doctor tried to pull him back, but Heru was a moving force.

“Look! It’s the being! And he’s regenerating his essence, just like in the prophecy!” The dwards stated.

“Uh…” Heru said, quite mesmerized and weirded by the unknown language. Heru was let through the crowd waiting above, being able to see the sun and have more of a thought to the planet now, but he was still being talked about just centimeters away.

“What if… (Heru looks around to see no cyclops or troops of any kind around, but rather just the desolate water and figures of the village around,) maybe… but… they’re not a part of this… but… it’s the only way I can have a chance at killing THAT BOY now… so… I’ll… do it… because I need to…” Heru suggested to himself.

The crowd started to move to his front and ask him questions like a news reporter, but he repented, back away, turning into liquid, and drove away like a moving puddle, into the other building on the other side of the path of sandstone and flooring of metal with much kitchen stuff on top, inferring a small bakery, and then Heru went under the building’s walls- to be exactly, it was just where there was just sand. Heru then started to solidify widely, spreading himself under most of the wall, and then lifting the building using the help of the sand too. It was tough and making him drip blood, not sweat, from his hair holes. Eventually, after so much energy from his cubed form that he spread out, he managed to pick up the house, and toss it lightly into the air, six feet, before the floorless dimensions came toppling over to the crowd…

Heru then reformed into a better position and looked upon the land. The people under it were either struggling or crushed, coughing from the debris in the air. The sandstone had collapsed, while some instruments of the bakery were still intact, but the floor has severely damaged them, also cracking, but initially flattening some.

“What’s he doing?!” The remaining crowd members that dispersed to the side, were stating in terrific ways.

“He’s angry! The doctor messed with him! He’s killing us!” The girl said as she was a member that just moved to the side as much as she could but was hit with a furnace and bleeding in the back of her head as the fedoras plastered away with the wind.

Heru, finally somewhat human-like, bounced into the crashed house with a slight sandstorm atmosphere that blocked full vision, sucking up the blood from the men and women who were injured or dead. Then, he transformed his hand into a spike and started to stab the members to death, where he eventually got a tentacle of his to suck more and more of their fluids and skin into his body for his own use. Most were under the house’s fall, so he got a good reload. Still, very disgusting.

Heru then emerged from the broken house, through the dust and looked upon the fighters. Normal dwarfs, but with iron axes and wooden handles, swords with iron blades and wooden handles, pickaxes with wooden everything, and one even had a bow with iron arrows. They shot their arrows whilst the melee men raged a roar and went in on him.

Heru dodged to the right as the arrows came over and a man slashed his sword down into his spot. Heru then used his right hand to shove it into the eye of the dwarf and rip out the contents of the black goo. He then used the yelling dwarf as a body to throw at the incoming arrows and axe. The body was thrusted back to him, but he caught it and went for a rush into a pickaxe woman. She was flailed onto the floor because of size, as Heru went forth to grab the head of the archer and front flip him around and into the ground. Damaged, Heru took a tentacle out of his back to quickly suck the insides of the swung archer and sliced man. He gathered their nutrients, getting swiped in the neck for his incompetence to battle only. The sword cut through Heru’s throat as he backed away but kept the hook of his tentacle still grabbing those blood cells. He felt the leak on his next but regenerated it as a man with a sword stabbed him in the chest. Then, an axe from a woman was thrusted into Heru’s head. Heru took the axe and did a three-sixty spin, slicing the sword-man head’s top off, impaling the brain to seventy-five percent of what it was. Then Heru directed his tentacle over to the man as others backed away from his regeneration and seemingly impossibility to

die. Heru was gathering his energy in great masses, eventually diving in after a woman and pinning her to the floor as his tentacle turned into a chainsaw and sliced her with thick blood, through the middle for Heru just to suck up again.

The guards started to let the archers ravage inwards as they retreated. The archers, from a distance, fired with a determined will towards Heru's head. He was shot many times, tensing his face back at each force, but he soon regained his stance and took each arrow out, throwing it back at them with a 360-degrees spin of the arm. It was like a cartoon almost, with his motion being super-fast and blurry. But his accuracy was not as good as he intended, so he went forth to jump high and dive thrillingly onto the now-running archers, tearing them apart with headfirst usually. After pinning five down, he had enough blood to be his spider-like tentacle-man, so he used his rushing speeds to go after civilians and tortured them into the ground and soak up. Heru had so many intact of his vision, he kept some of his blood tentacles from his back occupied with corpses or struggling bodies that eventually died.

Heru then went through the screaming town, chasing everyone down in the desert-like place. One after another, making him stronger with his physical form, until after like thirty-one people, in which he had to start making that mass collide and group more into himself. He had to condense the amount of blood in order to keep his human body, making his mass increase as more was weighted. He went for more, around the wide and long village, now picking up houses to find hiders.

Then, he launched himself into the air after a good while, looking around to the people escaping into the desert without his permission. Heru saw this, and had a devilish idea…

"They can't run, because I can extend strings into them from far away!" Heru said as he shot his left index finger out of his hand with a point to a runner, letting the blood inside his condensed body file over to it and shoot out like a gunshot towards the runner. It went into him, stabbing him in the head with its small circumference. Then, Heru brought it back, flinging the body up to him. His tentacles grabbed it and started to suck away its good resources.

"Ha-ha! It does help to have more blood, because it makes me smart!"

So, Heru with a new thought, went off to thirteen others. Eventually, he was intensely fulfilled, like a giant feast for only one king.

Heru then decided to stop and let some hidden survivors he may of missed go: "That should be all of them… and if not… then so be it… but, I

could just pick up the land and see who else… but I don't need too, I'm full!" He said, leveraging himself down on the deserted land of his theory.

The sand gazed up again, the wind was striking, homes were crashed, barely any bodies in sight because Heru technically 'ate' them all, and the sound was just as cleansed as silence again.

"Hm… such a stubborn village… when I come to think of it… but, hey, thanks everybody! Now you're giving me the wish I needed- time and energy to kill him… make sure he's either dead or going to die… because he deserves it no matter his status in the universe…" Heru darkened in the last sentence, "Why am I talking to myself out loud again? I mean, if it were to somebody still around, they wouldn't understand me anyways… heh… whatever… time to go…"

Heru then opened a portal of his own, through space. It had the purple outline, but now with fire as he flinched his shirt in the way of a tuxedo to finalize, he was purely ready for anything. He walked through, to the location where Cyclop and me were at, the location before I fell into the portal near Ryutyu's home, where Heru, him, broke through the portal and followed us. Yeah, he landed on the grass and stared about, looking for any signs of what may have happened there again, before jumping off to fly with his repaired mosquito wings…

We were lucky?

We were luckily hundreds of miles, but not thousands away from Heru. We had our portal facing a forest, but once it closed and we turned around, we saw **my** home.

White and glorious, with nostalgia flowing only through me. To see my home after even just a day was like going back in time to relive your happiest moments. It was full and intriguing as always, which was none because I lived in it too much. The house was normal, windows in touch with the light being an obsessive point to the eyes, the nature behind us engraving in green, the road being a dark black and smelling as if the insides of cars were just met with, and the chimney smoking out through the master bedroom my parents slept in. Basic to see and understand how immersed I was, it was of no surprise my first idea was to shake my bones and look hard around for my possible family or posters of my missing face. As I was there, I almost shed a tear to the wind that flowed through my glasses, and a feeling struck me intensely, the feeling that I could once again see my home, my life, my work.

“Would people say I was missing? Would people not care? Would I be put in the kids-jail called… damn, I forgot…” I questioned myself after I had my moment. I did not say it out loud, but Wilma turned to me with a worried look. Ryutyu was hovering over Cyclop, seeing what he was smashing of morse code into his grey pen once again.

“Hey, Eighty-three, go grab the laptop and then meet us back around here.” Cyclop directed to me. “And also, hold on… (Cyclop continues configuring his grey pen for a few seconds before looking to all of us again,) press the button on your side hip, it should now turn your suits invisible and make it tighter to your body, so you can fit into doorways easier.”

Ryutyu glanced a surprised look, wondering about this red button. He pressed it after a scramble and look down to his side, and a deflating balloon sound played. His suit turned transparent, and he clenched in his face. “It’s… tight.” He said, swallowing pain down his throat. I nodded, breathed in, breathed out, and shallowly walked up to my garage door, open. I turned on my button, being a rectangle that inserted itself into my pants, but was luckily not pressed down too easily. Once shoving my mass down from my hand to it, I felt a tight astronaut suit form into my body’s shape, but I saw my helmet become transparent too. It was cool, but no different and rather extremely uncomfortable. It did feel weird and like an illusion, but it was quick and now I was more converted to the weight on my muscles than the factors of how it worked.

I went up to the inside door after getting by a piling mess of boxes and equipment. I slowly crept the door open, hearing only the TV blabber ads;

but what about anybody inside I had to dodge? I followed this question to where I viewed if any cars were in the driveway. None, just my friends looking at Cyclop and then me as I quickly adjusted. So, nobody was home… so I casually walked through and ran in, following my way to my room. The school computer was in my drawer, where I had left it. I picked it up, and was about to flee, when unluckily, I had just noticed a note on my blonde and smooth wooden-textured table…

"[redacted], if you're seeing this, I hope you know we care for you, and are looking for you, desperately. None of the police all over the county have seen anything of you and we're checking back daily on all your stuff to see if any of it has been moved in signs that you're amidst… we hope you come back and receive this message first if not anything else. We miss you dearly…" My grandparents and parents technically summarized and signed on the yellow sticky-note.

I trembled my lips in sorrow but kept my face as I held the laptop in my armpit with my left arm. It was something true, something I would have to fear later, something I read with wonder and depression…

"Do not worry… Cyclop said he will erase your memories… but still…" I said to myself inside, putting the note carefully back in place, and turning on the fan to make sure I had an excuse for the difference of slight location…

I ran out to my gang, which had barely moved west of my perspective. No dangling wires were attached, so no time was wasted, but I had just realized I also left my drawer pinching out.

"My drawer, I left it open!" I said to myself.

That could be incredibly suspect, but before I could undo, I then saw and wide eyed at my home's garage, noticing there was a now a camera too, in the top left. Either I was already screwed from the start, or not, I had to mind myself as I backed up to the crew. I also was turning on my computer and logging in to the program, Bracussion…

"So, there was a camera, but hopefully it is not on, and it would not change anything anyways... but, here is the computer..." I said, handing the computer to Cyclop as he put the grey pen in his left hand.

"Really… is this gonna' be it?" Ryutyu asked, having a sensation that a cool group was about to break up for the better good.

"Hopefully… now that I have it, let's check these files... Bracussion… seems to be loading in regularly… it says we have four files saved." Cyclop entered and started as he walked into the forest with the obvious intention of

us also going further in to hide from any passing peoples, or just to be in the forest.

“I think this is the part where we should get some third person perspective, and all of us should just wake up from our conjoined dream...” I funnily whispered to myself.

Wilma just smiled but stared, and Cyclop nor Ryutyu had no attention to it.

“There is a file called ‘Steel Terrorists’, and one called ‘Transmorphic God’, another called ‘Royal Dragon Furry’, and one more named ‘Cyclops.’” He listed.

“Thee sounding an awfully lot familiar to ya’ all.” Ryutyu realized.

“So, Wilma here... if by Eighty-Three’s theory and evidence, is the ‘Transmorphic God,’ and Ryutyu is the ‘Royal Dragon Furry’- but I don’t understand the other two.” Cyclop said, making a conclusion.

“The Steel-Terrorists are a stomping army that came through my school in the next day after I wrote it- from what I could gather whilst hiding in the bathroom of course... but I am in confusion of who the cyclops is- since you guys were spawned in by God and actually remember your past, unlike Ryutyu and Wilma, who said they barely recall much.” I explained.

“Well- I remember having friends and living in thee castle, and thee grass is green, and my school taught English, so I don’t know what ya’ talkin’ about when ya’ say I don’t know me past.” Ryutyu stated.

“He means details.” Wilma identified.

“Yeah, like details as in: Who was your friend? What was the school? What was your kingdom called? Who taught you English?” I catechized him a bunch.

“I... don’t remember any of that...” Ryutyu looked down upon.

“Me too.” Wilma spoke, “I do not remember any of it.”

“But I do. I was taught English by mainly my dad, but I had a teacher named ‘Ichabot,’ and I had one friend named ‘Lokio,’ that helped with learning about engineering in college- and my first encounter with the head chief of the Red Eyes, also known as one of the Cyclopals- which had a red eye and same suiting just like us all- was because I was called to go look for Chinese dominances on many planets like Earth and such, in many universes, for a week, before I was knocked down by the Terrorist group named ‘Qwerts,’ and then I met you, Eighty-Three.” Cyclop explained.

“Oh…” Ryutyu mobilized.

“And… why were you out looking for Chinese dominances over all of Earth?” I asked, just wanting to know.

“The Cyclopal needed information of how advanced the Chinese could get. It was probably just another experiment for investigations on humans, because we investigated universes where the United States had controller over everything, Canada had control, even Germany beforehand, probably all just because we wanted to know the different paths humanity could of took.” Cyclop said.

“Wait- who are these Cyclopals?” Ryutyu asked.

“My societies leaders, my bosses, the council above all, the guys who run everything, technically. They’re the guys who are the presidents of our world, and we all like them because they listen and improve the economy daily.” Cyclop described.

“Nice?” Ryutyu replied.

“Nice… but I feel like you are lying. No community could be in such a state of peace and likeness of the government…” I stated back, squinting.

“I’ll explain it later if needed, let’s just get back on task.” Cyclop spoke.

Cyclop was shuffling the controls of his grey pen again. He clicked it inside his still-opaque suit. A loud beeping noise of an oven erupted inside of his helmet, but not too chaotic to make him stammer or flinch. He turned it off after some more clicking.

“This… computer… is holding a lot of waves for something so badly programmed…” Cyclop introduced from his observation.

“What do ya’ mean?” Ryutyu asked before I could.

“It means that this computer… is not giving off normal radio or microwave or infrared electromagnetic waves. It gives off level two orchestra waves.” Cyclop said.

“Ha-ha, your pun is so funny.” I whispered, sarcastically before I could comment seriously again.

“Level two waves?” Ryutyu asked before I could, again… again…

“I knew you were going to ask- we call them orchestral waves because they are transmitted when using heavy nuclear means- and reality means technically. The word- idea came from a guy named Auryf-and-Curyr who

thought it would be cool to connect universes like we connect instruments into a band- so blame him.”

“What a name-” Rytuyu tried to interrupt before he got interrupted.

“Yes, and orchestra waves come in four types actually. Level one, two, three, and gamma. Level one allows for teleportation and reality trespassing. Level two allows for-”

“Atomic creation and destruction. It also allows for plane of existence meshing. We all learnt that way back when we were in eighth grade.” Wilma said, sighing not smartly, but rather worried still.

We all looked at her with much confusion on what her school’s difficulty was, or why she said that when Cyclop could have just finished.

“Well, I didn’t.” Ryutyu answered a statement.

“I meant my people. They were called…” Wilma started, before not answered.

“Semi-furry foxes, humanoid semi-furry fox people. That is what everybody on Earth would call you honestly.” I said after she paused like she was undergoing a stroke.

“Okay.” Wilma stated back, shrugging.

“Now, back to the waves- can we use them to get me back to an ordinary life?” I mainly asked as we furthered into the forest.

“Yes… but I… need to do something alone, in order to return you to normal, and identify where you guys will be going...” Cyclop said with a glimmer of dissatisfaction.

Wilma squinted, obviously knowing that he was up to something weird. But he looked directly at her, making visual contact a stare.

“I would say go enjoy the rest of the time we’ll have these moments, but… am I missing something? I have a weird gut feeling that something is up…” Cyclop asked to us.

I nodded and shrugged. Ryutyu did not say anything. Wilma was the only one who had a glimpse of brightness in the subject.

“No. You are not missing anything.” Wilma said.

“Okay- oh! That reminds me, you guys must find that toilet in the school; and give me a newer sample of the liquid, just because I may need more of the product, or just to see if it updated in any way…” Cyclop spoke.

“What about Bracussion?” I reminded him off.

“Bracussion may have spawned you guys in theory… all the waves are showing the plausible evidence- and if it is all true, then sadly, a law recommends that I should remove Ryutyu and Wilma from existence, which I will not be doing because there are places where I can send you guys safely- but I need further research, which will take place when I am done with my… mission, as you should call it.” Cyclop explained with some pinches of sorrow and reluctancy.

“This is a lot.” Rytuyu stated, knowing exactly the promise that could become.

“It is… if by any conclusion you guys are to encounter Heru before I finish, then best of luck of with you all in holding him off long enough- and much of that luck should be on you, Wilma, because I better see you protecting Eighty-Three, or else the Cyclopals aren’t going to like you around anywhere but their jail...” Cyclop recommended with a worried tone towards Wilma.

“What is your mission anyways?” Ryutyu then questioned, making attention convert from Wilma to him.

Cyclop looked to Ryutyu and shook his head no.

“Okay… so we just grab a sample, give it back to you, and you will set everything back to normal?” I confirmed.

“Yes.” Wilma said for Cyclop, making them both nod to each other.

“With what?” Ryutyu barged in.

“Wilma can use her particle powers to spawn something in, if I’m correct.” Cyclop answered.

“I will.” Wilma replied with a smile.

“Alright then, let’s go.” Rytuyu pounced.

“Wait- before we go- one last question that does not really matter- how do these waves affect physical matter anyways? Like, I know lots of gamma radiation can kill, and radio signals sends messages on the internet, but how do Orchestral Waves get converted to be used as weapons or other things?” I asked as we started to turn away from Cyclop grabbing out his orange pen.

“We invented machines to convert all types of wave energy. They work like solar panels- if you wanted to compare with the best way possible.” Cyclop answered, “Goodbye…. for now…” He enlisted shortly after, starting

his portal and landing in his garage as he started to go to the desk and leave the portal to close on us.

Wilma, me, and Ryutyu turned after a few moments of understanding those words.

“He has something in mind for us.” Wilma said.

“Well, spit it out, we’d like to know!” Ryutyu asked, hopeful.

“He tried to not focus on it.” Wilma started, “He actually wants us to live out our lives. He wants us to be free. He wants us to be away from the rest of all universes. He knows the things everyone will commit to us…” Wilma almost sounded like a robot.

“Oh… so, he’s-” Ryutyu was going to ask.

“Let us move.” Wilma forwarded. Ryutyu just shocked himself up, letting his head turn to me for guidance. I just shrugged and followed Wilma, with him following.

We walked to my school through the forest, keeping about twenty feet in, so nobody could ever clearly see us- and we eventually arrived at a standpoint where we could rush into the school about forty meters away. But it was now empty and dusted from afar, so we just casually strolled up. We then opened the doors. Nobody was around, not even the cop. So, I led my gang to the bathroom, and we viewed the toilet that started my journey, technically. It was closed off by grey duct tape. There was only just the sense of instability and realization as the duct tape was easily ripped off by Rytuyu... We then opened the stall door and looked at the misty toilet. There were already some glass flasks there with the liquid inside, so obviously somebody had gathered a bit of empirical evidence for what the substance was doing on Earth and why I might be missing… but, we progressed with our eyes peering around.

“Is that really what we got to touch?” Ryutyu asked.

“Yes.” Wilma said with a curious yet disgusted tone.

“Just grab the flask.” I said, nudging Wilma with funny frustration to her word.

Rytuyu grabbed the flask on the right side of the toilet, by his index, middle, and thumb finger. He swooshed a bit of it through, before having an andante pull back.

“How’d we know if it enough?” He spoke.

“I can always grab more.” Wilma stated.

“Alrighty… let us move.” I copied Wilma.

Afterwards, we headed back out with nothing but looks. We did not know what to say. We just continued into the forest as we did, eventually going to an undesignated place. Their tails wagged slowly, and their ears stayed with the slight wind as I adjusted my shirt to be keen with my attitude; a little worried and happy at the same time, but still with the eagerness for what will be next…

“I hate to bring this up… but are you guys scared? Like, if there is a reset, you guys are gone… You will never fully live your life, or continue what it might become…” I spoke as we walked.

Ryutyu stopped in his walking pace. “I… I um… yeah… I guess you’re right. I mean, if we’d never live our lives in the future, or never had a fulfilled past anyways, it would be creepy to see us go so quickly, but not much of a concern either… It would be like we never even existed… but, at least Cyclop will be bringing us somewhere else to live better, right?” Ryutyu tried to happily say.

It was a dark turn. We all knew the fate. We all knew that as a group we could grow into best friends. We all knew we would miss each other, even though we had not spent a lot of time together. It felt trembling to hear somebody you know you would get along with, and already had; it would be trembling to hear them talk about uncaring of who they are in such a short time span… or at least to me, it felt that way.

“Probably, and I think he will. I mean, Wilma already hinted that from his mind… and we can trust her because she is kind of our friend… or… okay, ahem, we enjoy that you are not killing us currently, but we must say that it is a bit weird that you TRIED TO KILL US, and now you are not… could you explain?” I stated with as much courage as I could to the fox lady.

“The cyclops are a good reason. I would be killed if I can not protect you. Cyclop has many friends to witness. They would know where he died if he did. They would know where I would be. They have the machinery to take me down… A second reason is also better. Coincidence of Bracussion. I also believe in it now. It has good evidence to support the theory of why I am not remembering my past with even the best of memories. A third is also wise. I learned a particular lesson from many teachers in my past. Always being nice to strangers gives good karma.” Wilma stated, turning her head, which was barely visible beyond her nine tails flowing tightly.

“Oh… that’s nice, and hopefully true…” Ryutyu responded with as I loaded the information, “She speaks like a robot.” He then whispered to me with a lean as we were behind her.

“I hear your front thoughts.” Wilma stated without looking behind.

“Yeah- Ryutyu! Heh… I just hope this all goes well…” I said.

“Yeah- just remember not to think of it all, right? Go with ta’ flow?” Ryutyu then admired of our past.

“I am glad that you remember that…” I smiled.

We eventually passed far into the forest and sat down on the grass and leaves, waiting. The oldness of the nature crumbled below me, crunching satisfaction, but nothing could help as the thought I was not supposed to be thinking of, was making me worry as I thought of it. Ryutyu obtained a lay down position whilst Wilma stood, swagging her tail in her astronaut suit she still had not made transparent. She waited patiently, but I could hear Ryutyu swarm around, anxious for something to happen, because we were all tense of something to quickly interfere. I was head downed, also intrigued for a fading surprise. I tapped my finger after a few moments, having full hope that Cyclop would come back to obtain the flask anytime now, finishing his mission… we were waiting for seconds… long seconds, waiting…

We started to wonder if Cyclop had to go through a longer process than expected, so we tried to break the silence with a little conversation. But first, I wanted to see the friendship improve between us all, so I scooted over to Ryutyu and asked him in a whisper as I sat down next to him.

“Ask Wilma something.” I recommended.

“Why?” He stated.

“Just to know each other better- it could come in handy- because being an introvert is not very likeable.” Spoke I.

“Then why don’t ya’ do it?” He asked back.

“Because- I need you to get along with Wilma more than I think you trust her... And we should know what her full capabilities are, just in case… right?” I stated.

“Can’t she hear us though? Would it matter? She can read thought’s pretty close by her, right?” Ryutyu asked.

“You should ask her that.” I said, getting up to go sit back on my log.

“Hey… I know we don’t know each other much, but would ya’ mind if I asked you something, Wilma?” Ryutyu asked, having a little shutter.

“Sure.” Wilma said, giving the tone she knew this was coming.

“How far can you read people’s minds away? Like, how far does thee person have to be in order to be… like, ya’ know, un-able to be read in the mind?” Ryutyu asked.

“I can read people all the way across the universe. The only things stopping me is the waves or matter that can get in the way. Even oxygen can reduce the quality at times.” Wilma answered, speaking right before Ryutyu was to say a word, “I was hearing your short conversation. Not being an introvert is wise in any situation.”

“Oh… nice?” Ryutyu stated with a kind of shock, looking up into the sky still.

“May I complement you?” Wilma then asked, still turned away.

“I like your change in accent.”

“Ha!” I pointed out.

Ryutyu chuckled, “I swear I’m not an imposter of anything… but… anyways… um… Wilma, I have another question I’ve been wondering about but going with the flow about… what… are you thinking about? And most of the time, what are you thinking about? And if ya’ can read others mind, what do ya’ mainly worry about most of the time too?” Ryutyu asked, still laying down.

“I am wondering about my next change in light of this situation. I also mostly consider what my past life has been about.” Wilma said, unturning to him too, “What about you?”

“I also like to think about the questions and whether I should start asking them… most times I don’t because they don’t matter or aren’t relevant later, but I’m worried about if this is all real and if you guys are cool… and… Eighty-three, what are ya’ thinking about mostly?” Ryutyu said, turning to look at me, still shuddering inside. I was not running anything through my mind, just depression and the worry of new beginnings, but still, nothing of a topic.

“Technically the same things as you Ryutyu. If this is all real, what I should be focusing on in a battle, what I should be ready for at any moment, my next move… but, at home, in normal times, I mainly think about work. I like to write my books, do some animations, and make memes occasionally. But I am mainly worried on what will happen when I am forced to live in the real world, and right now, what the real world will have planned for me, since I just ‘went mysteriously missing,’ as they would say…” I answered the question.

“Okay… okay…” Ryutyu said, drifting off to investigate the sky more and wonder.

So, we sat a little longer. There was a change in sky color, becoming from a light blue to a light orange at the corner of our eyes, hinting at the sunset.

“I don’t think he’s even started!” Ryutyu stated finally.

I stood up and looked upon my environment. I knew that something could have happened because I had been through portals, and they were quick, so what was keeping Cyclop from finishing the task? Maybe he ran into Heru, but that was short to me because he was still locked in jail as far as I could see.

“I wonder how long this mission of his is going to take him…” I stated to everything, pausing before turning to everybody, “Alrighty, guys, we should head out… to where, I do not know- wait, Cyclop said I had fallen into this forest, which is where I found your house, Ryutyu, so- do you know where your home is from here?” I asked.

“I don’t know! I never saw your school before, I just entered that basement and made myself at home with the supplies.” Ryutyu made out, “And it’s all so new to me anyways…”

“My house was west of where I look. That is where we should go.” Wilma cornered the thought, pointing left.

“Wait, why we going?” Ryutyu stubbornly asked.

“To find fun things to do whilst we wait, also to grab food, also to take knowledge of where we all live, and also to have time to talk to each other as we walk over there.” I listed.

“Oh.” Ryutyu founded.

“Who said we had to walk?” Wilma smiled.

“What’d ya’ mean?” Asked Ryutyu.

“I can fly.” Wilma said, levitating her body without moving anything.

“You can also just build homes out of the resources around you, and create food from particles, right? So, come to think of it, we could just create our own little country with Wilma.” I thought of.

“That actually sounds cool!” Ryutyu agreed.

“I will not do that. Now we must walk.” Wilma said, un-levitating.

“Aw… but why?” Ryutyu asked.

“I do not think Cyclop would approve if I used my particle powers that much.” Wilma stated, starting to walk off.

“Could you at least give us some cool snacks?” I asked of Wilma.

“Sure.” Wilma said, pulling up the dirt of the ground and transforming it into blonde porkchops on white, bland plates with grey metallic forks and knifes. She then swiftly let them float over to us, landing in our hands nicely.

“Wait- if ya’ could do this thee entire time- why didn’t ya’ do so much more, in like, everything?” Ryutyu asked.

“I do not want to test such things around Cyclop. I do feel as if I will not get in trouble. I will instead have a distrust with him then. Cyclop still would like me to act normal in any situation though. Do not tell Cyclop I am giving you dinner.” Wilma spoke, leading us away.

So, to do something rather than wait for wolves, we headed out with our mouths being filled with delight. We then passed endless trees, grasses tall and thin, leaves of the dead, and even some ant piles with fire ants just chilling.

“If nothing happens- what do we do?” – Ryutyu said, spitting some of the food onto the floor of the forest as he held the plate with his right hand against his chest and used his left to pick the entire porkchop up to his face with the fork as he left the knife under it and in the middle of the plate.

“We can travel to other universes. I have the power.” Wilma said absurdly.

“Oh, wait, then why don’t we?” Ryutyu catechized.

“Because we do not want to lose this universe. I have no way of knowing this is yours. Cyclop was the only one who could help possibly. He would also disagree.” Wilma ended with a defying feel.

“Why do you think he would disagree with all of your special powers?” I asked.

“He did not sincerely think of it. He slightly amended the theory that he wanted no clues of me doing wrong. I wish not to do any of it because the cyclops might find me with advanced machinery. Then they might attest me incorrectly. They most likely might not. I do not want to take the chance though.” Wilma said.

“Oh… but why don’t we just teleport to one universe where Cyclop could help us, get a machine to be able to tell us where we are, and do other

cool things, you know. Like, not our Cyclop, or cyclops race, but ones remarkably close and new." Ryutyu catechized the same term of smartness questioning I had.

"We would not want to be criminals of their laws either. I could only hide for so long with my universe hopping. They could even use Heru to find me. I minded that Heru was thinking of trying to escape in the battle of the streets. He knows how to hop. He also knows how to follow hops of universes." Wilma said, revolting the entire idea Ryutyu asked, "I am glad that another Wilma from another universe had not interfered. It would mean instant chaos."

"Oh… then why don't we just, like… go to a universe where there isn't a police force of cyclops. We could maybe even get good weapons too if we pick a good one…" Ryutyu tried to emphasize with his plan.

Wilma sighed. "No. I would like to cheat. I would also like to be alive for however long I shall live. I will not take the chances now. I will take the chances in peril or later in boredom."

I nodded my head with Ryutyu as we continued to finish the porkchops.

With more bare traveling, every step we were taking, it seemed to pause time. The sky was still rolling though. Somewhere, we had just randomly thrown down our plates onto the ground and let them stay there, looking back, getting scared that Wilma might be getting angry, but she just kept walking, so we shrugged and went with it. Then, she gave us a fulfilling green soda can from her particles forming out of the Earth seemingly, and we drank it, also littering onto the floor of the forest more… But it was not long till we came up onto something, a cliff of rocks to be exact.

There was no waterfall or stream, just us looking out to the horizon upon the billions of dark green trees and woods plunged in the ground. The wind entered and became strong, just as another question of Ryutyu's became strong too.

"What now?" Ryutyu asked as he saw the cliff.

"Ahem! So… guys… cliff-time talk… I know we have barely even started to know each other in the short time frame of about a day- but let us be real… we are going to be great friends if this turns out right and correctly…" I eventually told so calmly and friendly.

"It is best to think of it like that." Wilma said with honesty and a nod.

"Yeah lad!" Ryutyu also condemned happily, "We'll be good friends as long as Wilma doesn't go chaotic on us again!" He joked.

“We will be good friends as long as Ryutyu does not change his accent again.” Wilma whispered, making me chuckle.

Then a plane hit us.

Then a plane his us.

At random, we were just about to enjoy the sunset and move on to a search of our belongings, then wait for a new compromise, but we were availed by an American transport plane of full white originality.

A passenger plane was sent flaming through the sky right at us, knocking us back about 241 meters, or something immensely long. It came at such a quick speed; it was only visible for a split second. None of us had time to react quick enough- although Wilma tried to raise her hands to do something before getting blasted back…

It crushed us into the ground and slid us back far into the depth of the forest we had walked by. Rocks flung and the ground indented as the ship collapsed on top of us, falling to small pieces but still resorting a plane shape after its speed. Dust fogged up to our astronaut helmets, blocking any visualization of what happened moments later. I was hit the hardest to my experience.

I had my suit invisible, and Ryutyu too, so when we got pounded, the outside just scattered dirt all upon its surface, and I felt smushed a bit, but not too much. The suit worked, resisting such mass to destroy me, and such acceleration on the outside; yet my body fluids still lifted- but it was horrible at keeping the pesty ground from covering me in all directions. It was like a ball as one could say, stuck but unharmed, and unseeable yet could get dirty.

Once knocked back to a land, I flipped four times before colliding with the ground just enough to be pushed back a smudge. I looked up and started

swiping my facial glass with my filled hand. I could rub some off but was paralyzed for a moment. Never had I felt so lively yet dead at the same time. I could only explain the feeling as a heart attack without restraining, because it was immense yet had no real big climax.

I shifted the germy brownness in a low effort press of a face palm, placing yet removing the dirt, making me able to see more of the area I had swiped, but less of what was around.

I saw Heru smashing both his hands down right at me.

Once again, I was banged into the ground, but with only one bounce and more of the pressure harm. This time, dust and such started to sprite off, but still the world around me was a fragmented opaque of disgusting colors. I reversed to ducking to the left and swiping at the same time to get a better look and such. Heru flew over to me quickly with his mosquito wings intact, grabbing by my chest and throwing me up into the air about sixty feet above the ground. He grabbed the invisible suit with surprise and reassurance, as I saw in the few milliseconds before, yet he had already started to get me high into the sky. He stared at me for a second from below, before leeching his hand in a belly-punch at me, extended his arm, pounding me, and then grabbing my thrusted position again and plummeting me into the ground. I was inside my own crater of disruption when he started forming a purple cloud around his right hand, and then he jumped into my crater and uppercut me, bulldozing me back into a tree from the force. I was punched like a ball spitted out from a… ball flinger, I guess. I was just confused and misunderstanding of the forces acting on me without myself getting hurt. Yet, hitting the tree gave me a scare for my spine as I slightly backwards the top of it, but I was in normal condition from the hit afterwards. It only got slanted from my accurately protecting suit, now letting me have Heru at a better vision as more dirt and dust fell off because of wind and motion.

“Me my… how fragile!” He yelled to me in a sarcastic and woman-like voice as he stomped up to me with his mosquito wings and watched me fall into the ground.

I could only resident silence against him whilst cranking myself up from the drama.

Heru frowned and the blasted into me. He threw arms at my face, tons of punches and fastening anger in each one. He only had two arms, but each pow was ever second and like blurs in the speed. It was sustainable at first but became damaging as I realized this suit was going to pop from the indents I could start feeling.

“Who can help you now?!” He screamed at me, thriving off my sorrow and disbelief of my hopelessness of a body as I was just being planted into the gound.

“I can!” Ryutyu blurted over.

Heru stopped and adjusted quickly to see my friends, having a shield of blood form in front from his left hand. I use this opportunity to kick his ass, but his reaction was to ignore it and instead act like he pushed himself forward. Wilma on the other hand, was busy with making a flaming sword from a swiveling storm of ash and pebbles from the ground below, as she stood on the close left of Ryutyu. The sword was burning the materials from immense heat, and then somehow forging them into a modern carboard sword shape as it continued to grab nutrients from the soil and leave smoke to fly into the air. She then put the handle as pure ice somehow, not melting, and then handed it to Ryutyu, who at first, had no impression of holding that thing. He was induced in the menacing snare Heru was giving off as he approached them with caution.

Ryutyu then realized that he was holding the cold ice amongst the flaming blade, which made him wide eye at the defiance of physics. He was pounced back at the imagery of orange and light blue but looked at me and Heru and started to shake off the thought of it; by literally shaking his head and breathing hard.

“Go get him.” Wilma commanded.

“Um… okay… Heru! Let’s go, fucking-bitch!” Ryutyu tried to conform in the most military way. Still, he stood, shaking at Heru’s form.

Heru let down his blood shield of rectangular proportions. He took a step back before squinted at them then me and then them again.

I stood up and fixed my posture. I took a few leg movements to get away from the crater and face the situation. Ryutyu had started to move now, running as fast as he could towards Heru.

Heru moved to the left, and then grabbed the down-cutting furry on the back with his extended right arm, and minded Ryutyu’s invisible suit with a confused look, and then threw him back to Wilma with no drag. Wilma used the wind to put him nicely on his feet again, onto her right, and let him have a few moments to recuperate an actual plan.

“Why are you working with them?!” Heru responded to Wilma.

Wilma stayed quiet as we all listened to who was talking towards. Heru obviously grew frustrated anew. Ryutyu was looking at everybody quickly, back and forth. And I, just watched the three get steady.

“Mm! Damnit…” Heru sided with the silence.

Heru then jumped up, instantly rocking out his mosquito wings to their fullest and widest expression. And to remind you, his being was so used to looking like a differently colored human, albino to be exact, and I minded off he was half mosquito, and an actual large mosquito when I first saw him. But I knew he could do this and had the instinct…

With his jump, he pulled up the earth. Spikes arose afresh from the soil and piled our vision with its matte and grey. He erupted these rocks in about an instant, immediately flinging them across the terrain over to Wilma and Ryutyu as I hide slightly behind a tree.

They were filtered upwards and then curved into the duo. I saw Wilma jumped up using gusts of air that pushed up the following flooring of ground, also allowing for Ryutyu’s next decision.

Wilma threw Rytuyu up high to about where Heru was with her wind. He lifted his sword high in the orange sky, glimmering amongst the flaming sun. He slashed it down with might against Heru’s unfortunate, unknowing head, as Wilma threw him into the other teen. It pierced through Heru’s head, letting Ryutyu fall, but get back into a flying motion from Wilma. Heru, split in half, made sure none of his dense blood was loss through winds of his own, and he managed to reform himself in a few seconds with Rytuyu seeing this regeneration, and his metal plates that just came back together in his skull. Remember, he had metal plates to protect his brain, which were inside his skin, but they were currently useless… Heru then countered it with an act. Heru squatted and then jumped up from the air. He shot his left arm to extend and pick at Ryutyu’s helmet by making his hand wrap around it. Heru then lifted Ryutyu high into the sky. He then went to slam dunk him into the ground like he did to me, letting of Ryutyu after shoving him down.

Wilma saw this and arose from the spectator view. She poked a tree up from the ground using a force I had still had no good explanation of, rather than she was using her particle maneuvering skills. She rose high and sprung the tree past Heru and then down into Heru, just enough to smash his body and blood down from head to chest. Wilma then decided to sprout another tree from the woods, and bang it into Heru from below, sending him flying into a smashed state. She then hovered over, making her right arm start vacuuming up the blood particles from Heru’s disperse into her hand, and

then transforming the oxygen around her into a closed, grey metallic container, which she implanted the blood in through streams.

Although we will continue what happens next for the Heru verses Wilma battle, Ryutyu was still falling with the sword tightly in his right hand. Although these spacesuits were most likely capable of saving you from a fall, I felt the sudden sensation to duck right under his shadow. I felt a push, but then a release as Ryutyu bounced up about sixteen feet, dropping the sword to my right and falling again, now four feet, then one last short one, like a trampoline.

He landed a bit rough with a cough and got back up in a jiffy from the forces, picking up his dropped sword. I got up, swiping the dirt from my astronaut's suit helmet.

"Thanks bro…" Rytuyu said in surprise, breathing in as much as he could.

"Yeah… just wanted to make sure you would survive." I spoke like a gamer.

Ryutyu breathed a happy exhale. "Well, at least we know there's no fall damage or damaging compression, against our bodies, when we're in these things."

We looked up to see Wilma getting banged by Heru's many fists. He somehow grew six more arms and was blurring them faster as Wilma simply just stood in the air. Instead of being useless, more than she was acting like, Wilma managed to tug him by his upper shirt and shoot him down with a downwards-throw motion, fast and fulfilling from our view. He fell with a crater like I did. Dust circled the scene for him, just like it always was.

"I'm going ta' rush him." Ryutyu said, holding the flame sword tightly up and running to attack Heru.

Ryutyu came in with same slash, and was successful on the head, finally. I saw and heard the metal clash against the extreme heat, a sound of melting and clashing. Heru jumped up and threw a punch at him, elongating his arm again, but was dodged from Ryutyu just moving to the right. Ryutyu then arose it and went for a side swish. He hit Heru's left hip, slicing him in half horizontally now, but lost his turn.

Heru swung his fisted hand into Ryutyu's face as he regenerated, making him stutter backwards. I rushed in whilst he did this, going in for a punch myself. I hit him good, but he knocked me back with a head bang. Ryutyu then had the chance for a twirling motion, where he spun into Heru,

cutting him more. Wilma then came down upon his regeneration, grabbing the blood and sucking it into the wide, cylinder container.

Heru was agitated, and then kicked up, stopping Ryutyu after his two second contribution. His seemed to kick the sword, since Ryutyu had lost his grip and started to block Heru's flanging arm attacks. Ryutyu was getting pushed and pushed down by the arms of Heru as Heru was also duplicating himself to start an electric ball at Wilma. I saw Wilma then dive in by lifting Heru with the ground like he did to her. As Heru lost the purpose of the electric ball, Wilma then removed the rocks from Earth, held them up, then smashed them into both Heru bodies. Heru number one was crushed into the ground as Ryutyu went to recover his sword which had been hurled to his side about four meters away. Heru number two was uplifted to the sky, but then shot down with a power blow to Wilma. She was knocked over to me, but the spacesuit was still holding up for all of us. Then, Heru dove into the ground, and hopped out with no difference- but we had an idea that he combined with the other version of himself…

Heru pushed the rocks above him, backfiring into me and Wilma instantly. She was raised her hands to form a purple, spherical shield, which made the matter around us depart away as we were protected. As the rocks stopped, I decided to come in with body slam as Heru landed onto the ground. I put Heru onto the ground with myself as Ryutyu jumped out and slashed his sword into Ryutyu's neck, cutting off his head, but Heru simply just tried to reconnect the blood back. Wilma the also used the container to grab that blood, making Heru jumped up into her, flying her back.

Wilma then lifted the rocks below us all and pushed them out into Heru, and then to the sides far away, smashing trees and other grounds that had not been already revealed to be altered. She opened a portal below me, sucking me and Ryutyu over to her location. She then opened another portal, showing Heru smashed into the ground beyond the left of us, with some trees. I came in first, punched him in his back as he stood up, then disappeared as Wilma opened another portal to his side and up. I flanged myself against him, knocking him down like a bowling pin. She opened one where I was falling to bring me back to her, as she was also opening another to his full left, letting Ryutyu bang his body with the sword in a left and downwards diagonal, then making his fall come to our grounds with a portal she spawned. She then opened another on top, with the cylinder collecting his blood with a massive suck around into cracks it formed and then filled with itself, even taking in the soil through the sucks, and then disappearing with another portal where it was falling.

I was then shot to another location where I saw Ryutyu get a portal to Heru again, with his flaming sword. He slung it into Heru's eyes this time. He screamed as the fire started to swell onto him from the slash. Ryutyu then was blasted onto Heru's back again, cutting him whole again as he tried to regenerate Ryutyu's deadly attacks. Heru sprung his spine up as if he had just broken it like an old man, and then yelled:

"STOP!"

Wilma had one more portal form. It took a white and smooth skinned, yellow-haired girl from it, without a mouth or lips, who was wide-eyed with green eyes and wore a green dress, who was also disorientated and shuffling herself into his head with her accordion in her hands. Heru took this unknown and random girl by her belly in the milliseconds she was fumbling and smashed her down into the ground.

"Who are you!?" He said, swirling up and then throwing her at Wilma. She created a white and soft bed for the throw of the girl, letting her slide down next to us all as the bed folded out of existence.

"Sorry." Wilma said to the green maid girl with black eyebrows. The girl only could play the accordion in a slow motion to exhibit her fear and sudden confusion.

"Hey! I'm done playing nice! You're not supposed to be randomly stealing my particles or throwing in random people. If you're going to be such a nuisance like that, then I'm going to start using my real energy to kill all of you in an instant!" Heru tolerated as he walked towards us from the unraveling scene of the forest in its condition of broken grounds and trees.

"Um… Wilma?" I asked with Ryutyu at my left as Wilma used her left hand to make a portal under the other girl and send her back to the plains of a green field.

"Fire!" Wilma then screeched.

Wilma thrusted her right arm at Heru, expunging fire into a cylinder beam that emitted directed into Heru in milliseconds, and then gushed into the floor and came back up in a loop against his head. Ryutyu held up his sword and started towards Heru. As soon as they came to contact, Heru grabbed the fire and pulled the rope of fire in daring speeds with Wilma attached without her will. He made sure to condense all the blood into one hand he had in an arm, and then use the matter to blow a heavy punch to Wilma's face as he sucked in the ground from the gravity. Wilma was blasted back with an exupunge of her insides, but quickly regrouped and got ready with me as Heru started to put his hands into the moon's location in the sky.

Ryutyu then pushed down Heru with a shoulder bash. Heru seemed to indulge flames from Ryutyu's sudden swipe afterwards but grabbed the flaming sword, melting of the origins of his right hands, and started to spin him. Then, Heru launched him into the atmosphere at ninety miles per hour. Heru than saw the blade still with Ryutyu, and decided to create a glassy, purple portal-sided, not-very-rounded sphere and shoot it at him, then grabbing onto one of the portal's lands by using his strings of blood and then start using his arms to control the clouds around him to shoot forced lightning at Ryutyu. Then Heru shot up a metallic plate using a formed third arm from his back that covered the sky almost entirely, making sure that Ryutyu would hit the metallic black, fall back, and eventually get bombarded with Heru's incoming mechanics.

Wilma already started to make hand movements at the trees. She seemed to action them to swing to her, like a tornado was pulling them in. The trees started to lose all their leaves and some twigs, while the rest stayed there. Wilma then grew a third hand on her left, clothed by her blue robes, and used it to suddenly spawn a shield around Ryutyu that was a square plasma box of blue. Then the wind started to gravitate the soil and turn into a translucent sprite and swirl of leaves, twigs, and dirt around Wilma. Wilma then somehow used her fingers to twinkle it all into lava, or pink plasma, or literally small black holes the size of a pencil, (by stretching them out into tubes,) and then aimed it at Heru, dumping such materials onto his body by making them go by the speed of light into the sphere and his body. Other parts that bounced off, went through, or missed somehow, althoughht she aimed it around the spot very accurately, fled into the shield above. Heru exploded in the sky and was pushed down into the ground from a suddenly pull of Wilma's three arms, using the lightning to shoot him down; while Ryutyu was floating down quickly in his box that was sort of transparent now.

"Is that actually working?!" I yelled up to Wilma.

She looked at me and nodded no. Heru was then in the ground, hundreds of feet below the lightning being controller into the area. The shield above evaporated as Heru bounced up from the ground next to the lightning and looked at Wilma with evil. Before he could do something more, Ryutyu in his square was thrown into Heru, knocking him down and far, as Ryutyu was then processed over to us and let down nicely from a quick journey. He held his sword tight and stood shaking.

"Hey, Ryutyu! Are you okay?" I asked as Wilma redirected the lightning into Heru, which he started to get up and dodge and then throw blood spikes

at her, but she spawned a sphere of protection, just like the cyclops, around us and let the blood spikes just disperse into the particles.

“Maybe…” Ryutyu whispered to the loud noises about.

“So, do we just keep trying to kill him till he runs out or something?” I also intrigued upon quickly, commissioning with gestures for Ryutyu to be better in order with what was going on.

“Yes!” Wilma stated.

I stared into the red laser suddenly coming from Heru’s arms and through the forest’s now more-destructed form, pulsing against the shield and dispersing still, leaves and dirt wrapping up into the sky from the sudden gravity reversal. We started to float into the air as Heru’s laser was doing something. It was making our force shield go into the ground and make us float up and out. Then I noticed something. The object, Heru, was breathing it all in… like, he literally had his mouth stretched out to horror levels, taking in dirt, the laser, the trees, and everything like a black hole, putting those materials into a sack of his torso growing behind him.

“Watch out!” I shouted to Wilma, pointing at Heru and turning in the air as much as I could, and kicking off Ryutyu to make sure the way he was aiming was only at Wilma. I then fell out of the shield and fell onto the ground, still protected by my suits, but ran to side and ducked behind some dirt piles; leaving me some time to see forth to Heru’s new tactic.

Heru had sucked all the surrounding nutrients-and-not in, bloating himself maximally. Now, Wilma had stopped to see what he was to accomplish…

Heru balled himself with his upper spine, forming himself into a literal red sphere. He then shot himself into Wilma, who tried to form a shield of a black hole, yet a rectangle, which started to suck in everything, but failed as Heru crashed into it with double the speed of light. Wilma beforehand raised her hands to form another ball of white around them with her third arm. Heru ignited into a full, blue plasma ball inside the half-transparent, white ball. Everything in there- exploded; and everything became oxygen, as there was nothing at first. Then, Heru and Wilma turned back into themselves form the non-existent and then Heru shot a fire bullet the size of a bull wildly at Wilma, outwards from his left hand. The white sphere disappeared as she formed another blue around her, but was, currently, expunged into the ground from the air. Heru then rose more from his position in the air. He went at the speed of a torpedo into the sky. He spawned in a swelling flame hurricane from the ground where Wilma was. It swept her up and was to spin her around as it went far into the forest past Ryutyu, who was in shock and

treaded with his sword away from winds, but was swept in anyways, and the tornado was also creating ash from the once living trees as it went back into the forest. Our views were blocked by the orange and yellow fire now, but we soon got to see the torture of such an outburst. The dirt was turned grey, the trees on high fires, wood was in despair on the horizon, leaves turning to dust, just an unforgettable and horrifying look to such a once peaceful place…

I turned to visualized Heru exhaling hard to retain himself as he swinged himself in the air towards the most disturbed spot in the forest, like a broken and crashing helicopter. He found my eyes after two breaths and a crash landing, which he jumped up from in an instant, also brushing his blood shirt and pants off…

“Look at this…” He spoke faintly. “To imagine that I have to use some obese powers just to try to stop you…”

I was saved from answering. Wilma sprung inwards from the smoking sky, with Heru looking towards her high drift towards us. She was with Ryutyu on her shoulders, having a piggy-back ride and his sword in his hands tightly, still. She landed ten feet away from Heru and allowed Ryutyu to jump off and get in the stance for a rush.

“What?” Heru asked as they stared, having Wilma’s tails flow vibrantly in directions and Ryutyu’s tail swing back and forth ready for action. Their ears were also flapping and twitching at times too.

Wilma then smashed him forwards with a downwards elbow to his head at the speed of light- again. She then proceeded to invoke a round kick as she just flowed across the land towards his flopping body, literally spinning her entire body just once for enough force to send him towards the cliff again. Then she hopped another kick with her right leg instead of her left, sending him to the edge. Using her left arm, she uppercut Heru’s chin and jumped in a flip as Heru fell off the cliff with a trip of his shoes.

She then dived onto him, circling her legs around his head as he started to flutter his mosquito wings. They had a little tackle down there as me and Ryutyu went over to observe. Suddenly, they blasted up as Heru now had his wings flying towards the sky above, too quick for anything to be unblurry. Then, Wilma smashed him down with a green gas around her hands, making him have to intake a flutterier stance in the air to stay up. Then, Heru thrusted eight arms out of his back, made fully of blood, and started to strangle her and punch her everywhere. The only thing I could see was her coughing from his attacks, and her squeezing Heru for stability on him, as she also heated her hands to a dangerous temperature. Her hands

became blue fire in an instant, and she stuck them into his white hair as he choked her.

He screamed at the agony. He threw all his hands onto her head's fox-ears, grabbing them harshly, and tried to throw her off, but he was unsuccessful from his movements. Wilma clenched her face because of it, though… Heru learnt from his ongoing mistake and forfeited that thought, instead taking his arms and extended them to reach her tails. He clutched two and then made his hands spaghetti as far as he could away from Wilma.

She gauged for help. Wilma let go and loosened her legs. Heru then grabbed her by the hands with all his hands and smashed her into the rumbling ash of soil from a down-throw. She pounded an earthquake of dust into the air. Heru was going in for a smash with a stomp as he started to make his leg larger than normal, but I body-slammed him, as he came towards her. He was moved slightly to the other side, almost completely next to her, but a little farther away. I came down and I punched him three times in the face before he sized his hands against me. He grew them to a height of Cyclop, at least, and tried to crush me vertically as bounced up like a paper falling, but backwards. My suit squished against me, but I was well intact human-wise. Then Heru grabbed me and threw me in the air, and I fell to a belly first slam outside the crater.

"Ugh…" He stated elegantly as he saw Wilma lift the ground out of its crater form and normalize it, and then lend herself back up with just a simple rotation; no hands or actual motion from her body, but rather just like an animation being lazy.

"YAHHHHH!!!" Ryutyu rushed in.

He stabbed the sword through Heru. Then Heru jittered slightly at what might have been a sting to him. Then I saw the reformation again; the reproduction of cells so fast it was like regeneration. He captured the sword into his chest this time and sprung out his wings even farther than before. He was flapping them quicker than blurs now, and Ryutyu tried to hold back his only good weapon during this.

I jumped in to save the day. "Ryutyu, let the sword go!" I said as I grabbed Heru's legs and stilted myself into the ground.

"Okay!" Ryutyu did as directed.

Heru sprung free after that sentence, taking the sword without Ryutyu as Ryutyu let it go. He grabbed it by the ice handle, but hastily regretted it. Wilma turned it all to black fire- so hot that it burned light! The black fire with red-to-orange tips hit Heru's hand hard. He was now damaged

considerably, but he held it with tears in his void-white eyes as he tried to shutter his particles away from the sword. The fire was also burning his chest out, and spreading, making most of his middle turn into oxygen. So, Wilma threw up the cylinder container to suck in his particles and environmental ones too, with the cracks in the closed container of course.

Heru had to let go of some of his particles in order to get away from the cylinder and sword, flying and regrowing away from the hotness. Wilma then turned it all into ice, letting it fall and break into water on the dusty ground below.

“Augh! When will you perish!?” He stated towards Wilma as he made his blood form the rest of his body back slowly.

Then, he was hit by a spaceship.

Now that was karma. He hit us with a plane, but now he got hit with a spaceship; one in the premise of looking like a bullet… oh, wait, Cyclop’s old pill ship. He flew through the sky slower but still at a relatable pace that Heru threw a plane at us. It did exactly what Heru just did to us, and what it did to Wilma. He was crushed into the ground, far back into the burning woods. The ashes flew up like a volcano eruption, the plane letting its walls fall apart in different directions as it drove into the ground, and the sun shining bright on such metal. A scene that recommended nighttime was close. *And* Heru was now slowly deprived, being unable to get up in an instant, and rather lean the top of his spine in a way that looked like he was just sitting up on a couch.

Heru was blasted back, but only looked like he was sat down by a parent… And then he got the same vision as me minutes before; but now Cyclop was landing an exhilarating stab with a rainbow-swelling knife.

Heru put his arm against the stab, taking the blood stream to fall from his arm instead of his head or neck. Truly, Cyclop came in clutch with the slide to a stance of readiness like an anime character.

Heru gushed back as his arm, started to release the red inside him, but he did not hold, rather letting it leak as he tried to recuperate it. He shifted to see Cyclop turn his head slowly back.

“You too?!” He said quietly yet confused in an excited manner, one psychotic and at bay. “Can’t you all just stay in a normal-ass life for once.”

“No, *because* it’s *my* job to find people *like* Eighty-Three- not yours.” – Cyclop when mentally frustrated.

“Then so be it.” Heru ended.

He grabbed his throat and flung a spike of his own blood at Cyclop. It bounced right off Cyclop's invisible spacesuit. Once Heru saw this, a blue-outlined square portal opened next to Cyclop, revealing a team of more cyclops in astronaut suits to help. They brought in a machine, the Gravutoon, and had the Fluxyr on the back of the grup, but Heru started to make the portal close as more were ought to come in.

"Really?" Cyclop gestured further, without flinching at the spike, but now turning to see him close the portal by simply lifting his right hand.

Heru gulped and growled as he saw the cyclops open it up again. He erupted the ground against all the cyclops with soil spikes, which shot specifically Cyclop up high but could never poke him to injury or death, nor any other cyclops since they wore the same thing. Then Heru turned into a ball of pure lightning, but also making the nearby ground shoot up lightning into Cyclop and his friends. Cyclop, who was up high, resisted the urge to become stunned. Our suits heavily protected against electricity, but still had to contract some energy, so he was hit with an unexpected low-like taser shot, one that felt like it, but did not faint us or even dismember our thought. It was just a slight chill to get you going.

Heru shot himself at Cyclop, who responded with a pointy stab with his knife into Heru's leg, which was randomly in place in the wrapped boy. Heru was astonished by his response as the lightning expunge into a light show, but unharmed our cyclops.

Once the knife hit his leg, he let it fall off onto the spikes below as he flapped his wings away. Cyclop was unexpecting of that and fell to the ground seventeen feet below him, landing on the spikes but bouncing off and into the real ground, about seventeen more feet below. I observed Heru to then regrow his leg, but it was still bleeding, and so was his arm. He was sweating now, crying almost… He tried to make a portal and leave normally, but Wilma sprung up and followed him through. It closed, and then reopened in a different place to its original left, showing Heru smashing Wilma around and down back to us as she brought him back in with tentacles of rainbow texturing spiking at him.

"He tried to leave." Wilma said as we watched the spikes throw at him and beyond. He dodged heftily but learned his lesson obviously.

"Weakling." Ryutyu mumbled at my side.

Heru, in fact, was more… liquid, as I could say. He was letting his bones go a bit loose, but still intact. We could see the moisture and shaking of his matter... The knife, of course, was only a normal pocket-knife, enlarged a bit though... Heru adjusted to its bash, by swinging his movements like he

was drunk afterwards. The cyclops police had already gotten out rainbow bullet pistols and were shooting at him, making him retreat or attack. So, he swayed his right arm to pulse more lightning into Cyclop, which was also putting light to the trees, making an unnatural forest fire start. So, as he flew zigzaggedly over, making his left arm form a rainbow rectangular to guard his back and such, the lightning, which was doing nothing, was instead intensely burning the resources around the dramatized forest… And Heru also tried to form dirt pads around the cuts to keep the blood in, after three seconds of immense bolts to Cyclop, but the blood was still bleeding through and immensely as he sent more to the location. He even took the dirt pads off and cried a quick sob…

“Is he actually dying now?” Ryutyu asked me with Wilma quiet at our side.

I took a moment to think. “Yeah, I think so… what exactly does the rainbow knife do, Wilma?” I asked, still thinking.

“It can kill beings with Orchestral powers. It technically acts like a knife to people who cannot get hurt by normal knives.” Wilma summarized.

“Oh… well, Wilma, then why don’t ya’ just trap him a box with many of them knives poking him constantly till he dies- or at least trap him in whatever that rainbow stuff is. Maybe it’ll stop him for good!” Ryutyu smartly suggested as he shivered over to us slightly.

“Actually, that is pretty good idea.” I agreed.

“Ooh- and maybe you can put a tracker on him or something, so he doesn’t escape with portals again.” Ryutyu then suggested.

“The tracker gets a yes. Totally plausible. But the box gets a possibly. I do not think I can make mechanics like that. I think my particle powers limit me to stuff to like that…” Wilma said, shifting her right arm to make a box of a half-transparent obsidian cube, which filled with lava and rainbow knifes, “It might work.” She then said.

But, as we were just about to put the plan into action, Heru collapsed with the rainbow shield shattering above him, from the bullets being shot at him by the cyclops of course. As some could say- he was plummeting down like the Hiroshima bomb. He fell mercifully onto the ash of the burning forest grounds. His wings just hovered slightly over his body as he face-planted into the soil. Wilma spawned in a rainbow circle, very thin and its textured being flowing like a river, and she tossed it lightly over onto Heru. It plopped into his hair, slipping through as Wilma made her left hand rotate it into his essence.

Ryutyu and me watched in amazement as he was stiffly in the ground, non-responding to Wilma’s actions. Then, Wilma crept closer, and so did we.

“Oh- is he dead?” Ryutyu screeched, with all coming closer to see the blood puddles he was producing. Cyclop suddenly came by after a bouncy run in his suit, and three other cyclops also joined sometime after we stared for reassurance.

“No, he has to be unconscious…” Cyclop said as we looked upon Heru.

I kicked Heru in the head but felt childish afterwards. We stared for a bit, looking at each other, wondering if this was a trick or true.

“He bled out.” Wilma said.

“Ah, okay… I guess those rainbow knives do work…” I spoke.

Suddenly, a cyclops came through a newer and closer square portal, bringing a rainbow leaf blower. He was running up to us with a female assistant, holding out her own grey pen.

“Lads… what’d we do now?” Ryutyu blurted as the two other cyclops came about. The five other cyclops already there started discussing things in their language, and Cyclop also started providing detail to them, or something…

Cyclop, after a few seconds, started to bring out his grey pen and orange pen. He started to tap them. I went kneeling at the side of the mosquito boy. His leg and arm were bloody red and disgusting. It was just spilling out, blood red with black induing it as an add on stripe.

“Move.” Wilma said in the abyss of silence and clicking.

“What?” I said back, noticing she was talking to me.

She started her right arm in the sky to bring burnt soils and such, turning it all into the obsidian cube with a thousand, mini rainbow knives. I backed away with Ryutyu and Cyclop also wondering, whilst other cyclops stayed still.

“If you kill him- just know that’ll I have to report that to the police sadly. They actually DO want Heru alive for scientific investigations…” Cyclop worried.

“Not my problem…” Wilma stated honestly as she took a few steps back herself. “He is waking. The blood is now going to his head instead of leg or arm. His body was much denser with so much of it. I do not know how he gained so much.” Wilma said, thrusted the cube down onto Heru. Before it came down though, the bottom disappeared in a second, just went into thin

air, and then when the box hit the ground with Heru. The floor respawned as it hovered up to show us, *he was trapped inside it.*

We all stood in awe and worry and surprise. We heard the knives hit some sort of metal, the sound of sharpening inside. They kept on going for about five seconds before Wilma let down the box and looked at Ryutyu.

“Thank you for the idea.” Wilma smiled.

“Wait- he’s dead now?!” Ryutyu wide-eyed.

“All thanks to you.” Wilma nodded evilly.

“Damn…” I whispered.

We all stood in a confusing silence as we waited a few seconds for any sign that he might be alive. The cyclops got ready with their guns pointed and such, moving the Gravutoon up to us, but stopping each other from turning it on for some reason.

“Heh… I’m glad he didn’t know about mass energy… If he did, then he would have just destroyed the particles for energy probably…” The rainbow leaf blower cyclops stated to his friend.

“Yeah… and it’s good he didn’t know about electromagnetic energy either… imagine if he used light to power himself- we’d be fucked…” His friend agreed with a chuckle amongst their small crowd coming in.

We then waited in silence once again, just in case he was to do something late…

“Noitca htneetfif eht ecrofne ot emit, thgirla.” Somebody said inside the box.

“Wait- what?” Ryutyu asked, looking towards Wilma for resurrection on what is happening. We all heard the muffled speech inside- definitely not Heru’s.

“Eid ot mih tfel ew fi tahw?” Another said.

“Lrig deriah-elprup taht gnieb elpmaxe na- no-retal xif ot sesac rehto llams sevael ylno won evivrus mih gnikam taht dnuof ew. Stneve no-retal htiw noitcurtsed eht decrofne ro syaw live ynam ni kcab emoc mih edam ylno ti- sesac ynam os ni evila ureH tfel ew fi neppah dluow tahw ees ot deirt ydaerla ew.” The first one stated fast as we listened.

“What are they saying?” Cyclop asked Wilma.

“Thgir, detelpmoc eb dluohs spets lla… enod… dna… pool emit eht steg yob eht erus ekam ot redro ni resrever eht etavitca tsum I, won. Ti no

evom a teg s'tel, won rebmemer I, thgirla! lrig-elprup eht, hgu?” The second one confronted.

“Ugh, the purple-girl! Alright, I remember now, let's get a move on it. Now, I activate the reverser in order to make sure the boy gets the time loop… and… done… all steps should be completed, right?” Ryutyu read out as Wilma made a white letter for him to read out of thin air, “Thee sounds like those Colombuses, right Eighty-Three?” He then pointed out to me. I listened carefully as the rest did, directly after Ryutyu pointed it out.

“Thgir.” The first one said back.

“Yeah, it does.” I agreed.

“What?” Cyclop started in.

Wilma then thrusted her left arm to make sure the entire box disappears into oxygen, or air. There, standing, were the first and second Timal Tiene. The second one held the cube the third one once had- which had also supposedly been putting a green fire around Wilma’s cube walls, still holding in the exact places the walls would have been… The first holding down his sword now, pointing it to the ground and leaning on it. They were eyeing us for a moment, being the smirkiest Spanish men in red I had seen. Then, a green, circular portal opened under them as they fell into it. Then- Heru bounced up as the portal closed quickly, with his body flying past all the fires that were enclosed in the un-existent walls.

The cyclops started to shoot at him, making him spawn a third arm from his chest to block their bullets with a reforming rainbow shield of spherical volume. Wilma tried to configure the box by spawning it back in too, as he came up, but he was quick enough to get past our superstition to it all. After a bit of hovering nastily around, he came for me first. He was then snatching me by the leg, spinning me up, and throwing me into the ground face first, but luckily my suit covered that damage.

Cyclop pulled out his knife as Rytuyu stuttered backwards. Cyclop slashed five times, Heru dodging each my meshing his body to curve away, before Heru was to slap him so hard he fell sideways. Then Wilma started to pull us away with wind, away from the battle as the rainbow cyclops leaf blower guy started sucking Heru towards him with his winds, as two assistants also brought in their own rainbow knives and started at Heru. He simply just malfunctioned his volume to dodge such attacks- it was like an animation gone wrong… After these cyclops had quickly retreated with nobody hurt, Ryutyu then rushed in with his own set of melees, being his fists now, but was ambushed by Heru summoning a miniature sinkhole in the dead dust of the forest’s ashes, the sinkholes being like ones Floridians

would have. Ryutyu and the nearby cyclops tripped, finding themselves falling faster than they could respond- down the evading terrain now ruined from multiple havocs. Heru then flew up with his mosquito wings and looked upon us. Wilma started to lift up Ryutyu and his gang of cyclops up with the wind again, and at Heru. Cyclop got his stance back, and I got up to look too.

Heru dodged a few more red lasers from red pen shootings in the back, and used some more blocking, before exploding the space around him in a personal radius, that Wilma had lifted up her left hand to do so he would not explode the entire planet or something… So, after the black dust deceased, he was seen to be ready to speak, still having both of his arms lifted high up as if holding two plates singularly. But then, a portal opened, and some cyclops started to put the Fluxyr down in the lands, but Heru quickly swiped a rainbow spike up from the ground, where it was and at it with his right hand spawning it- pushing it back inside and closing the portal with his other hand, making the cyclops stuck there to battle him again. He then stared at Wilma, having her tails flowing faster, side to side, with an irritated expression amongst her face.

“You know what!? If you’re going to use rainbow materials to kill me, then I’ll use the same to kill you!” Heru announced.

Heru suddenly created a million rainbow spikes in the air and grounds, coming at everything alive, even the trees, instantly in seconds. They all phased through, and turned into a red glitch, which evaporated into steam after three seconds. When we stopped grudging our bodies away from the sight, we all looked at Heru. He was bleeding from his armpits with a red glitch effect, and he was also intensely mad now, and confused. He let the red glitch go off into steam and started a different attack as he raised his right arm, trying to diffuse his face of pain and anger in his face too…

Heru then ripped the ground below the horizon, shooting many broken trees up and at us. Wilma blocked it using a shield of yellow platinum, making the trees crash into it. Then, Heru sprung a rainbow tentacle from the cliff’s down-slope, and it shot through the yellow wall and at Wilma- with a pointy end. Ryutyu pushed her to the side, also dodging it as it just drifted right above his hair, and then went into the ground on the other side. They all stuttered up and out.

I got myself to project myself as hard as I could into Heru, who was now traveling down like a rocket at Wilma, from the side of our openness under the shield- with a hole now. I jumped in front of her, and Heru smashed me in my face with his flying speed, making me fall forwards into a painful and half back-flipped slip, with my glasses fragmented off. Wilma then reentered, jumping up and punching Heru back as he came in, making

him stutter up from the confusion in the air as she began using her hands as rainbow spike balls to whip at Heru, but he dodged with better reflexes now. He managed to shove his hand into her mouth and blow it up somehow. Her mouth literally exploded, and her head, into blood as Heru shoved his hand inside and made it detonate with his own properties. I thought she was dead but found Wilma to recover her regenerating jaw and skull with a slight pain in her “Ouch!” as she reformed her mouth with Heru reforming his arm. She was then cut short due to Heru knocking her back far with his right arm, toppling her, or flipping her, over the ground till she face-planted some ways over. She instantly bounced up afterwards, spawning an oval-rainbow shield, no handles, just the oval, as Heru made his hands into the rainbow texture. He was about to thrust those hands into the downed Ryutyu too…

Cyclop then pounced Heru back to the cliff with his pen, a new one, and so powerful I saw Heru try to block it with his rainbow-glowing hands. Wilma lifted the yellow shield to transparency, and we saw him edge it. Heru was about a few meters far from us; on the touched land of rocks now filled with black dust as everywhere else, having the dust storms keep spinning up with each mega-action…

But now Heru smiled as he let his hands against his face loosen, and slowly stand up to us all…

Heru’s biggest consumption?

Heru smiled, passionately. Not near a grin or evil- but smiled like he was going commit something for the greater good, but with a chaotic taste.

But we were outstanding by his next action. He held up his hand and let out that deceptive grin. He was sure to do something big, we felt the impulse of gravity shaking at physics. His eyes grew wide and circular, now glowing with red as his eyebrows heading onto them with devilish intent.

A rainbow chain formed from his hand into the sky and beyond. It was shining from the sun’s setting. It lifted all the dust and soil just a smidge, and just in a short vicinity. But this chain went on and on. We could sense something in it, as it headed to the troposphere and beyond…

“Take this down to your town!” Heru commanded at us, throwing himself into a position like he just flew a ball at his greatest force into the batter.

We looked up to see what a chain could have gotten too. It was spectacular, mind-blowing, fragmented from science terms, unthinkable, powerful, creative, and destructive.

We observed Jupiter heading down on our planet like a scaling image. It literally seemed like it was a sphere being enlarged by a slope of two pixels every half-second. We concluded that time was very cut-short now because we could feel the entire planet move, closer to Jupiter’s new coming. There were even explosions on the surface of Jupiter as the asteroid belt had already gone through it, and we saw a small but still giant hole on the side, most likely inferring that the red rocks there were the remains of Mars… And the chain instantly became a red glowing substance that had light perplex into different spaces randomly, like a glitch. Heru let it go and it went transparent slowly, but he held his left hand, which was bloody now, looking back aggressively at the glitch. He flinched and bounced off directly afterwards.

I looked towards the cyclops for assurance of escape in any way.

“Oh, hell no!” Cyclop said in the most iconic way possible, looking at me with a worried yet happy face.

The members had already placed down the “Gravutoon,” a metallic dark blue box with a facet-like handle and four settings, as I have already explained and seen on the computer. They switched the main turn-handle to “Off,” after pressing the white light switch on.

The machine opened a blue sphere around, wide and long, covering a huge part of land, but ending at what you would have thought was just a few hundred meters. The sphere had the same feels as the one at the cyclops planet, but now with the physical appearance of a ‘gleeful-with-light swirls’ fashion and a translucent area amongst some parts.

We saw Jupiter get bigger until it seemed to almost hit the planet. Literally like a spinning and growing image, I will always tell you…

“Jesus Christ, help us.” I stated in my breath.

Back at Cyclops headquarters…

“Hey, we just got notice that Heru just escaped the prison.” My street-battle cyclops-ally said to another different cyclops in a dark, dull, and gloomy facility of computers and work.

The facility’s location was unknown to me, but it was told to be of a matte color and smooth walled fortress, containing floors of white marble

squares and ceilings of black concrete squares, making anybody feel like they were inside a maze-full box. The smell was nowhere near hideous, but clean and dormant. Lights were stationed every meter, being rectangle and showing little to no light from the freely and reusable powering. It shadowed great mysterious amongst many at first... My cyclops street-friend had rushed through with three white papers, written with data like piecewise graphs.

“Yeah, and he probably is attacking that Earth.” Another cyclops said with a pointing finger, having the same tuxedo but with a grey eye. They looked at the colorful graphs of the computer, showing differences in waves and weather on our Earth in our universe.

“Coincidence? Impossible!” The other cyclops joked towards my friend as he got up from his office chair, after tapping on the cube a numerous number of times to enlarge the image of the entire planet and surrounding matter, showing them all with full dramatics of a Jupiter moving into Earth with wave data at the top right. “He must be in that universe! That’s… universe 5,432; where 58,932-A was missioned with that kid- That’s also where the recent team was ejected to battle.”

“If Heru is there, AND he already sent the entirety of Jupiter into Earth- then we need to send in a backup team, and possibly one with the Humanitor- quickly.” The other-cyclops friend said.

“Well- the Red Eyes would be great for the cause- but they can’t go because they’re now busy with the surprise-terrorists… what about a Cyclopal sending in their own designated team? All Cyclopal team guys have their own Humanitor too.” The computer one asked as another cyclops came in the scene.

“Which Cyclopal would accept though?” My cyclops friend tried to say.

“B-23 would accept to send a team, because Heru’s power levels, energetic-power to be exact, are being a F-Class scenario!” The chair Cyclops pitched in.

“But B-23 is in another universe with his troops, determining civil matters with the other terrorist races right now-” The not-chaired, or not-computer cyclops said.

“Oh, okay… I didn’t know.” The computer one minded.

“So, who do we call?” The street-friend cyclops asked.

“(Starts pressing buttons on his screen,) I have an idea, and I think it’ll work… (snatches ticket of white paper,) take this to D-7… he could help.”

The chair cyclops said, instantly printing a piece of paper as quickly as possible.

My ally nodded respectfully, grabbed it, and ran over to another hallway of miniature lighting. He slid it inside a rectangular basket that had a glass tube at the bottom. The basket lit up to a light blue after its red striping, sucking the paper in and up. The basket had no handles to block such actions, just so you know. The baskets were literally cotton white with red stripes that turned blue and had wiring inside the fluffy cotton.

So, up to the only Cyclopal that lived on top of the facility, D-7. This Cyclopal oversaw funding and lawsuits of the military, as well as the forces. He was never seen in public. He lived privately in a wide room on top and in the ceiling of the facility's darkness. His room was instead lightful and green, full of aspiration and oxygen to keep happiness and smells of grass floating for lasting times. D-7 was a fern tree, having its branches be as many arms as it could reproduce, and have its legs as sludging roots of wood too. He had eyes of black in the middle of his root system, as many as he wanted, and could reform by moving particles away from an area. And he had no mouth, not even a hole for the detail or design.

D-7 picked up the papers after three minutes of them sitting on his pale and lovely wooden desk he hovered over the tube. Nicely, anything left on it was usually checked on it about a week, but he was lucky to have been staying in for a vacation from other worlds and liked the overseer-like hobby.

He signed the papers with his root, poking holes into the paper ever so slightly and thoroughly, initializing the signature; D-7.

<***Havoc and chaos***>

"Woah…" Ryutyu sputtered out.

The forcefield of blue was being attacked by the rocky depths of Jupiter. The entirety of the gas giant went right through to us- but was penetrated by the forces. It slowed down a bit after hitting Earth, but me and the gang saw the land outwards get demolished in milliseconds. Everything flew up before getting crashed into our safe atmosphere and burning up. Jupiter just kept firing onto our shield, summoning an apocalypse of darkness with the friction creating the only source of light; immense fire blowing about the surface. The feeling that our planet just got destroyed was shortlisted by

the amazement of what looked like the core of Jupiter. Hot and steamy soon came about over our heads, and we felt the sudden rush of mass fall onto the shield for a short time…

Wilma was shooting rainbow roots at Heru. Heru started punching them off with his rainbow hands he enlarged, and he was also dodging spikes, and avoiding walls of the rainbows that Wilma spawned in to make him come back down for a fight as he tried to zoom over to the incoming portal the contained half the group of original cyclops trying to bring in the Fluxyr… He redid his cause to stop them…

“Fucking hell, what’d we do?” Ryutyu asked me with enclosure. We looked further as Heru started to open a portal and escape but was blocked by the rainbow roots flowing into the space, after the portal closed, then re-opening the portal, and taking him out as he covered himself in a sphere of green titanium in order to make the rainbow roots not penetrate such for a short time.

I was awed by the experience, but still could leave my mind to only purify certain details of the present. I was also shaking hard at the adrenaline rushing through my body, and Ryutyu’s tail was wagging fast as well.

“We need to get him down here again! Then we can kill him again!” I spoke with a funny tone.

“Heru is flying- how could we ever reach him though?” Ryutyu asked.

“Don’t worry, there is a way…” Cyclop trailed off an interruption, stammering back over to the machine.

He did his stuff with a few buttons before giving his fellow crew, and then us, a thumbs up. We were immediately dropped to the ground right after.

“Ultra-gravity!” Cyclop yelled to us, slugging his head up from the floor.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Heru screamed from above, falling like a fly with Wilma trying to grab onto his shoes and follow him to the floor with a crater-smash, again.

Cyclop turned off the ultra-gravity and let us free. Ryutyu backed stretched from the muscle straining whilst I went over to pursuit Heru on a frantic maneuver of fisting. He was close, by like thirteen meters, and Wilma was already beating his back. And as I came up, she bounced off to a float in the air, just to let me do my punching.

I slammed into his toughened body with an aching metal slam of sound that erupted from his head. Beforehand, he was far into the ground with liters of dirt falling every moment. He was flat, like a man lying on the grass, but reminded of torture that swelled in the face. I went in to disturb his stand-up protocol directly after my pursuit.

I pushed him down once again, but now laid my hands on his eyes. I smashed them in, trying to see if anything of my battle was going to help. His eyes were instead squishy and fluidlike, allowing me to just dive my arms in his head like jelly. His white eyes spurted goo up like a volcano, but my suit blocked it invisibly. I was also quivering from the slush. It made me shake and feel weird, so I bounced off awkwardly.

“Augh! Why do people even help you?!” He stated, ignoring my horrible presentation of eye handling.

“At least I am nice to strangers!” I stated in the moment, confused on how he was not refugeeing about his silky voids and rather throwing punches onto me without any hesitations as I tried to put my head on his head and rip his head off using his white hair, but it was tough and hard to pull up at first.

I flung up from an uppercut he threw with a rainbow fist after my weird attacks. I felt the pulse, through my suit, and clenched my face at the pain that had somehow struck me through protection. My body flew far before landing back onto the dusty grounds. I saw Heru go up with both of his eyes regrown now. Wilma saw him and shot a rainbow knife of human size at him. Heru spawned in a mirror, having a golden-rectangular frame with a purple mist emitted from it. It showed a reflection of the knife coming in, but when the knife hit, it literally turned a full 180 degrees, literally just missing all frames of turning, and pointing back at her instantly, proceeding to bounce back at quicker speeds too. Wilma threw herself to the left, barely dodging the knife’s blade with her nine tails being on the tip of touching it. The knife was then stuck in the ground as it dispersed into oxygen. Heru then blasted off and away towards my other two friends.

“Ooh…” I said after picking myself up into a hold-chin-stand, alerting anything that I had just suffered from something slightly injurious.

Wilma came up to the side of me with a long, air-hovering jump, landing peacefully next to my right and looking down with worry and dirt on her blue robes.

“I have a plan.” She spoke as we suddenly heard more gunshots fire.

“Oh yeah? You should continue to just throw some rainbow ornaments at him- or mirror it back at him- and that should kill him- right?” I asked promptly.

Wilma nodded. “I would like to try something more advantageous to you.”

“Oh- what would that be?” I catechized her.

Wilma squatted and then hopped back up into a noodle, like an animation of cartoon characters just going thin instantly. She went from the squat of an estimated box-like measurement of four feet by four feet by four feet to one centimeter by one centimeter by twelve feet. She quickly resigned her essence into my head.

I felt a weird sensation of disclosure as my skin was compelled, pressuring onto me, and then going up after the sensation. It felt light and chaotic as something swirled up through my body, activating mostly my arms left-over and growing hairs from shaving- to now stand up against the cool drive through of the sensation. “What!?” I stated mindlessly, not understanding what she was doing now. I was in a state of confusion as I felt a warm and swirling embodiment of a human pillow fill me inside. To explain more in a summary, it was weird. The feeling was juicy and soft yet unnerving and creepingly static to my bones, releasing them to jitter at such a swell of newness. My senses also brightened up. My eyesight blasted up the bitrate, making my dusted glasses a negative effect on them. My hearing was induced to even tell if there was a worm sludging by in the soil- my smell was furthered and now I could intake the scent of dirt and water of brown soil, my touch was altering oxygen and carbon dioxide more differently, and my taste buds charmed with freeness and relief as oxygen had a more transparent and livelier intake, making carbon dioxide a bunch more unbearable to me personally. Honestly, too much taste, and the carbon you exhale and may re-inhale, just made my taste buds quit from the stench of oil and plastic, as I could say.

But, progressing, I was scared once again about my new essence. I calmed myself down… with my other sense, temperature. My brain wanted to cool down, so it might have sent a signal to my body and now I was feeling cold. Whatever this new sigma version of a human was, **was** amazing after a few moments. I could regulate temperature, see more, taste more, and try out new things with my brain.

But then I realized I had been playing around for fifteen seconds. Obviously, I peeked around my circumference to inspect where Wilma was. She was not around.

“I am inside of you. You also have my tails.” Her voice echoed to me.

I clicked my gums and thought, “Okay, that explains this.” I then turned by head farther than human-records, just to go inspecting of my tails. They were made of fur like teddy bears, soft and fluffy in a volume. Yet, I was more worried about the way my head could turn so much.

“Um… my h-head… uh- uh… w-why?” I stuttered, forcing myself to turn my head 360 degrees around multiple times, seeing the area view around, seeing the skin below dissolve into more skin and then get recycled into different areas, somehow looking extremely rotational, and seeing that my nine tails were still hovering normally, like Wilma had it.

“Our senses and advantages are added together.” She whispered in my head.

“A-Alrighty…” I continued thinking after she paused.

“Let us go and end Heru…” She then echoed, “I can always take over in case of emergencies…”

“Oh, o-okay.” I quickly teamed, leaping up into the sky, and observing my environment.

I floated on the thin air. To be floating above ground off nothing but your sheer mind was so exhilarating to me. It was like heights became your friend after being a monster. It was something heart racing and warming, but I had no time to investigate further into that emotion. The only other piece of evidence I had was that my shoes felt like wind was being pulsed onto them like air-jets.

Ryutyu was fighting Heru with Cyclop but failing miserably. Heru knocked Cyclop’s rainbow knife onto the floor with a slap, and then started at them, but was unable to pursue them greatly as he had to dodge the bullets incoming to his right. Heru tried to shove a rainbow sword into Cyclop, but failed as Cyclop pulled out his yellow pen, and made a shield of white, which bounced back the sword at Heru. Heru screamed as he barely dodged it, and the bullets, but then put his sword out of existence, and went in to start hitting them down with his punches of whatever his plasma-purple fists were doing now, then picking them up by the astronaut-suit’s head, with his left hand that he grew bigger, and threw them some meters away. Ryutyu was then shocked with lightning as Heru used the dust from the ground to electrocute it all into him. Ryutyu was stunned, but rather instead of paralyzed, Ryutyu was intrusively mad and screaming as he was plummeted onto the floor. Cyclop had also gotten up and started to fire rainbow-lasers at Heru, but Heru simply dodged as much as he could. He was hit from these as

the rainbow leaf blower cyclops had sucked him into different velocities, which made the lasers pulse him and make him regenerate those parts of his body… He then simply created another rainbow shield though…

“Use your mind.” Wilma said in my head, converting me to Heru.

I nodded and shifted my hands upwards. I had thought of having flames rival into the air like a laser, bigger and more concealed in my ways than Cyclop’s lasers. I wished for this magic to compose into a spiral against him and dodge the other cyclops. I thrusted my hands down into Heru, who was about to land a punch on Cyclop once again, and for finals as he was holding him by the chest.

The flames brushed against the ground as they redirected into Heru. He was blasted into dust, but still alive. Cyclop and the leaf blower were gracefully missed with the fire, making it back away from their essence like they were white holes. Cyclop then went to help Ryutyu, making the fire expose a clear path as he moved towards the blue and black striped furry. Then the bullets from the background cyclops police- which the police were slowly advancing towards him- the bullets came into Heru’s area again… I stated that very weirdly…

Viewing Heru again, I saw him in the black dust, with a personal force field of slightly transparent rainbow-texturing. Heru’s body looked like a statue made of black organic ashes, ready for a good message of me smashing him down thinly… He also had holes on his shirt and some on his pants as he regenerated them, small and leaking blood, as he always did when using mass amounts of energy. Combined with his sweat, he was almost disgusting to look at. Parts were missing, and some started to show veins and tissues, while just one had nothing behind it. Somehow, he kept his body up through all this madness…

“Heru is using energy from his body…” Wilma echoed to me randomly.

I formed a sword from the air, flaming rainbows and sharp-ended, its blade being grey and from the shape of a metallic German sword. I lunged myself forward, falling slanted at Heru, who was slowly reforming himself as he dragged himself away from the fire and burning of his blood too.

I tried to slash him in the head, but he created another mirror, and my sword bounced back me, almost hitting my suit hard… The cyclops police pulled over the gunning, and the sword was dodged by me letting it go, and seeing it vaporize into nothingness as I stepped to the right. Also, when I say nothingness or un-existent, I mean it turned to oxygen or another gas, because this is all particles and energy, not sincerely magic…

Heru used the ground to form a dirt tornado at us, and on himself. Me and Wilma, combined, flew backwards from the sudden impact of his lazily swinging arms. He regurgitated the soil into his own skin, in a matter after a few seconds afterwards, seeing us move to the left to dodge his incoming storm.

“He is energy based. He uses his energy to convert and create things to his will. He can lose this energy from usage of his powers. We are based on particles. We need some sort of matter to form anything to our will. He does not know this. We would not be in good hands if he did.” – Wilma.

“Okay… thanks for answering that question that had nothing to do with the current events… um… could we possibly go at the speed of light with a giant rainbow sword and kill him in a swoosh again?” I politely recognized.

“Cool idea?” – Wilma.

I took note of it. Suddenly, my hands fronted upwards as a rainbow sword of German volume spawned in. The shape was gripped by my hands without my consent.

“How are you doing this- like, when you are alone? How do you do it yourself?” I asked, seeing Heru was noticing us again…

“I think about the object and the position quickly. All you have to do is the same and I will allow it.” Wilma echoed.

I shrugged and thought of immense speeds going right from my location, then down and onto Heru’s head, then through the ground, to the left of the insides of the ground, and then rotate and swing back at him. Besides Heru being slowly and randomly loosing areas of his body from using much energy to create these rainbow-like items, the next insane thing was Wilma. She pushed me to the action whilst I controlled the sword with my brain. We swung to our left insanely quick, at the speeds to make me sick instantly, then we swung down and at him. Unluckily, Heru made that mirror form onto his skin, and we were sent flying into the forcefield at immeasurable speeds. I had felt the hard block of it pounce me slight back, but I regained a flying position at Heru, who was again distracted by closing off a portal that the cyclops were trying to open in order to bring in that Fluxyr that would really help… So, Wilma also made an arm come out of my back and throw a rainbow spike at Heru as I came closer to him with high speeds. He simply still had the mirrored skin still, shooting it off into the force field above.

I then turned my mind to death strains of darkness. Well, something like that. I created a giant void-less yet swelling army of spikes from thin air

and threw them at Heru with my left arm, then proceeding to use my right arm to create a black hole at his location. I went to throw a fictional mirror he had, a fire sword Ryutyu once held, the embodiment of a copy of me with acid drooling off, a clock spinning faster than light, cars, miniature suns, syringes of deadly vaccines, and even a huge patch of the ground I lifted after spinning my arms at him. I threw the twenty feet by thirteen feet by thirty-six feet landmass- after all that I had done.

It crushed into him, but I could tell it was not enough. I clenched my fists and removed all from his area, exploding everything into a small sphere contained in the rainbow substance I had thought of- but he was nowhere to be found. Maybe he was dead…

Then, he whacked me across the fucking horizon. I plumped into the shield and slid off; plus, Jupiter had slowed downed its destruction when it hit so many outer-space objects, which made the overflowing reds and orange above stop swirling so quickly.

Wilma then thrusted me back into the stage.

“After I kill you- I’ll use your little gimmick of high-speed to kill your friends!” Heru announced as soon as we got to floating about, with him pointing to Cyclop and Ryutyu whilst we were standing far behind and examining the scene. Heru was also missing parts of his shirt, revealing his skin and lost blood. Patches and streams were present too.

Heru then raised his hands and flung open millions of portals. Each one was like the bottom of a bottle size, probably too small for anything good of size to get through. But he lifted these portals to a vision I was weary of. Each one was visualizing either complete darkness or burning light. So, I spawned a sphere around my friends, being rainbow and half-transparent, as well as one around myself and Wilma. The cyclops police had also some cyclops opening portals to dodge, or just retreated to the far edges with their running.

I was waiting to see the amount of energy Heru would waste. Then, a portal open in all directions, shooting out a wave of rainbow heat that looked like it came from a flamethrower, and then gravity bounced into me, flinging me back into the ground, deep into the roots of the burnt island… I was going to escape someway, but the darkness was sucking me in and out of a spiral and looping cause, keeping me at sound speed and terrified expression.

The noise was rushing at me like ambience of a fan cranked up by 1421 db. I was swirled around, but undying.

I shifted my mind to see if Wilma had anything to say, but she was silent, waiting for me instead. I regulated my hands to move the temperature of the particles around me towards the outside of the darkness, but nothing was working. I felt more and more topple on to us, until the suit was even melting.

I rushed the particles into the middle of me, then telling my body to emit another gamma wave, but was less successful. I was still stuck in the darkness, but now with an elliptic light of greens and yellows flashing every millisecond.

“Portal!” Wilma screamed an echo to me.

I thought hard of my own portal, quick and translucent in my mind. Soon, I wounded up away from the hole and fire of a trillion suns the portal had centered into an area. I felt the burns and distorted suit fuel kinetic energy as I hit a rock and slumped down without effort to regain.

“HOW?!” Heru screamed at us. We also noticed parts of his pants had gone missing, revealing his veins as weak spots from the energy he used. They were **slowly** regrowing though.

I had no time to react but lifted myself up to see an angered mosquito kid pumped and ready to brutalize my body to its last blood cell once again. I looked around my body, seeing it regenerate.

He was sweating, I had time to realize I was sweating and fatigued as well… I felt burnt out, vaporized of action, in need of sleep and general growth. I only wished it took Heru long enough to attack so Wilma could hit me up with something…

He held up his hand in a powering motion of a fist. The millions of mini portals sunk into his palm behind it, following a path of curves as they scaled themselves down. His red eyes gleamed bright, voiding with stress. I was over here with myself, breathing in as much oxygen I could intake and letting the nine tails of Wilma fall to sleep, leaving hope to have that final say in the future, unless Wilma did something…

The remaining cyclops police started to fire again, making him create an arm from his back and make another rainbow shield. But now, he was becoming irritated by every shot, and grew more and more tired in the facial expressions as the bullets continued. Then Heru started to allow the portals to disperse into the air as green mist as he sighed and looked around, giving a worried eyebrow expression to me. A few more parts of his shirt fell out of existence and into oxygen.

“AH! (Heru spawned a personal force field that was a mirror and blocked Cyclop’s rainbow laser by bouncing it off towards the top of the shield,) Wait! Stop! You know what? I’d rather not kill you… boy… I’m done… I don’t need to waste the energy and such to kill you… this has been too much!” Heru started, panting. The cyclops police had stopped and were confused, but quickly advancing once again.

“What?” I asked.

“That does not sound good…” Wilma echoed in my mind.

I looked around cautiously as I knew this was weird. The box, where the Timal Tienes had implanted a green fire, was still in essence, all the way at the side of Ryutyu’s cliffside. Heru had a twinkle in his fingers, and the box started to levitate, reforming slowly again…

“I’m sorry for being such a rude person and being such a loser…” Heru continued as he did not notice we saw his deal.

I got up using the wind, but Heru then shot his hand out of his arm. No blood was loss as he made sure it did not spill with his own physics, but he shot the left hand and turned it into rainbow. It hit onto my neck and held me back tight… I grudged as his hand started to strangle my neck.

“DIE!” Heru screamed to me, dodging Cyclop’s lasers as he did more. Heru, after all this, had parts of his shirt and pants went missing, revealing his skin and then some revealing his veins, and then some finally revealing nothing but the slower regrowth of his veins as he turned most of his blood into energy and held his arms together using his own forces.

Wilma decided to make a copy of myself, taking the hand with her. “Run!” Wilma coughed, as she tried to pull the hand off by making her hands rainbow as well. I was left to grasp for air now, unwise of what she had alerted, until the box came sliding to my left at alarming speeds, hitting me like a jelly, and making me go inside. Suddenly, the walls reformed into obsidian, and everything turned white. I could not see the outside, understand the inside, or know what just happened. I bounced up to the walls filled with the green fire rising high but not hot. The ceiling was the same as everywhere else- smooth and white and had no good texture. It did not have any lights either, so the green immersed around…

“No!” Wilma struggled. She made a two-way portal, adverting her essence to the back of Heru, making the hand fall off as he tried to relax too. Heru then made it into oxygen as he turned to her. He then used light speed to go and pounce Ryutyu and Cyclop away into the shield and then let them go as he tried to escape.

Wilma went light speed into Heru as he tried this, and he tried to mirror her away and slash her down more and more. She was fast and reluctant to strategy, but randomly just coming in at quick speeds with a sword of rainbow texturing, again, trying to confuse him. She did not hit him many times as he tried to form a portal and escape but was followed repeatedly. His sweat was massive, and his bones were weak. His eyes were watery, his mouth trembling, his hair was wet and soggy, and his shirt was ripped and torn. The veins were revealed inside him. He had lost areas of blood, tissues slowly falling out, as only a few veins now reattached into place to fix him. His regeneration was slower than ever now…

He finally opened a square portal and fled away as Wilma tried to come in again. He used light speed to get away from her, one last time, and succeeded, letting her fly into the ground and plant into the island hard as the portal closed a millisecond before she could reach it. Wilma was getting back up to try to find him, but soon another portal opened, throwing in an already activated Fluxyr, which made another shield spawn around the Gravutoon's shield, and it stopped her from using her powers. She jumped anxiously and awkwardly though, trying to do stuff, but soon realized the police were already confused on why she did not understand the Fluxyr.

Heru was gone now. Wilma sighed and fell into the ground and dug her head into the ground for three seconds before getting up and looking about again. Her tails were dirty, her blue robes were dirty, her pants of black were dirty. Everything was seemingly dying and becoming dead around.

Wilma looked up to the sky with a snarl, looking at my box hover against the top of the shield. She paused and then had a mad flicker of her fox ears too. She finally went over to the cyclops police helping Ryutyu and Cyclop up.

"Wow. Wilma…" Cyclop underestimated as she started to walk into the area.

Wilma happily sighed with a smile.

"Where's Eighty-Three!?" Ryutyu asked dramatically as he got out of whimpering and looked upon the area of the cube. I was still in the cube, yelling for help, but I heard nothing outside, and nobody heard anything from the outside either. Cyclops were about below and around it, already trying it out with their grey pens for information.

"What are we looking at?!" Ryutyu asked.

"He is in there now…" Wilma stated.

“Oh?” Cyclop entered, letting ambience flow in as the cyclops police started conversating.

“Where’s Heru?” Ryutyu then intrigued upon, shaking.

“Escaped.” Wilma responded.

Suddenly, a portal opened next to them, five meters left, and allowed five cyclops with different colored eyes to enter with different colored pens held out.

“We’ve been sent from D-7 to inform you that we’re here to help with Heru.” The leader said as more came in behind with a few more machines.

“Great! But- sadly, he already left, and I got my friend stuck in that cube.” Cyclop pointed out, looking towards Wilma instead.

“Wilma- do something if it’s true! Use the rainbow stuff or something! Please! You’ve got the power!” Ryutyu begged, clenching her blue robes as the dirt winded off from his grabbing presence.

“She can’t. The Fluxyr is activated, destroying all Orchestral Waves.” Cyclop reminded.

“Why…” Ryutyu murmured, getting off the Wilma.

“Ooh! Harsh! There seems to be Time Waves locating in that box.” A cyclops said to her left as he entered the scene unknowingly of the conversation.

“What are… Time Waves!?” Ryutyu asked, worried about everything too much.

“Time Waves are waves that create time itself. They can also be used against or for objects if directed… For example- those Time Waves, in the box, are making the insides of the box repeat a time interval, repeatedly- but not forever… If somebody’s trapped in there- they’ll be going through some tough times with boredom sadly, and they… (He looks at another cyclops’s grey pen details on its screen,) can’t kill themselves either because of Orchestral Waves also affecting it… so… um… but these waves are also limited to a factor luckily… it’s set at one-point-twenty-seven-to-the-negative-one-hundred-and-eighty-eight-power. This number means time is slowed inside, because it multiplies the average second and makes it longer…” The cyclops explained.

“Wait, didn’t you say he was trapped?” Another asked Cyclop.

“Yes, he was?” Cyclop responded.

“By enemies?” The other one asked with his purple eye.

“Yes?” Cyclop responded again.

“If so, why didn’t the people who trapped him make it an infinite loop?”

“What? Infinite time loops?!” Ryutyu barged.

“I don’t know.” Cyclop responded to the other cyclops, ignoring Ryutyu.

“Me my- this is all insane!” Ryutyu stated to himself, backing away.

“How do we get him out then?” Cyclop asked, looking back and forth from his furry, black-striped friend.

“The Red Eyes will be bringing in special equipment, just in case Heru comes back. But since this is a problem, we’ll contact them to bring in more special equipment whilst we convert to studying-” The lead cyclops tried to say.

Just then, Wilma had something in mind.

“Get to it!” She blurted with anger.

She stopped her anger face directly after seeing the surprise and straight confusion on the cyclops’s stares. They were quiet now, letting the embarrassment roll into her, letting the awkwardness flow onto her, letting Ryutyu wide eye at her, letting the eyes blink in a sequence, letting their causal idleness stand in the dying weather of the planet above and around the forcefield, revealing the full sound besides some conversations of other police over and away- and finally the word of them all plays.

“Tegur…” All the cyclops adjusted at the same time.

“We do not have time to hear the entire plan! We must hurry in order to kill Heru! I bet he is already trying to find a random way to regenerate his body and such!” Wilma ordered, more statistically now, squinting back and forth.

“We’re not here to kill Heru- but sure… Let’s speed this up guys.” The lead one said after a pause. Then, the group scattered away in different directions and pursuits…

Ayo.

“Hey… Wilma? Did… Eighty-Three have any final words?” Ryutyu asked with sorrow, leaning on the counter in front of a box of his favorite snacks, which also became mine when we were together.

“He was moved inside the box too quickly for thoughts.” Wilma said, pausing. She caught the orange yarn ball she had repeatedly thrown up and down on the couch, now letting it stand still with no further movement. She was just lying on the couch, spreading herself upon its length so nobody else could intervene.

“Oh… hey, Cyclop? Are they done yet?” Ryutyu wondered, yelling over to our man in the garage. Also, all of their astronaut suits were leaning against the refrigerator. They took them off because of fat.

“I wish I could have moved him. Heru had his rainbow hand holding our combined body down… I really should get better at all of this substance stuff…” Wilma said, changing the topic in Ryutyu’s ambience, making him slightly confused on the face. Wilma started throwing her ball again too, letting her nine tails still leak off the couch.

“So… guys… we’re almost finished with the processing…” Cyclop happily treaded, steadily making his way into the kitchen.

“Nice…” Wilma said.

“How close are we?” Ryutyu asked.

“We’re finding and recuperating a suit to allow one of us to get through the timed-box with matter-to-wave manipulation. I don’t know much about the topic, but I can state it’s almost verified in safety- which means we’re like ninety-five percent done.” Cyclop said.

“Cool… but, who’ll be going in thy suit?” Ryutyu catechized Cyclop.

“Well… since I guess you’ve been missing him the most… you would be the one to offer thy-self to the task?” Cyclop offered again, with a smirk and copy-cat gesture.

“I-I guess.” Ryutyu agreed with.

Cyclop nodded and continued back to his garage. Ryutyu decided to sigh and left to the guest’s room.

“Gaming?” Wilma asked, leveraging herself up from her laying position, and picking up one of the controllers.

“Oh… um… I guess?” Ryutyu agreed upon her word.

He came by to sit next to her.

“What game?” She asked, handing him her remote and grabbing her own.

“Any.” Ryutyu responded.

Wilma went into the menu, hit games, and started to select a game. She waited as the television booted up this process as she picked a racing game.

“Huh.” Ryutyu stated to the abyss, “Eighty-Three and I haven’t played this game yet.”

“Could you stop worrying? We have the machines to get him back.” Wilma said.

“I know- but, now’s he’s trapped, and I was just getting to know him…” Ryutyu stated.

“Hey guys, the suit is ready.” Cyclop said as he came from the garage door.

“Oh, nice.” Ryutyu smiled.

Cyclop led them towards the garage and out to the sidewalk. There, he had a portal open, leading to the wasteland of the battle with many cyclops roaming about with paperwork or questions. They conversated in their language and allowed for space as Ryutyu and Wilma came heftily through. They found the area to be scattered with black laptops laying on the dusted ground, in a somewhat ordered fashion, of the now dried-up Earth of Eighty-Three, which is me! They also had the cubes nearby, some being on the left or right. Now there were also many machines abyss, one still being the Gravutoon, the Fluxyr, and even the rainbow leaf blower was on the ground. There was also another portal somewhere in the back, leading to the scripts

of my universe, which I will explain in more later. The main importance of the fact though, is that the cyclops who stood by it had red eyes…

But, above all these machines, stood the highest and most cylinder-like. It was composed of the volume of a rocket ship to Earth but looked as if a model. There was a lightly lit blue screen showing the commands and operations, with no controls otherwise. There were trenches within the rocket too, having a green glass overlay to show some of the translucent circuiting. The surface was white with some grey touches, the circuits being red and yellow strings, and the volume of the entire cylinder went from a flat bottom, to a circular middle-top, and then to a point, just like a homemade rocket.

“Oh, yeah, this is the Wert. The Wert specialized in the suit’s mechanics, somehow turning your particles into waves, somewhat… I haven’t studied much- oh, (Some guards walk up with a blue astronaut suit, entirely blue yet still the same proportions as the white one of Ryutyu’s,) and here’s the suit.” Cyclop told as they stared.

Ryutyu looked to it. The guards noticed behind their one-shaded black shades and tossed him the suit. Ryutyu started to shuffle it up like a jumpsuit once again, making the back come upon the hoodie-likeness, and finally get the helmet up onto his hair with a zipper pull, too.

After putting on the suit, the cyclops looked within and towards Cyclop. They nodded, both Cyclop and the cyclops, and started over to the machine. They turned to touching the screen of the Wert, finding a few commands listed in their language, and after a few seconds of Wilma looking suspicious with her nine tails just hanging around, they turned ‘silently’ back.

“Everybody, get ready!” The one man said amongst the three, tolerating to the crew who had refugeed there.

All the cyclops, even the ones with the *red eyes* in the back left of Ryutyu, turned to see Ryutyu distressed yet ready to go through. They spun around their pens into their pockets, and some sat down to start configuring their laptops. Some cyclops came through a separate portal behind them all and started to bring some stands to put both the cube and laptop on.

“Alrighty, Ryutyu, were going to press this button and some strange things are going to happen to you; like a fuzzy feeling that your bones are being crushed and smoothed at the same time, your mind is going to bloat, and your jaw is going to produce a lot more saliva. Are YOU ready?” The right one asked, with the third one on the left leaving.

“Yeah- but how’d ya’ get my name?” Ryutyu asked stubbornly.

“58,932-A told us.” The second one said.

“Oh… but… quick fun-question, Cyclop; why don’t ya’ guys name each other real names? Like, why numbers-”

“Well, Ryutyu, glad you wanted to know. We saw names as the same as numbers. Like, have you ever imagined how many people were called Ryutyu or Wilma in the past? It can confuse people if there’s multiple celebrities with the same names- but with numbers, you can’t ever get that. (The cyclops around start to look at the Wert power up by flowing blue electricity through the glass,) We like numbers because we can remember them easily, and nobody else will ever have the same number as us. I’ll always be known as the one and only, 58,932-A, throughout the history of our species. But names to us are like codenames actually- they’ll help in cases like many, including ours, since I know you’ll never remember my number.” Cyclop explained happily.

“Good luck.” Wilma murmured with a joke-smile, leaning over to him as the cyclops started to graph the data on their laptops.

“What?” Ryutyu asked in worry as he looked to Wilma and then the machine which was flowing more electricity through the glass and up the translucent cables.

The cyclops had already turned and pressed the big blue, rectangular button. Moments later, Ryutyu felt a rush as all the cyclops and Wilma zoomed in for what his essence would become.

“Uh- don’t scream?” Cyclop asked as he saw his friend turn into a literal spiral and grow smaller and smaller out of existence. Wilma took a few steps back but returned to the normal position she was idling at after a few moments.

Suddenly, Ryutyu felt a fallback, like the ones you would have in bed. He tried to force himself forwards but started to see the world spiral the light around him, and he felt as he had shrunk, because everything became larger in the image, as it could. Then, the lights went purple with a quick fade, and he started to fully fall. During the start, he felt his mind implode, like it had expanded, but was hurting him, making him push down on it, with both of his hands, to reveal that the pain was centering towards the brain as the better mass. His tail was clinging straight up in the frenzy, and he felt the rest of his bones going stiff yet jittery, and soft, so he moved them slowly, trying not to induce the fall towards the abyss of stringed purple and dark purple below. His hair was unmoving too, and his eyes became watery. After a few long seconds of feeling this weirdness of pain and delight, he noticed it started to slow down, and the rubbish feelings drifted off.

“Ryutyu, we are assuring you that you’ve successfully entered state two from our readings. There should be a minute of whatever you’re feeling right now, to continue, and then you’ll reach the box’s inside afterwards.” The other cyclops, first and left of Ryutyu’s last vision, broke his un-silence of wind noise through a clean microphone, one located at both sides of where Ryutyu’s ears were. They were spherical grey spheres from a metallic and darker grey rectangle. No holes nor nothing, just the plastic-material speaking to him with a slight amplify.

“OKAY! THANKS!” Ryutyu said as he was trying to get used to the fall towards nowhere seemingly.

“Also- Ryutyu’s, it’s me, Cyclop. I would like to state when you enter the cube, don’t be scared by Eighty-Three. He might be different, as the boys said.” Cyclop hinted towards.

“WHAT?” Ryutyu continued to ask in his loud voice.

“Eighty-Three has been probably stuck in there for over a thousand years, at least. The time waves make each second slower, but once you enter, all of that is cancelled as our toxins will be released to convert those waves in Orchestral waves, and you’ll-” The other cyclops tried to confront.

“GUYS, PLEASE! I DON’T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT THE MAGIC! JUST TELL ME WHAT EIGHTY-THREE IS GOING TO BE LIKE! I’M FUCKING FALLING THROUGH ENDLESS SPACE- AND I’M WORRIED ABOUT MY WEIRD FRIEND! JUST TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO DO WHEN I GET THERE!” Ryutyu screamed.

“Oh- we were going to tell you that when you got there, because we don’t really know what’s truly inside yet. But- we’ll give you this; Eighty-Three is a human and is prone to chaos and insanity when left in a room with nothing to do, and no possibility to kill himself either. So, when you enter, he might not look a detail alike the past- but he’ll be the only living being in there anyways. So, you’ll need to either conform to what we tell you- or what he wants by then. We’ve got a camera in your chest area- it’ll show us what’s happening, and your suit also is reluctant to all Orchestral waves, and such below, too, so don’t be scared by any attacks he might proceed with.” The other cyclops stated.

“WHAT THE FUCK?” Ryutyu considered.

“Can you guys just tell him that the boy will probably look like a bloody massacre?” Wilma stated through the microphone.

“GUYS-”

Then, Ryutyu saw a black wall- particularly the box's wall. It was literally the entire cube in the purple space, and he was shifting towards it, below him. It came somewhat slowly, but he held his breath, closed his eyes, and let his arms go loose. Then, he hit the cube, and felt a bit of pressure.

The cube let him go through the opaque form of the wall, making his bones have a slight stretch feel that they were coming out, and he had to stay still in order to make the pain deduce. He also slid through the wall like a ghost, coming through the cube. He felt his body as it slowly shifted from the fall to a ninety degrees forwards turn, like a trip. It centered Ryutyu onto the floor, his suit pressing against the wall as it shoved him just enough inside. Ryutyu had his eyes closed, and his face clenched. After realizing the area was now paused, he sighed, opened his eyes quickly, jittering his bones to get that stretch feeling off, and was focusing his green pupils in his black voids to look forth.

Amongst the small cube he perceived were enlisted walls of blood and miniature disorientations in writings. The walls were printed with the green fire too, but it was in the back of everything, like a badly pasted gif. It did nothing to burning, so the green fire was useless… The walls were covered and dripping the crimson of many symbols though! They pictured words as in: "The Timal Tienes caused this!" or, "The Stickman will come back!" or again, "The DPA foundation was here!" and, "Where is Jesus Christ…" Words like these covered the walls in multiple sprites, whilst others were written as actual drawings. There was a cross for Christianity in the blood of an outline, and pentagram showing a three-dimensional stickman with a circle of his heads in multiple expressions, all in red, and a few others resembling the humanoids of the Timal Tienes. But unlike it all, with the red flowing and shining streams from the floor, the light being a tinted red in the unseen lighting source, and nothing else being abyss of importance- was me.

I was swiping my torn face across the wall to Ryutyu's right, with my glasses smashed and in the top left corner of his view. It was on the surface of some symbols and text, allowing the blood works to become messy as I drooled my face against it, letting the 'endless' blood pour onto the walls. My face was also missing the skin, allowing for a flesh-show of my face, and it was having dark eyeholes where my eyes would have been, plus I had no lips and rather just a hole of a frown, and my hair was somewhat upwards from the stained red as well. My insane, self-turned body turned to Ryutyu and pulled out my arms to reach after him like a zombie. Although this was to intensify the situation, the scarier part was that my hands were against the other wall in front of Ryutyu. Somehow, he saw the floating, blooded hands of me stop scraping the walls with signs of streaks and flip around to come forth at him. My arms were still within my shirt but were now missing the

hands and showing a stopped-connection of a red oscillator-design there instead, having my shirt a bit red from the extraction that happened beforehand. My legs were also still in normal shape, but now proceeding to exercise towards the furry.

“Ryutyu!” I snarled and greased within my damaged vocal cords. And before we begin the dialogue- I must say this was before I was fixed- I was locked inside a box with time-effects that made me go insane with the dripping loneliness in my space of dormancy. That is all I currently can tell you, my special reader.

“AHHHHHHH! WHAT THE FUUUUUUUUCK!? AHHHHHH!?” He screamed as he saw an old friend be demolished by time.

I started over to him quicker, with the floating hands. He was stuttering away and backward-walking to his left for escape.

“AHHHHHHHHH!” He said, suddenly throwing a fist at my face as I came towards his quick movements with mine in seconds. I was pounced back a little but regained my steps. Then, directly after that, the astronaut suit I had on, turned visible almost instantly, and it showed a cracked version, majorly distorted with missing pieces and such. It then fell off into parts and evaporated.

“Ryutyu… you must kill me…” I stated over to him, pointing with both of my levitating hands.

He continued to scream until he was in the corner, and I was far enough away that he could slide a message to the listeners. “CYCLOP! HELP! HE’S FUCKIN’ CREEPY!”

“We see that! Just let us continue visualizing and grabbing data so we know what to do- also- don’t kill him!” Cyclop commanded quickly as Ryutyu moved to his left more.

“Ryutyu! Kill me! I have been stuck in here for over a millennial!” I stated in my gargling voice at the time.

“No! What?! GO AWAY! UM?” Ryutyu barged in as he started to realize what I was saying. He was also taking in large breaths.

“Ryutyu- hold tight. We’re working on stuff!” Cyclop stated further as two other cyclpps jabbered with the screen buttons. Other cyclops at the scene were also collecting data and inferring what the magic was behind my appearance.

“Damn.” Wilma said under her breath as she looked at the screen to see me in a final-boss form. Truly, despicable. Other cyclops had also gotten

up to peek, also having a surprised face, but then residing back to his or her laptop to continue the data.

“RYUTYU!” I screamed in my voice as he darted away from me once again.

“Ryutyu! Calm down- he’s starting to use the Orchestral waves now!” Another cyclops stated through the microphone.

“HEH! AH- LAD! I AIN’T KILLING YA’?” Ryutyu stated in a screech as he backed away once more.

“AHHHHHHHHHH!” I screamed. I sprung dark tentacles from my back, like Heru’s, but now fully black and swelling with shining light, and darted them with pointy-ends, over to Ryutyu, who maneuvered to the right and body-slammed against the wall.

“AHHH!” He screamed back.

I started to jitter my everything. I looked forwards and around, spinning my head entirely and ripping the skin of my neck off and then regrowing it instantly. After a second of doing so, I stopped and threw my body at my bro, my dislocated hands also flinging around. He dodged to the right again, seeing a large chunk of absolute darkness swell out of my mouth like throw-up, only to come back in as I face planted into the wall. Then, the lights started flickering for the both of us.

“CYCLOP! TELL ME WHAT I GOTTA- AHH!” Ryutyu screamed as he dodged to the left of my new attack, thrusting my floating hands into the walls.

“You might have to listen to him! We’re not finding anyways to pass these barricades of wave manipulation inside, besides you!” Cyclop stated.

I then made my arms control my hands to crush into a ball and shoot at him. He dodged singularly, and then felt a sudden rush as darkness arose at his shoes. He made him immovable from his feet, and he tried to reside away. But I used my ball hands to smack him into the ground again, and then make them glow black. Ryutyu started to feel his chest swarm with pain as he felt a loud grumble emit from it. He also saw that the darkness, or shadows, within the box and around the blood overspilling, were disappearing, and so were the shadows in his astronaut helmet too. Then, he was let go, and fumbled onto the ground with pain.

“Ryutyu!” I stated loudly. Suddenly, the lights stopped flickering and there was a collapse into red light. Ryutyu felt his heart beat slow down magnificently in these moments, and he stopped to fix it. Somehow, a

connection to his head was made, and the beats started to be under his control. He stopped all movement in order to make his heart start beating the way it should be, and the faster he went- the more the red light suffocated into blue light. Yet, I still got closer anyways.

“Ryutyu!” Cyclop yelled as I came closer, and he suddenly stopped.

Ryutyu then grasped for air as he regenerated his beat, but my hands thrusted over to him in the air, and grabbed his shoulders, flinging him into the wall and up, and then at me. I lent my mouth wide open, with black goo fuzzing over the distorted jaw reflexes that opened the size of a trashcan. Inside my mouth were no teeth, some bloody gums, and the void- with no tongue.

“AHHH! GET OFF ME!!” Ryutyu screamed as he put his astronaut suit’s legs around my growing mouth and pushed off me as my hands lectured his back towards my face.

Then, through everything, I was seen having tentacles come out of my mouth. They started to rap around him and make him dwell on the threshold of darkness. I started to grow more tentacles out of my back, and the lights started flickering red again. Soon, I lifted my body off the ground and let him go. He started the heartbeat thing again.

I swung a tentacle over to his mouth, opening it in as the tentacle split in two, and chucked him into my elongating mouth. He busted through me and crashed through the back of my throat at the force and speed of sound. He then flanged against the wall, lied still, and then started grasping for air as he got back up, blinking viciously.

“We’re going to send in a rainbow gun!” Cyclop stated to him.

“Hu- OKAY!” Ryutyu loudly interpreted.

I swung my tentacles of darkness around him and pulled him closer towards my shaved-off face.

“The darkness! I woke up with it!” I said, throwing him to the right of me. He crashed against the wall and then dodged as I threw my floating hands towards him.

He decided to grab one but was pulled by the force towards me. He slammed against me again, and then I thrusted him into the ceiling and let him fall. But finally, after that- a rainbow-textured and flowing M9 came through the walls and plunged into me. I swept myself away to the right and let Ryutyu stand up to perceive it.

“Use it!” I stated, making the shadow of the corners amplify in size and started to make the back of him dark. Then, little spikes came after him, and he ran over to the gun. He picked it up after a roll, and looked a me, handling it up.

“I DON’T WANNA HAVE TO KILL YA’!” Ryutyu yelled.

“I can always bring him back.” Wilma stated through the microphone with a heroic intention.

Ryutyu started to daze into reality and release the thought that she was correct. He started to breath slower and let himself look upon the small spikes, suddenly ceasing out of existence and into a translucent stream of white and black that flowed into my head from the goo. It then sucked it all up, and I put my tentacles away instantly.

“What?” Ryutyu asked.

“I can bring him back.” Wilma repeated.

Ryutyu looked at me, slowly treading over and reaching my levitating arms at him.

“Just do it.” I stated in the gargoyle voice.

“What!? I-I-” Ryutyu tried. Then- I pulled the trigger for him; my hand going over to the pistol and pressing it down. There was a clicking sound, yet nothing happened except silence.

“You must kill me- I cannot kill myself…” I stated.

“Why- what- how- you tried killing meh first- what’s even going on?!” Ryutyu ordered as he back pedaled slowly away, wagging his tail now and not keeping it as a ragdoll.

I started to slowly hover my hands over to his head.

“Just do it!” I stated.

“I-I- okay! Ow- ow- I…” Ryutyu nodded, pulling the trigger at my head afterwards, leading a rainbow bullet straight above my eyes.

The lights instantly went out. Complete darkness, except for Ryutyu’s green pupils glowing in the darkness. The rainbow gun also had a slight tint of movement, but everything became silent and obnoxiously scary. Shortly afterwards, the sound of a body collapsing was heard, and my hands fell from his helmet, sliding off and creating a lower thud. Then, the radio peeked up.

“Alrighty- Ryutyu- every Orchestral Wave has calmed down, except for a few still running through his body-” Cyclop fronted first.

“WAIT WHAT!? HE’S STILL ALIVE?!” Ryutyu questioned pouncing around and back away from the past thuds, scared.

“No- he’s currently dead. Give it a few seconds or a minute so we can be assured of some statistics, then grab Eighty-Three’s body, and then we’ll teleport you and him back, and finally Wilma can revive him later...” Cyclop started.

“It’s too dark, I’m scared! Can I get some assistance now!?” Ryutyu stuttered, pointing the gun around.

“Hold on.” Cyclop stated back, having worry in his voice.

So, did as told, Ryutyu stayed still and shaking as the cyclops outside were doing their stuff and achieving the data accurately with the elongated time. But, for Wilma, she turned to Cyclop for assistance on what the matter currently was about.

“Do you know what’s happening?” Cyclop asked Wilma.

“I cannot read the mind waves of the boy or Ryutyu from inside that artificial box.” She spoke.

“Alrighty… but do you know anything about those Spanish men that were there?” Cyclop nodded.

“Not really. But I did infer that they were planning this from trial and error. They wanted to stop a destruction that Eighty-Three would cause or something. They stated that they had already tried other things with other timelines. They also disliked a purple-haired girl.” Wilma spoke and explained.

“Alrighty- I guess we’ll have to ask him…”

“We’re ready to pull him back.” The cyclops said.

“Alrighty- Ryutyu, are YOU ready?” Cyclop asked after.

“YES! PLEASE!” Ryutyu ‘stuttered’ innocently.

“Do you have Eighty-Three in your grasp?” The other cyclops then asked.

“YES!” Rytuyu replied, walking over, searching a bit, and then banging on the wall with his left hand to make a noise that would alert them of assurance to the truth it was quiet enough…

They pressed some buttons, and he started to feel himself spiral. Then, he was busted out of the wall through a phase which he felt all his bones clatter. He then started to float away and up in the purple void once again, and the found his bones to stutter yet be painful when moved. He kept still, looked at the rainbow gun in his right hand, and his friend in the other. I was limping dead, my face away and my hands gone and missing. Blood was drooling down, and it made Ryutyu snarl a cough and hiccup, instantly looking up for a better view. After some time, he finally came out once again, fading into a ninety degree turn of his entire body till he was just standing there, in front of the cyclops, Cyclop, Wilma, and the many laptops.

“Tegur…” Cyclop joined with the surprise at my body of shabby tells.

“Tegur…” Some other cyclops stated, in awe.

“Turn off the Fluxyr!” A different one stated in the back.

Then the shield degenerated.

“Tegur.” Wilma then said, making her left arm spread out, and her left hand spread out her fingers. Suddenly, I started to form back my hands in a quick regenerating fashion, growing back in short seconds and my face was soon covered in a normal fashion too.

Ryutyu saw this and held tightly onto my slightly ripped shirt.

“Augh! What the fu-?! Um!?” I said as I sprang to life and looked upon everything, rubbing my head, escaping the grasp of Ryutyu as I scared him with the sudden impulse, and looking back at the cube still floating in the air.

“You’re alive lad!” Ryutyu rejoiced with joy in surprise, padding my back and dropping his rainbow gun onto the floor, wagging his tail in a feisty fashion too, and sprinting his ears up.

“That is nice- but how and why?” I asked normally yet quickly in confusion.

“I just used the particles.” Wilma took credit for, simply just swaying her tails behind her and speaking so formally still after all this time. Her calmness settled down the cyclops in the back and alerted all that her justified power was now useable.

“Alrighty… (now in my thoughts,) Wait, why did I ask that? Oh, because I was confused- wait, what happened? I definitely missed something when I was inside the box- I remember none of it… I will ask later…” I rejoiced in surprise too.

Then, cyclops conversations in their languages started.

“Hey, Cyclop, good job.” A random cyclops intrigued as he entered the scene quickly with a manly voice. He had a red eye and stood at the same height at cyclops.

“Oh- thanks!” He said, startled, “Um… should I be getting back to restoring this universe?” He then asked lowly, hinting a sideways thumbs up at me.

“We’ll reset the universe to its most recent un-touched past state; and remove that red liquid substance out of that universe entirely as well.” The red eye stated.

“Oh- thanks…” Cyclop smiled again, “Alrighty… um… should I get back to removing the boy’s memory and then putting him back in place?” Cyclop whispered out.

“No, you still need to stop Heru. He is now a part of your mission… (Cyclop paused,) I wish you the best of luck.” The red eye finished with a nod, walking away.

“Now we go after Heru!” Wilma cheered right next to Cyclop by shoving her hands back in her robes like an old master.

“But hold on- am I okay? I just got out of… you know… being dead…” I stated to Wilma with confusion upon the box and Ryutyu at my aid with his furry nods.

“I only sense a slight anger in your mind currently.” Wilma nodded back.

“Alrighty then! Let us go kill Heru, I guess…” I devilishly agreed with, trying to smirk against the thought of Heru whilst rubbing my hands together, but eventually dropped my hands and started residing in the awareness of me just being a small individual hating a powerful creature of blood that most likely put me through misery beyond memory.

“Wait- couldn’t we just quit and leave since thee probably thinks you’re still dead?” Ryutyu asked me with his fluffy tail vibrating his brilliance to our stale bodies.

“No- because now we have the advantage of surprise to stop him from any more destruction, he might bring onto others… unless I was his only mission… but we should still go after him anyways. Who knows if he is just trying to regenerate in order to come back and try taking out you guys or see if I am still dead…” I stated.

“Oh? But- how’d we find him? He did a portal-away!” Ryutyu nodded and then catechized.

“I can find him. I still have the tracker on him.” Wilma said, bringing out the machine from her blue robes.

“Ah- yas! I knew my idea was good.” Ryutyu fisted happily. Wilma chuckled.

“After all that battling and such!? Damn!” I stated, remembering the explosions and such Heru went through, and that circle of rainbow-flowing textures was still in his hair or something.

“Do you guys really want to go directly after him now?” Cyclop then asked.

“Yeah, we need to teach him a lesson. We almost got him… Plus, if we can, could we possibly bring one of these mechanics with us? Could any of them weaken him individually for our advantage?” I asked, looking around.

“Well, yeah- we’ll bring the Humanizing machine, the Humanitor, which will make us all decease powers that consist of X-Ray wave and above, inside a shield it creates. Then, we can fight him like real people. Ryutyu will enjoy it probably.” Cyclop happily stated.

We all nodded and lent him an intrigued look. “Sounds nice.” I spoke… Wilma though, after doing the look and listening to two words of mine, started out both her hands and spun them around with a point, eventually slowing them down and ending to point to some cyclops waiting and staring at Cyclop.

“Oh- Hold on…” Cyclop said walking over to the chat group that huddled in without the back-patting, “I got an excuse to tell the Cyclopals, if that’s what you wanted to know.”

“Yes, we did want to know that… but, do you really have a good one?” One considered brightly with rest smirking and listening.

“Yeah. I just need to tell them that it was my first time with these kinds of personnel, and there is a bigger plot happening out there. If you know, there’s a program on the boy’s computer containing Bracussion, (some of the cyclops in the eight-cyclops roundtable-group nod,) and it made him spawn in some of these entities, one being an entire army we’ve yet to encounter. I’ve got to find out why it was in his universe on a random laptop, who possibly sent it with force or not, because his universe couldn’t allow it under any circumstance, and where this army is that I’ve heard of. Maybe I can also make the Cyclopals consider keeping everybody around till they die of natural causes, since I saw some Spanish men make that Timal-Wave box loop, and we’ve got to figure out why they exist all-of-a-sudden too. And, of course, why Heru is also a being that came around with the appearance of

the boy. I honestly hope it all works better than I consider currently.” Cyclop explained.

“Mm- they should take that. Randomness is also considered a curious threat, and anyway to solve and factualize it, is always usually allowed by them. In the best-case scenario though, you’ll have no deadlines, because you work with gathering intelligence on other universes, right? They’ll probably want you to do other things and give somebody else the permission of the job, unless you’re reasoning it in a successful way.” Another cyclops enlisted.

“Yeah…” Cyclop considered happily to the non-red eyes. The red eyes had left already, by the way.

“You know, if I can help, I could watch your friends if that ever occurs. I got the time, and I only work as an offensive police officer currently.” The street-friend cyclops said, as he was in the group.

“Okay, but- who are you? I’ve never seen or smelled you.” Cyclop insisted on asking politely.

“I’m the new guy.” He spoke.

“He is. He came out of nowhere with all the certificates to be a commander in the army actually, but he has no memory of his past, so sadly, we can’t put that to use, since the Red Eyes need more empirical evidence to verify him.” A different one spoke.

“Mm… Tegur…” Cyclop nodded.

“Anyways, we’ll be bringing the Humanitor over with you to Heru- if that’s okay.” The first interjecting cyclops stated.

“Better than okay.” Cyclop happily welcomed.

“Are you sure Wilma’s tracker is precise though?” The cyclops-street friend asked.

“Tegur- her trust factor with me has improved, so we’re giving her loyalty the upper hand of action- but I still want to be cautious around her anyways, so bringing the Humanitor can help with any incident like that too.” Cyclop said.

They all nodded and dispersed.

“So, are we ready again?” Cyclop asked.

“Yes.” We all answered.

Wilma spawned in a machine, particularly a shiny, white iron pad. The blue screen emitted towards her, and she looked with caution. The screen stated things in English, mainly telling of what matters she had left un-dissolved. It showed the circle first, and it was named “Tracker.” Then, she let the machine dissolve into oxygen and then shifted both her hands in a circle motion, suddenly creating a red glitch over them, that she worried her face about. After a lot of silent moments of waiting, a rainbow string started to pulse against the top of the Gravutoon’s shield.

“Ay!” A cyclops said, pointing above, leading most of us all to look away from Wilma starting to have her hands bleed. Me and Ryutyu though, were staring at the red glitch make the red pour from her hand, by literally making her skin disappear.

She then created a two-way portal with a left-arm-shoot-up. It was red and circular, and it came inside with a zigzag towards us, making me and Ryutyu disperse away from it as we looked up after a few moments. Finally, she redid the motion as it stayed floating in front of her suddenly, and a square portal of blue outlining gas opened to the inside of a home, with the rainbow circle floating in the center. It came forth and dissolved into oxygen as it landed in Wilma’s bloody hands, with an effect of the red glitch too... Me and Ryutyu were astonished…

“Are you okay?” I asked as the red glitch dissed off.

“What is that? I’ve seen it twice now!” Ryutyu exclaimed.

“I do not know…” Wilma responded. The cyclops had started to whip out their grey pens to study it, and it seemed to start a few conversations. But nobody spoke in English towards us, leading us to the thought they were all confused too.

Then cyclops came up to us. “We think it’s something that has to do with immense speeds and power consumptions. We theorized that doing too much as a particle or energetic being causes these weird waves to alter the spawner negatively, and the action to cease a support. The waves are showing us Torment-like waves combined with Time Waves, making certain features create this new type of wave we’ve barely seen before…” Cyclop explained, showing his grey pen to us. It simply showed a reversing wave with high frequencies, circular wavelengths, and wide wavelengths, all in a three-dimensional plane. They were also a lot of other boxes around explaining things unknown to me.

“Must be the gut feeling that using too much power can hurt…” Wilma chuckled, waving her hands to her right to shake it off as much as she could.

“Could ya’ assist her?” Ryutyu asked.

Then, a few cyclops came from an open portal in the back, having white lab coats, and bringing in rainbow bandages, and nothing else. They just held a roll in their hands, the roll being up straight, and one cyclops started wrapping it around her hands, and let it heal up, making the blood dry around the spot. Then, they nodded, smiled, and left without word, unlike the crowd that let them through nicely.

“Alrighty… I hope that helps… um… wait- we must be quiet…” I said as I nudged Ryutyu to follow me in.

We walked forth while everybody got ready, getting on the wood in the house, and treading slowly. Wilma turned quickly, and put a finger over her lips, as we started to walk and observe quietly too.

Some cyclops looked at her, then copied and made others nod, eventually creating the chain effect till they all became as low sounding as they could.

“Hey, signal Wilma to make the portal soundproof or something.” I asked of Ryutyu, hearing the outside collisions of the shield.

“Hey, Wilma, could ya’ make the portal sound-proof or something?” Ryutyu asked as he saw above the parts of Jupiter finish crashing into the shield.

Wilma nodded and smirked, she waved her horizontal-bandaged hands again to create a layer over the portal, a translucent white, and we gave her a thumbs up. Then, she turned to the smirking Cyclop.

“I heard everything-”

“I know. And I’m glad you have. You’ve been doing really good with getting your reputation back up in my eyes- yet, we’ve had terrorists before who’ve had done the same things to get into a place like yours, and still try to mess us up in the end… I hope you understand that carefulness is a need amongst many.” Cyclop nudged and happily told.

“I do.” Wilma smiled back, shaking her head obnoxiously, then proceeding to walk through the portal as Cyclop nodded and went back to help his crew with some tasks.

After some quick seconds of time, everybody got the machines through…

***Investigationnnn

“Hold on.” Wilma said, staring to bring the sheets up off Heru’s bed. She brought them over and twisted them, each turn shining new white light, and then transferring our vision to see but crooked reflections.

“These sheets are now mirrors.” She said with a giggle, and and then pausing to look directly at the door.

She then threw his bedsheet back to his bed.

“Heru has something blocking his mind waves. Go find out what he is doing.” Wilma ordered to me.

“Have you thought about opening the door and trying to perceive his waves from the free oxygen, rather than behind a solid door?” I asked, smirking with Ryutyu.

Wilma sighed and nodded “No.”

I nodded, rolled my eyes, and then opened the door. I crept slowly and surely out of the room and down some stairs which turned to the living room downstairs. It was cold and lonely and yet so fulfilling and nice. Just the right enough of detail and nature to make one enjoy it like an image that represented a background of a fancy picture.

“I’ve called the Red Eyes to bring in a Humanitor.” One cyclops stated behind Ryutyu and Wilma.

“Alrighty.” Cyclop nodded, with others also being aware.

“Hey, Wilma… can I go with Eighty-Three?” Ryutyu asked.

“Sure.” She answered.

“Oh, and also… can you sense his waves now?” Ryutyu asked.

“No.” She responded.

As Ryutyu started out with a tippy-toe in his astronaut suit, I was looking around, taking slow creeps to make sure the planks below me did not creak under the carpet of red and green polka-squares at different lengths on the floor below. I was in so much angst when I noticed Heru just being there… He was looking down at his lap at a grey, rectangular mp3 player that lit a screen showing a different language of text… and had white gamer headphones weighing down his hair…

Ryutyu accidently stepped on something creaky below the carpet. I turned to look at him with a snarling face, and then reverted to a “😐” when was looking back at Heru, in the same clothing and in full shape. Ryutyu also saw him just sitting on the red couch.

“Yeah, the man is probably listening to drippy songs.” I thought to myself as funny, almost saying it out loud as I heard the classic dubstep sounds in a slow fashion.

I continued to look around. Beyond was a two-way to the white-checkered kitchen. But from it, was a human hand stretching out for help, being damaged and plastered, yet all the blood was missing... the hand was dead and whiter than a normal human hand... So, I started to turn around in a hurry away from him. I came back up with Ryutyu also rushing from my sudden retraction. We looked forth at Wilma and cyclops, waiting for our response.

“He’s was listening to music-” Ryutyu started in a whisper.

“And he has also killed somebody. I saw a dead hand and blood pool near the kitchen. He probably used their blood to recuperate, since he also had no scars or parts missing from his body…” I interjected, “Oh- sorry Ryutyu. Go on.” I then relieved after seeing him look at me with wide eyes.

“I were going to say he’s looking… occupied- or something-whatever…” Ryutyu trailed off.

“Alrighty, let’s first make him think it’s just another battle, and get him weak again, and when the Red Eyes get here, we’ll activate the Humanitor, and then we’ll knock him out easily. Then, we’ll be taking him away and back to a more secure prison.” Cyclop directed quickly in a whisper.

“Alrighty.” The cyclops street-friend agreed with others also saying the same thing.

“Okay… Wilma, you’re up once again.” Cyclop said after turning away from the portal showing my absent and destructed Earth, and other portals also there, “Trap him in a box again, or something, we just ask that you keep him alive and weak.”

“Wait, why alive again?” I asked, with Ryutyu also wondering.

“The Red Eyes recently gave us a message on our pens, whilst you guys were looking around. They said they would need him alive for testing… so, please, don’t fully kill him…” A random cyclops in the back said, pulling off from a Fluxyr.

“Okay…” Wilma agreed, closing her eyes, starting up her hands... The walls around us turned to a light blue glimmer in their original coloring, covering the room safely… and the rest of the house, beyond the door, turned to white in a flash.

“What the-” I heard Heru say down below, before getting exploded with what sounded like a flash grenade and an frag grenade at the same time.

The entire house exploded, revealing a dust storm. Yet, we were in a light blue shield that made us all safe amongst the wooden planks. And Heru, was knocked back and blinded from what I could tell from his screams through the greys, somewhat flooding with white specs as the snow filed inwards.

“Quick, open up the Gravutoon and insert the Fluxyr!” Another cyclops shouted over. At least they had different pitches in their voices…

Wilma sprung high up into the sky from the floating floor and shield, making a hole for her to get through and then reclose it. She then used her hand to start taking every atom of the smoke spin up safely to her. It started to turn into her favorite storm, a tornado- as it sucked more and more of the house’s contents up like a vacuum over a dirty rug, all into her left hand. She soon held a mini-tornado and threw it as Heru, who was becoming visible from the dust compactions.

Cyclop started working with the team to aim the shield over the area already guarded. They started to activate the machines, and the beginning of another battle started.

“What’d we do now?” Ryutyu asked as the cyclops pulled up the spheres to enclose all. Almost suddenly, parts of the dust and tornado outside of the sphere became blocked to entry, and that was the Gravutoon’s shield for gravity. Then, they started with the Fluxyr, the white book, going inside the triangle, still unknown with name, and it started up a sphere spawning into the air.

Heru, indulged in some of the tornado, decided to bounce up and away right before they dropped the book into the hole of the triangle. Wilma saw this and tried rushing a chain of rainbow-texturing at him, still unknown of what the rainbow stuff is… But he was no place near getting beaten, so he spawned five other arms from his right side to spawn in spikes of rainbow-ordinance that threw at her as fast as the chain came. The spikes hit the shield and bounced off. They flung far away and backwards, making Heru side swipe his position. Wilma ran and fell off the small island. She landed face first into the ground below but shifted herself into a cylinder and made a hemi-spherical quick path towards Heru, taking back to her form once again when she reached Heru with her thin cylinder-like body that curved up towards him, if that makes her travel ways more understandable.

Heru shot a flaming ball of blue fire at Wilma with his seven hands, enlarging it quite big. Wilma just sucked it into her body with a giant huff and blew it out like a toad throwing up afterwards. It was now acid this time, purely destroying anything in its way. Heru was covered in the goo, melting, but somehow just shook it off like water. It showed that he was affected deeply, but he regenerated slowly.

The cyclops, a team of five to be exact, jumped down with the rainbow leaf blower, and started to suck in the particle falling from the twenty-feet height above the ground.

Wilma grinned evilly as she started to wind up another tornado, now made of snow, to shoot at Heru. This time, she grew two other arms on both sides and turned them into a rainbow, literally liquid rainbow in her volume. She then shot the tornado at Heru, but he had a difference in mind. He fueled up the snow and converted it into platinum. The tornado was blocked as Heru arose, flying out from the thirty-nine feet long and height of the thin wall. He decided to make his other hands go away as he wrapped his main two around the area they once were in, suddenly generating a black hole. Heru started to lose the skin on his face, showing slight holes of swells of blood and veins tracks nice-fully flowing. He then shot it at Wilma, letting its size grow. Wilma jumped away at fast speeds, in a quick enough time to get away from the gravitational pull of the black hole now being the size of a big television, but she was also leaving behind a liquid-rainbow mannequin of herself where she once was. This was sucked in, she put her hands up in a stop motion towards it, and it exploded. The entire black hole, let out a massive explosion a little outside of the object’s radius, then it collapsed away into transparency. Heru then shifted his hands together and shot a smaller black hole at Wilma, spiking through her chest and away towards the exosphere of the planet. She held her chest in anger as it regenerated.

Cyclop stated “Everybody! Get on these lands! Move the machines up!”

The cyclops got to work and started throwing the machines to the places below. Wilma got onto Heru and started trying to shuffle a hundred fists into the directions of both shields, which the cyclops were moving by throwing the machines like bowling balls, repeatedly. Everybody was jumping in through the portal to get safely amongst the new lands. My world was shown to be destroyed by asteroids, behind the moving shield, which was altering, and soon they closed the portal with me to stare at Heru attacking again, under both shields… Heru was trying to escape the incomings already, forcing a hundred hands of his own to block Wilma’s pounding punches towards their right. They swooped into him like slaps, and

he was trying to escape the sudden wind notion too. Heru threw his hands up finally, made a cylinder of a white, hexagonal portal around the entirety of the area we could see, then backed away, and finally flung into the ground, with Wilma also diving in like a bird. We watched and felt the sudden silence of three seconds… Next, the snowy terrain was lifted to the ground at maximum speed. Heru backflipped as he was punched out of his scheme and onto our already-open shield, making him slide off.

“Deactivate the Gravutoon! It’ll let him in!” Cyclop yelled again as he rushed over to the machines too. Soon, they released the shield’s effects, as Heru looked back to see what he was saying. He tried backing away, but sadly, Wilma busted up from nowhere behind him, and shuffled him playfully onto the snowy-protected land with a tantrum fisting at max speed. It made a small blood splash from both of her face cheeks, showing the red glitch again, but she minded off the subtle scratches.

Heru, inside the shield, was gaining a stance on the snow against Wilma as she also dove out and at him, punching him with her regular arms now. She flew her tails left and right as she went full karate on him. He tried blocking the woman but was only a kid against the matter, shuffling her arms away and trying to pull her to the ground for an escape out of the shield.

“Get him down! Activate the Gravutoon again!” Another cyclops stated, particularly the one holding the rainbow leaf blower below our standing building.

Just after, Heru shot up an upper kick at Wilma as he brought her to a side. She bounced back, holding her chin with her rainbow bandaged hands, and tearing up in the eyes to a point of almost crying at the pain. She fell to a sit down, letting her nine tails sag, as well as her fox ears- as a cyclops came over with a rainbow bandage roll again… The cyclops started to bring out their guns and aim. Heru saw this and ran for the brim of the shield. They started shooting at the jumping and zig-zagging boy- and hit him hard… Blood leaked from his legs and chest as he was driving into the ground for relief of his screams. Some bullets missed into the snow, but Heru was majorly injured. Heru, holding his chest and trudging slightly closer to the edge, made a soggy jump for the exit, but was pushed back because of the shield... he died.

“I… wow…” I started up with the silence of bullets.

“He’s… actually dead…” Ryutyu worried at the massive blood loss.

“Good.” Wilma said as she came over.

“Message to the Red Eyes- we don’t need the-” Cyclop started to say towards his grey pen after he clicked a few buttons.

“Hello everybody! We’ve brought in the Humanitor and the Stretcher as you asked.” Suddenly a group of five cyclops entered from the portal behind us. The one to our left spoke, towards the other cyclops, in a deep and smooth tone, like one you would hear on jazz stations. They wore the same attire, but each was gifted with a purely red eye. It gave me a chill, but I resented from showing fear, aside from my sudden pause in motion as I turned.

They had brought in another cubical machine, it obviously being the Humanitor from what I could tell at the first moment. The cubical machine had an exosphere of a thin light green. The cube was orange, being rounded at the corners. It resembled on each of the sides, all around the six sides, an icon of a red eye of a Cyclop, or a bigger human eye, since the eyes were the same almost. But, on the top, the black pupil of the eye was instead now a twistable knob of grey, metallic cylinder-like, four inches heigh, with a circular top, airplane-looking knob. It was pointing straight up with no other helping matter. Listed around were four options in grey text, in their language, within a cut-when-text circle of blue. There was one on the south, west, east, and north. The reason I explain this so boringly is because I want you to remember, not just get the idea.

And the second object, was the Stretcher. It was a red and squarish backpack with the same logo on the facing surface of the top pouch, of the two pouches in front. The entirety was small and ready for an accelerating run to kindergarten. They also just threw it down like I would with my backpack onto the floor. And all other features were squarish as well, so not much difference to talk about here…

“We already got him.” A cyclops stated over in their language, with me in confusion.

“I’ll pick his particles up…” The rainbow leaf-blower cyclops said as he went over to them and now us.

The Red Eyes nodded and waved as they exited. Although it was quick, each one gave me a fast stare as they left like the British line. “Have a good day!” Cyclop also stated over happily, waving as they put down their waving hands.

The cyclops started to pack up things, like their computers, yet leave the shields on. Soon, the rainbow cyclops was done picking up all of the red, and some snow too, revealing a sandy-dirty ground of pale. And then, Cyclop came over to us.

“Quickly and nicely done…” He said, nodding negatively, “Surprise is key.”

“It really is…” Ryutyu agreed as he started to stare over to Wilma being helped up.

“Thank you, Wilma!” I yelled over.

“Yeah…” Wilma said, bloated in voice and now white-bandaged on the cheeks vertically.

“Anyways, what do we do… now…” I stared, before pausing and slowly slowing down everything about me. I had also put my left hand over my belly, before doing the deed.

“We-” Cyclop started before backing away.

I had started to throw up, continuously. Ryutyu emphatically treaded away from the green goo that I spitted up… then I continued, now with pieces of food and such, trying to deliver myself down and spit it all out… I continued, grasping the snow for help and such… then I started to throw up blood, spilling it all out- and then blackness… and finally my heart came lunging out of my system… and then I died, spilling out.

“Oh my god!” Ryutyu confusedly stated, looking upon the dreadful pond.

“What happened?” Cyclop wide eyed me, then looking over to Wilma in pursuit of the answer quickly… She was just in as much confusion too.

“I think he is dead…” Wilma shock-idly stated.

“What!?” Ryutyu yelled.

“That is his heart!” She pointed out, not smiling.

“I thought he was just throwing up from the number of spins and such, built up over time!” Cyclop interfered with worry, “Wilma, rejuvenate him or something! (In a yell now,) Somebody- deactivated the Fluxyr!”

“Got it!” The street friend said as he got over to the triangle and took the book out.

“Okay.” Wilma stated, using her white bandaged hands to make the liquids come inside me.

After coming back inside like a backwards waterfall, I still laid dead, not even flinching as a sign of life.

“What’s wrong his him!?” Ryutyu yelled in a worry, shaking his doggy tail furiously.

“I do not know… he is not thinking about anything…” Wilma said.

“Well? What does that mean usually?” Cyclop asked.

Wilma turned to him. “It usually means the host collapsed.”

“The host?” Cyclop asked, ignoring the squeals Ryutyu started to make at my appearance.

“Only absolute nothingness means something is dead. He is still alive. He sees a white void… Something controls him… I can tell that because he could get up right now… He has everything stabilized and intact… Something is preventing him.” -Wilma.

“What should we do?” Cyclop ended for her.

“We need to do surgery on him. A bug or something must be in his brain or blood system…” Wilma then stated.

“Probably- I bet it’s whatever made him plausible to have tentacles coming out of his back…” Cyclop murmured, “But, by ‘we,’ you mean doctors, right?”

“I can do surgery anywhere.” Wilma said, looking over to Ryutyu still crying about it.

“Alrighty…” Cyclop squinted at…

Surgery….

“So, is it true that you can’t read mind waves within an activated Fluxyr?” Cyclop asked as he adjusted his light blue medical gloves to perfectly fit.

“How did you know?” Wilma asked as she continued to view and work inside my head. They had already finished the process of removing the top of my head off, so my brain was fully viable to the outside. You could literally reach in and grab it all, but Wilma was working steadily with medical needles and such. Cyclop was also handing her the tools occasionally, in my unconsciousness.

Wilma wore nothing and received the blood on her hands without care. Cyclop on the other hand was in a teal tuxedo, with a black undershirt. He also wore a light grey metal and white-lensed goggle, and he had the rubbery gloves on too. It honestly looked like a negative version of his clothing if you compared. They were also within a room of light grey and

dirty brown marble tiles for the walls. It looked like a checker room, but the floor was normally white with no marble texture, or any at all, and the ceiling was the same, but with four rectangular, metallic lights to help shine dimly on the resources. To their left, was a grey worktable against the wall, having more medical instruments of red and orange, plus just blacker and greyer handles. They also stood behind me as I laid belly-up, with a good third of the top of my head removed to reveal the bloody inside of my skull.

“I got notice that within the street battle with Heru, you tried emitting waves from your brain at others... (Wilma looks at him, surprised, and he looks up to her,) yeah, our pens record things…” Cyclop finished, letting her continue moving the needles within my cerebellum.

“Indeed...” She spoke in a whisper… They continued before a man came in the scene. He was a cyclops with a white coat and such teal formats, holding a clipboard and a grey pen. He had a green eye and looked upon them as he opened the white metallic, sliding door which had a rectangular indent for pulling on.

“Are you guys doing well?” He asked.

“Yeah. Thanks for checking up.” Cyclop happily stated back. The man nodded and left.

“Hm… I would like to ask why I barely see any women around on the military teams.” Wilma asked.

“Oh, that? Women like to work in more suitable and less dangerous jobs. They work as nurses in different galaxies, lawyers on other planets, researchers in open labs, and free writers mostly. If they are on the team, and we currently have six I know of- it means they wanted a little action or are not afraid of it. We don’t have any laws against any genders, don’t worry.” Cyclop stated.

“Okay… How many genders do you guys have?” Wilma asked in a chuckle.

“Two. There are only two, as Jesus has stated. And we’ll always keep it that way because sometimes other species have their female or male roles differing in cases, but they’re still one of the two genders. There are no other genders, just manipulations. Some beings are born with those manipulations- but they can be altered back, as we have found with the Terupopops.” Cyclop explained happily.

“aLrIgHTy!” Wilma funnily thought of, dropping her tool, and bopping her nose to begin with the transformation. With that, came the sudden brown fur amongst her face, wrapping around it smoothly. Her nose then

became like Ryutyu's, an entire dog's snout with a black sphere for a nose, along with the bandages moving over her snout. Her jaw elongated with it, and she said the word with wide eyes and a squeaky voice on purpose. Then she let off her left bandaged hand and dug it back in to grab the tool, letting her facial features resonate back slowly to their dullness and seriousness. Cyclop found it not hilarious, but quite surprising and intriguing instead.

She continued without a look at him, as he did not look at her either. After a few moments, Wilma started bending her back in more and more to observe something in my brain. The blood flow has already gone slow, but something was up in a part. She used the tweezers of medical sorts to careful grab onto something, and slowly pull it out after using another pair to detach it carefully. She held it up to the one light we were under. It showed brightly on the shape of the brain, looking like California from the damage. It even shined on the white metallic bed with white sheets I laid on with my normal clothes.

"What is it?" Cyclop asked.

"It seems to be something manipulating the connection between both sides of the brain." Wilma answered after a pause.

"Oh… and since you removed it, will he be better or deader?" Cyclop asked.

"I do not know!" Wilma stated back, looking at him.

"You're the professional here." Cyclop smirked a laugh that was not frustrating.

"All I implied is that I have eaten a brain and know a little about the structures. I have never actually done professional surgery." Wilma stated, putting the part of my brain onto the worktable, and letting some of the liquid go onto the floor.

"Well, alrighty… wait- can you give him a new brain with the same memories, or make his better and fixed in a jiffy without doing any harm to anything?" Cyclop asked.

"You guys said not to use my powers." -Wilma.

"I know, but what would happen if you did?" -Cyclop.

"I… would rather have knowledge about it. I can always reform somebody. I also have no idea what would happen if I did so… I am still scared of the red glitch… I will try it later though…" Wilma sighed and chuckled.

She continued to seek far into my brain. She found the blood to be flowing much more and started tinkering with it, to make the blood stop shortly spilling out into the bony skull.

“I will try to manipulate his brain strings correctly… This should make him smarter if I place the blood flows correctly…” Wilma stated, starting to squint deeper into my brain and reorganize the structure a bit.

“Okay? So- he’ll technically gain a memory boost and such?” Cyclop smiled again.

“Definitely... I must do a little bit more though. I just need to move around-” Wilma said, then stopping.

She found a black sludge within my brain. She started to pull it out. It was like tar, being oily and gooey. She tried lifting it all out vertically, but it started to pull on her.

“What is this?” She asked with wide eyes and a flicker of the ears as he started crawling back inside my brain.

“I have no idea. It seems to be moving back inside his brain.” Cyclop stated with his wide eye but intrigued face.

“It is alive. It has a blurry mind of its own.” Wilma said after a pause, deeply watching the goo return inside. Suddenly, the shadows started to form into goo and move towards my brain too, eventually making a larger and drooling appearance like a virus. The inside of my head and body became brighter too.

“Okay… what does it want?” Cyclop asked.

Wilma shrugged. She grabbed an incoming piece of goo and tried ripping it away from my body as the goo vibrated up from my mouth. It tugged down on my skin, and other parts of the goo started to erupt from the brain and the rest of my body, helping and going into the brain. Also, parts of my brain’s insides lost their shadows- brightening it up in summary. Wilma then put another hand and continued, shuffling her legs back and forth away at the speed of sound, causing a blur and sense of wind in the room.

“It will not come out.” -Wilma.

“Try doing something with your powers.” Cyclop suggested.

“But I am not allowed to do so.” -Wilma.

“But you’ll just do it later, right? Look, you have my permission and my advice- and that’s enough for many positions above to allow you anyways.” Cyclop shrugged backing away.

Wilma laid off slowly to make sure she did not fly into the wall. She then used her hands to create tiny portals that tried sucking in the black matter. The portals shifted down from the existence of pure oxygen and into the darkness, but the darkness started simply regenerated and move anxiously about. Wilma tried to make it the exact volume of the darkness, but it dodged by sliding like a gas to other parts of my body. Wilma then stopped and tried to make a separate body of mine, and the bed, from thin air to the right, then proceeding to take the matter of my brain and transplant it over. The dark matter slapped her in the face with a grown hand, whilst the rest started to hang onto the brain matter. Then, other parts started to just spawn inside the other body of mine.

Wilma shook her head and disposed of the body back into oxygen. She then started to let the matter compile into and resonate with my body.

“Damn…” Cyclop allowed himself to just stand there.

“I will try one more thing…” Wilma said.

She started to evaporate my body. She heated it up into gases within a shield of purple that thinly outlined me. The dark matter also evaporated quickly. But then- the darkness on some parts of the body started to protect my skin my swelling over it and shuffling its own particles to a state of unmoving, purely zero kelvin where no kinetic energy was plausible. She saw this, sighed, and then reversed it, which started to put my gas particles back into a solid form, but the darkness matter also came back to a fullest in my open brain.

“Wow… what do we conclude about that?” Asked Cyclop, bewildered at the show put in front of him.

“That the dark matter is something like me.” Wilma said.

“Do you think it was the timed box? I have a suspicion about it. We saw dark tentacles coming out of his back on the camera. There were also pictures and words, inferring that people came to him in the box’s timed state. I think somebody brought that to him, maybe the Timal Tienes… or something listed on the walls…” Cyclop quickly adjusted like a theorist.

“Probably.” Wilma considered his fast pacing with an intriguing nod.

They let the silence create an ambience.

“I will awake him.” Wilma said, waving her hand over my head, and making my skin regenerate, my hair come back, and my face look normal once again. Then, the blood started to flow in me again, quickly.

“Ah!” I said as I sprung from the bed and let myself shake in upright.

“Yooooo! We’re mad scientists!” Cyclop joked with me.

“Cyclop? What is going on?” I asked, ambushed by my alive state.

“Simply me and Wilma did a little configuring on your brain, that’s all.” Cyclop spoke.

“You also have some sort of dark matter in your brain.” Wilma spoke behind me.

“O-okay… um… Hey Wilma…” I stated back, “What is this ‘dark matter,’ and does that affect me in any way?” I asked.

“We literally just found it.” Wilma stated back.

“Yeah- it won’t detach itself from your brain. Wilma tried many things, and it seems to literally have a mind of its own and cling onto you. So, whatever is does next in your life is up to predictions. And we also removed a part of your brain and reconfigured it to make you smarter, I guess…” Cyclop shrugged.

“We also saw the matter makes the shadows within you disappear. Your insides literally brightened up.” Wilma whispered to the ambience and not us, but with a bit of excitement in the humorous tone, but nobody was laughing.

“Okay… that will be something…” I stated, sliding off the bed and checking my clothes first before my hands and their bones with Cyclop putting down the tools and Wilma waiting, “Is Ryutyu among us?” I then asked.

“He’s waiting outside…” Cyclop said, “(I started to get off the bed and examine my unchanged clothes whilst Wilma handed me my glasses from the tool bench,) But first, did you see anything when you were dead?” he then asked.

“Nope- I immediately went from choking up my heart and feeling an empty yet striking pain increase inevitably- until now, where the fear of being normal strikes me the most…” I spoke dramatically.

“Oh… well, anyways, go tell Ryutyu the good news.” Cyclop moved.

I went over to the door and looked upon the long hallway with doors just like it. It was like the second floor of hospital, white and infiltrated with metallic benches. There were nurses around with flowers of different colors in their head, and like two male doctors. But, next to our room was a bench. Ryutyu sat on it, having himself leaned over and almost shuttering his face to a melting sadness. The street friend cyclops also sat to his right, crossed

legged, and having a happily shocked expression to see me walk out so freely yet confused.

“Hey Ryutyu.” The cyclops said, nudging him to look over.

Ryutyu gathered his head up and looked at me. I stood with wait, and he got up with joy. Bouncing towards me, but also being confused and worried yet happy. He wanted to endure me but stood back and twitched a bit with a smile.

“Eighty-Three! You-you’re alive… I…” He almost stuttered entirely, pacing his actions.

I lent my right arm around his neck.

“Hey buddy. How has it been?” I happily asked him.

“G-good now. I would of thought ya’ died or something… you creeped me out in the box muchly- and you coughed up ya’ heart!” He spoke.

“Yes, I somewhat remember…” I did not ask back.

“Yeah…” Ryutyu dawned upon.

“What about the box though? What happened when I was inside the box?” I then asked.

“Ya’ don’t remember lad?” He stated back.

“I could not hear anything outside… and I am pretty sure I went insane after a few **days** of no hunger or thirst or fun… and all of those memories went blurry…” I spoke.

“What about… the… incident?” Ryutyu then gulped.

“I assume you are recognizing the event in which my heart came out of my throat- in which I must say, YES, I remember that.” I said, “So, please, explain what happened before I was reformed by Wilma…”

“Okay… so- you got stuck in a box that was time-looped by those Colombuses…” Ryutyu started to explain, as we moved on to walk down the hall. I also explained to him what happened when I died, in which he responded that it was “pretty lame” that nothing big occurred.

“Hey.” The street friend spoke to Wilma and Cyclop looking towards us, “Have you guys learned more about medicine?”

“Definitely.” Cyclop responded with the exaggerated swagger of a

“Cool- oh, also… The Cyclopals have sent me to direct you towards them.” He saddened but also felt with a wide frown.

“Oh... I still got my excuse; do you think it’ll work still?” Cyclop pointed out with a gesture, as me and Ryutyu continued explaining the events that happened and now were turning back to walk their way.

“Probably, but hopefully not needed. They’ve seen the footage of the battle and such… in ‘they,’ I mean particularly B-23 has gotten the intelligence, and he has decided what will be going down with everybody here… The Cyclopals would like to assign another cyclops to your case, which the case itself has now been defined as missioning the return of the boy to his normal life without memory, returning Wilma and Ryutyu to wherever they may best fit in with no memory wipe needed, and also finding out what these conquistadors are up to. They have also locked up Heru in a high-confined cell…” The street friend said.

“Me my…” Wilma spoke.

“Luckily, the second cyclops to run this case is still up to their opinion. But I must assure, no Red Eyes will be present in the picking.” He ended.

“Me my indeed. Finding those conquistadors are going to extend this journey beyond natural time… I thought we’d be done by now…” Cyclop said as we entered their small area of talk.

“So… (The other cyclops put his hands behind himself and happily acknowledges us to the listen,) good luck. That is all I wanted to say… (Humorously he states,) also the doctors wanted to make sure he wasn’t dead or hosted virus…” He then asked.

“He hosts something…” Wilma responded.

“Okay- I’ll report that news to them…” He said, starting off to walk back.

“Thanks for the update!” Cyclop waved over.

“Oh- also- If you see me on the streets and need my assistance, you can call me Oliver for short! I’ll be around on both sides of the police force a lot as well!” he yelled over, then pacing to the double doors at the end.

“Okay!” Cyclop agreed.

“The update?” I asked.

“Yeah, the same things beforehand are still in effect… but now you got to stay longer with me because we got to find those conquistadors...” Cyclop stated.

“Hm…” I mumbled considerately happily.

“Does your brain remember every word in the past eighteen seconds?” Wilma asked.

“Indeed, I do, thoroughly. Why do you ask?” I asked.

“Just wanted to know…” Wilma smiled whilst looking towards the ceiling.

“Also... Wilma, next time, you should try creating a fictional machine into real life and make it to where Heru falls under the effects of the Fluxyr and Gravutoon’s shields, and only him. Then make the rest of us powerful against him with rainbow-influenced powers you could give with another imaginary machine. You should also generate something against that red glitch if plausible, maybe try converting it into mass energy and containing it or doing something extraordinary in order to stop it- maybe use an imaginary machine you could spawn in, just to order the glitch away. Could you do that possibly?” I asked nicely.

“I… could… try all of that later…” Wilma startled.

“Dang…” Ryutyu awed.

“I know it is a lot, but I feel like you could have magnificent powers and abilities with your particle-manipulation skills. You should try to think of something to quickly end the scenarios. I liked the rainbow-box idea- it got Heru at first… but now he knows about it and could deflect it with that mirroring… but to be simpler, I just got the idea of you improving the cyclops’s machines in order to make the effect only go onto certain peoples and objects- in order to quickly put them to a stop. I hope that could work, since you can reform my body just using your hands, which means you are putting all of my brain’s superior and complex concentrated structure back together, unless you are just reversing the damage. And even so, could you reverse the life of Heru to turn him into a weaker version of himself- oh, wait- sorry, I am getting too involved in my thoughts...” I stopped.

Cyclop and Ryutyu looked at Wilma for assurance on this. Ryutyu wagged his tail in pleasure now, and so did Wilma with her nine tails. She was worried on what to say but had a good comeback.

“That all sounds good to try when I recover… I will try the upgrade of machinery instantly though... That sounds safe… I think whatever the red glitch is… will fuck off from that… and I will be able to help more…” Wilma said, minding her bandaging on the cheeks and hands.

“Nice.” I said happily.

“The idea for a tracker, Ryutyu, was grand though. We surprisingly have no way to get to people that hope through portals anonymously. Thank you, so much.” Cyclop complemented.

“Aw… thanks lad.” He stated back.

“And we must also thank you for being so aware in such a random time. You did well in being nice and being trustworthy too. You gave us help, like risking your life to stop Heru in some streets with me- you gave us good ideas to get back at Heru in the last battle- and you went with the flow of things throughout it all, making everything a little less time-consuming… (I drop my voice in a humorous way,) unlike me at most times…” I chuckled at the end. My friends also smiled and giggled at it.

“Well… thanks ya’ll… (We all nod and look at him as if he has something to say,) and um… now we party… and get drinks?” Ryutyu asked after the ambient pause.

“No wine.” Cyclop condemned quickly.

“Tegur…” Wilma spoke with a smirk.

“Welp… (I lean closer to my black-striped furry friend,) you tried Ryutyu… anyways- what is next on the agenda, Cyclop?” I finished.

“I’m going to bring you all to the portal room, where you guys can go home and get used to your ordinary lives again. I will also go get some phones for you guys, so we all can contact each other easily- But first I must go to The Cyclopals to reveal my excuse and discuss the events. I want to get you guys some multi-dimensional phones, by the way, to call each other across any multiverse- but I need clearance for them now, since some think my job… was supposed to be finished in, at most, an hour… sorry for keeping you too long, Eighty-Three- but who knows what would’ve happened if I just sent you back instantly?

“Probably none of this would have happened.” Wilma spoke.

“Ahem- anyways- I will be back on case with you guys after all that, and we’ll try to find out who those conquistadors truly are, since they’re now a problem…” Cyclop stated.

“Wait- no party?” Ryutyu asked.

“Not yet…” Cyclop shrugged sadly.

“(Me and Ryutyu,) Aw… (Just me,) what will we be doing when we get back though?” I asked.

“You’ll all be revisiting Earth however it is… the Red Eyes set it to the second before Heru came after you guys probably… so… I’ll have to go edit the script to reset some things to an earlier time in your universe. You’ll see a white light slowly fade into your entire vision, and then you’ll end up in the desired time I set it back to. Finally, you guys can get social and comfy whilst I do my things.” Cyclop said, starting to walk with the gang past some nurses still floating around.

“And Heru is definitely locked up in prison, right? Tight and confirmed?” I reassured, walking near Ryutyu more than cyclops.

“Definitely, they took him to-” Cyclop started before Ryutyu interrupted him.

“Where did Heru even first come from again?” Ryutyu asked, making Cyclop shut up and listen.

“The elevator in the skyscraper building, to be honest. He just… came up, and wanted to kill me because I was somewhere where I did not need to be… that is all I know- I honestly have no idea where he came from at all…” I answered.

“I don’t know either, and nobody has found any info on him too… so hopefully they’ll find his blood line or something when testing his D-N-A.” Cyclop said, shifting himself to us.

“Okay...” Ryutyu complied.

“They’ll also test him on other things… Now, let’s go and get you guys back home…” Cyclop confirmed as we went off to the double doors…

So, we walked forth… and then Wilma whispered questions to Cyclop: “What about the dark goo in him? Are you going to test him on that?”

“Not yet- we’ll see what happens over time… the best data comes from natural causes… (Cyclop sees her composure of unsurety,) but, yeah, I know- if it gets out of hand we’ll be at fault- but the Red Eyes usually have some super machine ready to go against anything, so we can always save him anytime we need to…” Cyclop shrugged.

Wilma sighed and looked back at me, looking at them. She rolled her eyes and we continued down the hallway.

The Quick Get-Back

“Ryutyu, we’ll get you some great supplies after Cyclop resets the universe- but for now, just keep out of public eyesight and you’ll be fine to

enjoy yourself for a few minutes.” The doctor cyclops stated towards my blue furry friend with his nice and manly overseeing voice.

“Okay… (He turns around to Wilma, Me, and Cyclop,) So… I guess we’ll see each other in…?” Ryutyu started, with silence forming around us all.

“(Shrugging,) I do not know… maybe we contact each other as soon as Cyclop brings us those phones…” I spoke considerately.

“Those phones will be useful- but everyone that isn’t Eighty-Three should currently just… (He looks directly into Wilma’s eyes,) learn to keep it low…” Cyclop said.

“I understand…” Wilma nodded without facial force. She walked through her portal, the third, to my view and on the right, before the trinity that stood before us. She had nothing because she needed nothing. After she entered though, she turned back and waved us away as she entered her destroyed cave and started up her hands like a music composer. The materials started raveling back into place from her forces.

“Well… let us get on with it…” I gulped heroically, walking through my portal to my house’s bedroom in which I slept in. When I went through, I was opened to a different silence, but more weirded out phase of where I was.

Ryutyu mumbled a happy whimper and went into his portal, letting his tail drag. Cyclop gave the thumbs up to the doctor on the right side of the room, sitting behind a metallic desk with a black laptop and few already prepared, grey and giant, like six-by-six-by-six feet of volume, cardboard boxes, too. The room was empty besides those essences.

“Closing portals!” He observed in English to us all.

I looked back at Cyclop, who was looking at us all with shaky head. He was sure to see us again from his expressions, but I was worried about possible anxiety that might occur from the yellowed room I was used to sleeping in…

The portals all closed immediately and no differently. Cyclop walked off with the doctor, talking in their language. Wilma and Ryutyu were now somewhat unknown to me. I saw my door to my room, just standing there, open. I had not been in such a state of nostalgia before. I was confused and happy yet scared and a bit worried. I decided to shake off my bones, and walk over to my bed, then sitting on it. I sat on it for a minute, thinking about the past adventures, and the ones to come up if I was to meet somebody.

Cyclop had said there would be a flash of white light, and that was my cue the world had been reset. It had not occurred though, and I was in worry that somebody would point me out for missing.

I got up from my bed and started around… my laptop was in place, my printed version of my first book was still about the original placement in the grey fabric box containers in the white shelves, and the light was still in place. The fan was not on, but the light was. It seemed to me that yellow was stunningly coming through the window, bouncing off the sliding glass mirror door that closed off my closet. The sun was setting and bright. I felt the confusion bounce off.

I left out of my room and peeked around the house. First the living room- nobody, then the master bedroom- nobody, but sheets spread amongst the beds as always placed within a rush- and then outside in the garage. The garage door was open, and the outside was full of the exaggerated green it was. The road was still the thinning black, and the air was fresh and vibrant. There were no cars in the driveway, so nothing blocked my view of nice trees and the sunset to my east. It was… yellowish… greenish… a mixture of those certain vibrating colors that formed home to my world, yet an intriguing sign something was new in the air. The grass flowed nicely against the wind, and I stood on the edge of the whitish pavement, looking towards the frontier and oldness of my home. Breathing in an out, I slightly noticed a car was coming up.

It was a police car. I started to jiggle my bones to move away, but I stabilized myself to look like I was not sus at all. I wanted to look normal, but my stitched reaction already seemed to slow him down faster than he was already going. I stopped breathing freshly and looked forth towards the black informative police car. It drove casually up to me as I stood with fear in lungs.

The policeman rolled down the windows dramatically with sound… revealing it was Arty McShall, not in a good-looking mood.

“Where HAVE you BEEN?” He asked in a madly manner with a madly face.

“I… have been standing here.” I said, unable to process good connection with him.

“You’ve been missing for like two days, dude.” He spoke, leaning back with a lot of amplified sound to the badly cushioned chair.

“Uh… should I tell you what may have happened?” I spoke back gently, as the car motor static created more of the ambience.

“You should get in the car. Your family has been worried sick. The entire police force has been looking for you too.” Arty said back.

I went over to the seat behind the driver as he started to pull out his metallic microphone and tell the other policemen about the appearance of me, through the normal static of course. “I’ve found [redacted], I repeat, I’ve found [redacted].”

Then, another policeman on the other side asked, “Where was he?” and Arty replies with: “Just standing on the driveway.”

He looks back to me as I pulled the door open and slid in. “So, I guess he’ll start explaining to us what happened.”

I was about to start when I looked out the window and back home. The light started to saturate more and more, making colors become purer. I then saw the sun and the sky started to turn white, and the windows started to glare. As I was suddenly looking around, the objects started to brighten up too- more and more till it seemed they were heading for white. And it rang towards me, this was the whiteness that Cyclop told me about.

“Hey, [redacted], you gonna speak?” Arty asked.

I smiled and nodded.

“Okay, so guys- the imposter took me into the backrooms and started pointing a gun at my face, it was so insane. I am literally crying. He told me to do the- oh, hold on…” I started with a slightly squeaky but not offensive voice.

In the middle of my joke, everything brightened up to a white. My eyes were strained a bit, and I closed them to squint at the objects still, but the outlines soon became white, and I was soon in a void. All the sound around- the running car, microphone noise, and the rest, just faded away as the whiteness fading in slowly, without sound itself. Then, the noises of cooking and crying, and arguments about the pool, started to fade in whilst my short speech was being recognized to the shower curtains. I was revealed to just be sitting on my closed-lid white toilet, turning my head to the turned-off shower with its curtains of translucent white in the whiteness of my entire bathroom.

I stood up and started touching around the air after I paused my sentence. I then touched the wall and looked around. Everything was good, and nothing seemed off. There was no yellow light anymore, and rather just the fulfilling entry of the nice white light that all my lights had occurred to produce in the nighttime. I almost stuttered at the somewhat darkness outside now, but also stuttered as I suddenly realized I was still in my original

clothes, torn and dreaded. With that, I opened the door to the bathroom, got changed quickly into my blue-background-with-white-clouds pajama pair, threw the torn clothes under the bed, wiped my glasses, and took a deep breath, and walked out into the halls, and turned some to get to the kitchen. My parents were doing the dishes, and arguing a little, and my baby brother was in his crib, crying.

“Hey- should I take care of him?” I asked.

“Yes, please!” My mother yelled as she started up the fighting again. Useless as always, their talking solved nothing. But I went over and picked up my baby brother. He stopped crying as I took him around the house, letting him observe with me how modernly middle-class we were. We found happiness to see our other brother on his pad again, and other things still sustained. I smiled and rejoiced even in the thought of being home, again, trying to mind everything as normal. Soon, I fulfilled my wishes of tolerating around the place joyfully from the endorsements, and then finally went to bed early with my parents resolving their issues by cutting off from each other, being in different parts of the house. The thoughts of my past still rushed me though…

“Wilma- can she find me? Um… actually- I should think about how much good has gone by… I mean, I really dodged those Spanish men attacking with swords, and the battle with me and Ryutyu and the cyclops and Heru… damn… I feel like it has been months since touching this bed…” I started with myself…

Suddenly, I felt my body shift ninety degrees down and to my east. I felt a stop as my feet touched the surface of nothingness but smoothness still. Not texture- no color- just the white void, with the stickman. The pillows and blanket disappeared too, just so you fully know they quickly went transparent and fell from the grace of touch.

“Mustard!” He yelled as he T-posed a belly-smash into a giant mustard can. It spilled out the yellow and such, very quickly and forwardly. And it was all directly behind me, making me curve to a back-pedal as I saw the weirdness. But what was intriguing was that the stickman… WAS A FURRY?!

Man… the guy had smooth and white, fluffy cat ears, and the insides were pink. He also now had a white and smooth cat tail, with now paws for his feet and hands, having little grey opaque claws and pink indents on each finger, only three, as usual cats would.

“What?” I asked.

“Do you like my new appearance?” He asked, falling off the can, towards me, in the T-pose, unchanging any of his mesh, except his mouth and eyebrows around his gaping holes for eyes.

“Um…” I awkwardly demised upon myself.

“I have to keep your attention somehow. Now- take a look at the cyclops who have the liquid.” He said, opening a portal to the cyclops. There were a bunch in white tuxedos, or lab coats, all with black gas masks of two filters, and all also had black boots. All were also gathering around one guy putting a drop of a green liquid inside a normal graduated cylinder which contained the liquid me and Ryutyu and Wilma found in the toilet and gave to Cyclop.

“Uh… (I just stop my questions, shrug, and walk over with my mouth in weird awe,) Is that the-” I started as he hovered in over, observing the view from right behind the graduated cylinder, up against the wall, like a small camera had been placed, but was showing a bigger resolution than expected.

The stickman put his paw-like hand over my mouth and started his own words: “Indeed. They are trying to see what it reacts too.” He answered.

“Okay… but… why are you showing me this? Is this like the ark thing?” I asked.

“No- it is rather because I can… and it will stick with you- not just because of the surgery Wilma and Cyclop completed on you, but also because it is the second piece of evidence that I am a separate entity from you…” he spoke.

“Alrighty… I can consider it… more… now…” I nodded with pauses.

“And I also wanted to congratulate you on winning with the luck you have gained.” He then said.

“Explain?” I asked.

“Consider the odds of falling into a universe where a cyclops of good mentality is also there through his own adventure, and then he takes you in, protects you from Mr. Ureh, you get these other furry creatures on your side easily, you come back and take out Heru, and somehow you manage to get passed a few time travelers in the middle of it too!? That is mega-luck my dude!” He explained as he got up, letting the portal dissolve with a spiral fade.

“I guess it is… But if you know all this- do you possibly know what happens in the future then?” I asked, looking at his facial features.

“I do, but I am not allowed to give you such intellect because I do come from the future myself and have already tried forcing my ways into your plan… and that has somehow not worked… but what I can hint at, is the deal of mine… (Mesmerizingly,) you will accept it…” He started up again.

“What is this deal entirely- to its fullest desires and background effects? And why do I accept it?” I tried.

“Question one: It is about… stopping your friends… from… existing?” He shrugged with a smile as he started to float up into the void.

“So, you want me to kill my friends, technically?” I asked.

“That would be overdoing it, but sure.” He said, now smirking and floating.

“And question two?” I then asked.

“You accept it because that is my eternal purpose here.” He spoke, spinning himself around horizontally, showing three coordinated pink paints on the bottom of his feet paws.

“Sir, please-” I was interrupted.

“Your friends came from Bracussion, spawned in by the pieces of music you wrote…” He started again, “That means they are useless because you can just go back and delete the files and rewrite better ones. They were created by you, and you have the power to do whatever you want with them! Now, please, accept my offer and end them already. You can just recreate better versions of them later!” He spoke.

“What if I just write them exactly the same again?” I asked, crossing my arms.

“Then that would respawn them entirely new- and that could work…” The Stickman answered.

“Alrighty.” I spoke, nodding.

“So does that mean you are thinking about accepting the deal?!” He said excitedly and speedily, stopping his spinning and leaning towards me.

“No. Deals with interdimensional beings always end up bad. That is something prone in movies. If your entire purpose here is to make a deal with me, then please come back with something more doable next time, and not satanic towards my friends… also- I would just like to experience sleep when I go to bed, so stop making me have to be in this void with you all the time…” I said, starting to walk off.

“Oh… okay… I guess you will just wait till time flows on…” He started up again.

“Bro, if you think it would be best for me, then by all means tell me what would happen if I was to proceed with what you want.” I said over to him, not continuing my stroll anymore.

“Well… you would be done already with everything that is to come, but if you would rather-” -Stickman.

“Could you please just tell me. The best and worst outcomes for you are probably either making me walking off or me starting to listen. I mean, you are a time traveler, so if something is preventing you from just stating the consequences already, then that is also understandable.” -Me.

“Alrighty, alrighty… If you listen and agree with whatever procedure you would like to use to accept the deal, then your mission will be to go do the deed, whichever way you want to proceed with it. When you finish, I will already be there, and you will start to become…” -Stickman.

“Become what?” I asked after he ended and turned a full one-hundred-and-eighty degrees away from me.

“I cannot say. I already did in a past timeline, and it somehow ruined that one.” Stickman spoke.

“But can you give me a hint on why I should do this, maybe consider it?” I asked once more.

“You will find less time wasted and you will contribute more to the metanarrative.” He answered.

“Metanarrative? What is that?” I asked.

“Heh, the overarching story. You will contribute to it more if you agree now and succeed with the deed. Otherwise, you may just accept my offer later, and be in more of a position to stay away then intervene… If you intervene now though, everything gets helped for the future, and I do not have to go back into time again and try all over again... If you do not, which is most likely, I will have to repeat this all over again and try changing a new variable in the experiment, blah-blah-blah…” He, the three-dimensional Stickman, explained.

“You sound like the bad guy.” I condemned in surprise.

“Yeah, I know… I did not want to say it, but there will be a lot going on with your life soon, and being super nice with my deal has only failed in the past… so I am trying something new in my personality- which is to be weird

and extroverted to get your attention better… heh-heh-heh…” He spoke again.

“Could you emphasize that in any way? Like, the part about my life soon?” I asked, unminding his obvious ‘Heh-heh-heh.’

“Nope, because this is the maximum amount of information that I can give you before things go wacky for the both of us…” -Stickman.

“Okay, I understand. Now, is that all you can explain about the deal?” I asked.

“Yup. No other background things. Just end your friends in the next month, and all things are solved…” -Him, the Stickman spoke, shaking his head and cat ears cutely.

“And, if I comply, what will happen if you start acting up afterwards? Like, I have the feeling you are one of the guys to say you ‘lied’ to me or something in the end when everything is going to hell- like honestly, why should I go forth with your deal when I know you probably are going to do that?” I asked more.

“I will not. There is already a foundation that is watching me closely in the physical world. Plus, give it a week or so, and you will he more powerful than you expected to be…” -Stickman with a white kitty-tail swirling behind him.

“Okay, alrighty… whatever you say- but I will not do the deal. Now, will you let me sleep in peace from now on?” I asked again.

“No. Every dream you have, I will be in… (He sees me drop my face into an angered straight face,) But I see you dislike this… so I will make each dream quick with a meme, I guess.” -Stickman.

I sighed and shook my head. “Oh my goodness…”

Soon, everything faded out into darkness, and then brightened back up, slightly, to the vision of my dark room.

This is what Cyclop did with the Script of my Universe…

There was nothing about. There were grainy brown sands raveling thinly on the metallic grey floor below, the walls being the same metal, and the roof being too dark to see. The only light shown was from the black bandstands, emitting a yellow on the left one, and a blue on the right one. They each contained a filing and quickly running old-timey, paper-like script, or scroll, with nothing but the paper. The ink dwelled nicely onto it in two-dimensions, but still looking like a screen on top of the script paper; the text was in a language unknown to Cyclop and Me too. Cyclop though, was with the street cyclops, Oliver. They were bringing in a blue metallic, hexagonal-textured pad, and a black cord that connected into one of the holes at the left side. Cyclop and Oliver put their cord's ends onto the stands, the ends being flat and without holes. Then, the cords started to glow yellow or blue, Cyclop being blue, and Oliver being yellow.

The entrance and exit door in the back of them also had a blue glow to its grey metallic touch of a slide door. The stands of band class were also brightening up the walls behind them, but not leaning on them. Cyclop had put in a code into a program, and it revealed the entire script as a scroll down article. Cyclop had then started to configure the pads with Oliver, like putting in the code for him, setting such commands in their languages afterwards, and finally comparing it to the scripts in front. There, they read it in their language, not out loud, but saw it. They clicked a few more buttons, making the script scroll down and zoom in, and soon they pressed another button and started editing.

"Do I edit anything?" Oliver asked in their language, suddenly noticing he was not supposed to do anything, and could not either.

"You can't. You just copy and paste it into the notepad." Cyclop responded. Oliver nodded and started highlighting the text, then tapping on it twice and

"Alrighty, alrighty, I've done this before, I've done this before… there is [redacted] with orange text, hopefully that is exactly Eighty-Three… Ryutyu and Wilma are near with orange… found them… time now, time is still green in text…" Cyclop stated to himself as he moved swiftly on the pad, deleting events that happened, but dragging some words like my name and Ryutyu's to a light blue side box where they were contained, amongst the blue background, "Wait- hm… Jeo Ligam is also in orange text…" Cyclop then

found. He also looked up the words by inputting words into a search bar at top, henceforth he started to look up ‘Joe Ligam.’

“Who is he?” Oliver asked.

“I don’t know. It states he’s a CIA agent of the U.S. currently…” Cyclop added.

“Heh, uh-oh!” Oliver joked, looking over to him.

“(Turning his head to Oliver,) Yeah, a little more to be concerned about, as always… (Continues his tapping,) but I got this…” Cyclop ended with a shrug.

They continued to fiddle with the pads more, till Oliver had a remark.

“It’s very interesting how the script knows what to do.” Oliver remarked, reading it thoroughly, “Not everything is disoriented in orange, but there are also some small things changing to orange very slowly as well…” Oliver remarked, pointing to the fading-in text-color change.

“Yup. The script has cyclops-like intelligence and picks what is changeable and not in the designated universe…” Cyclop then stated, “If we didn’t have it be this smart- chaos would be everywhere…” He spoke.

“Wow… but how does it gain its intelligence? It’s doesn’t look like living material.” Oliver omitted.

“We don’t know. It’s paper, for sure, but it still thinks more like a human or cyclops than a computer. We also found it in every universe so far- so it must be something God put around for safekeeping, or some upper class of beings put it around just for the cases.” Cyclop stated.

“I see…” Oliver nodded.

They continued for a bit- like three seconds- before Cyclop wanted to show Oliver how to do a process.

“Hey, watch this- (Cyclop moves over to Oliver and shows him the screen,) I’m moving Eighty-Three’s location back to his bathroom. First you delete the location, (He presses on a few squares to show the process,) and then you type in a new location, or pick one using the similarity map, (Cyclop pulls up a cartoony map of me in the police car. Cyclop then scrolls into my home using his fingers and taps the location of the top of my toilet, bringing up the coordinates in three dimensions, and he places it into a box to the right,) and boom, you’re done.” Cyclop showed off.

“Nice.” Oliver ended.

Eventually, after moving around the green or orange text, he replaced many words back inside the script neatly. He also deleted some more orange texts and let green text control the entirety of the script. Soon, all was finished, and he tapped on a light blue box in the bottom right corner. It beeped, and then closed out of the program. He then grabbed the cord back. Oliver also followed, saving his works with a save button and the same beep, but after pasting some things into a white square on his pad.

“So, red text is interdimensional things, orange is changed, meaning things orientated with dimensional things, and green text is normal, meaning things unchanged in universal timeline?” Oliver made assure of as he put the pad next to his hip.

“Indeed. Now, we head back and just leave it to be.” Cyclop responded, heading off and away to the door with Oliver.

The newness and reception.

I got up to my stepdad’s yells, as he came in just a few seconds later.

“Get up, it’s almost six-thirty!” He yelled as I instantly escaped my cavern of delight.

I bathed, brushed my teeth, put on my clothes, took a cereal bowl to my breakfast, packed my bag, and left with my two brothers. Time was short, but I still made it past being yelled at- again.

Once I got to school, I was seen by some friends, but they had familiar faces to me instead of rebuking confusion. My friend, Elijah, even looked over and gave me a nod of observance. Molly was the same as usual, with her deactivated vision for me, acting like I was unreal. Though, she did peek to see what I was so happy about.

I sat down with a smile and an old feel to it all. It felt so… natural again, and so refreshing… I took in a deep breath and completed the school day as it progressed. Nothing much different from the regular, except I was

chilled and excited to be back… almost… but I did remember a bunch, like every second of the day, and I was majorly confused and worried- but I just let it run smoothly and focused on my other things at times… and then I went back home with my brother, and baby brother that got picked up from my grandmother's. Once I got back into my room after taking a shower to clean off any school bacteria, I found- well, I *saw* a phone on my desk, behind a book.

I never had a phone but knew exactly what the use was. It was with a black screen, and a blue buttoned, textured soft, hexagonal yellow casing. Three buttons on my view's right side and the bottom had the original plug ins.

I turned it on and found something peculiar, again.

After noticing it directly went to the home screen, I clicked on the messages in the bar of apps, which was the only app bouncing with a blue rounded square that had the icon of a rectangular text bubble.

"*Heyo have you get this message*" Ryutyu asked in a text message style at the top. It was his first message, but I will get back to it after this next paragraph.

To say, there were also a few other apps on the bottom, like the most original search tool for humans. But in the messages, there were three direct communications and one chat group. Second was Wilma, who had a picture of her staring at the phone with a dull face up close. Her nickname was "Wilma Xeryt" in black text with a recent tag of "*Hello!*" That was her only message.

Firstly though, was Ryutyu's message communicator. I must explain that he had the default picture of a circle being green, or any other colors, in its orange rounded box. His name was, "xXRyutyuXx." He had five other messages from the one I already stated, starting with, but not exactly punctuated as: *"Hey, just to say, since you are in school, I live where I was, you know, where we met, wherever that is. Wilma also told me that my connection would be bad though."* The messages were in black text, English of course. Then, he had four other texts, resembling what thoughts he had about this new device.

"Hiiiiiiiiiii. 😊 😐😊"

"Hey bro, want to meet up later?"

"Thee thing has small buttons, do ya' agree?"

"I have a shortage in food, can I come over?"

That is where it ended for Ryutyu. Cyclop instead had two messages, with a profile image of himself holding a pistol, M-9, boldly and glittering with grey metal under a rainy night, also under a wet hotel sign in the language of his people. Other than his nickname being “Cyclop,” he said:

“The definition of ‘Bruh’ is ‘a male friend.’ It comes from the term, brother, or bro. It also has sparked up a large entity of memes on the human internet. And Ryutyu recently sent me the word, just the word. I don’t get it. What is so funny? Does it mean something in reality? Like, bRuH yOu.”

”Bruh.”

And finally, the group chat, having four pictures in a cubical placement. Cyclop in top-left, me with the basic image a yellow circle in the top-right, Ryutyu in the bottom-left, and Wilma in the bottom-right. In the group chat, there was a small conversation with Wilma and Cyclop. I could tell Ryutyu was probably asleep though:

“Hey, guys, do you like the new setup?” -Cyclop at 7:30 A.M.

“Yes.” -Wilma at 7:30 A.M.

“Also, I wanted to make sure everybody was caught up with the current situation. I must inform the Cyclopals of any other unknown behavior that may occur. So, in order to catch any weird behaviors, I must take measures to a point where I will probably be using or putting up cameras for the data. The Cyclopals usually want real footage.”

“Okay.” -Wilma.

“Yeah… so, if everybody has a question on what our future is, you could ask me first since blah blah blah I have the portals and stuff and am trying my hardest to fix the situation at its finest.”

“Okay.” -Wilma.

So, with nothing currently going on, I kept my phone off. I noticed there was a battery, like a human phone battery icon, that listed the exact percentage to its left. It said it was at: *94.23%.* I had looked upon the settings a little too, and then started answering back to every text with a simple greeting they needed. Then, I did some homework perfectly with a smile, went on my computer, helped with the baby, ate dinner, helped with the baby, did computer stuff, took a shower, did computer stuff, and finally went to bed… snoozing tightly after a long excitement of what I had gone through. I was also slightly creeped out, keeping my headphones near to listen to music to make myself distracted from the past and try to get some sleep as needed… But… everything was still coming back to mind, and I was

remembering everything that had just happened in the day- perfectly... it made me wonder... So, for half an hour, I dawned upon the light of mind in bed, and felt weirded out. Soon, I had to test it all out.

I got up, left the blanket sloping off the bed, and went onto my laptop at my desk. I passed through the password and got to the search tool. I went up and jabbed a bunch of keys on my keyboard to form a long string of randomness.

“eiubi2t4b3iu2b3itbij23b4j2b34jk2” Is what I punched in…

I looked upon it for three seconds before closing out of the tab, and spinning my black seat around, putting my right hand under my chin in a fisting pose, and looking at the closed window with white blinds blocking the outside thoroughly.

“E-i-u-b-i-two-t-four-b-three-i-u-two-b-three-i-t-b-i-j-two-three-b-four-j-two-b-three-four-j-k-two.” I stated, remembering it all in my thinking position.

I looked back to see it was all correct.

I shook my head and wide-eyed. Then I switched to my seventh-grade science textbook I had nearby, flipped to a non-started (blank) problems and unknown page two-hundred and thirteen, and read the first three sentences. I turned back around, back into the same position and stare into darkness with an anxious shake.

“Visible light is a common wave on the E-M spectrum. We see all the things around us with visible light! The light reaches our eyes when these waves bounce off any object and reach our cornea.” I stated. Then, I turned back to see the black text not differ.

“Oh, my, goodness… I probably have picture-perfect memory… I mean photographic memory…” I stated to myself inside, “Damn… I guess Wilma and Cyclop did do a little surgery on me… I have to test whether that means I am better at drawing or anything else…”

I ripped out a piece of paper out of my green notebook I unused for some time and got the pencil out. I wrote on it, trying to draw Ryutyu, but only improved slightly as I continued… The final of the drawing looked bad still, but resemblance was there. So, I crumpled it up, shrugging, and tossed it into my closet, missing the glass and hitting a black plus grey shirt of mine on a white hanger. It fell to the floor, and I remembered exactly how it fell. Every frame had been screenshotted into my brain…

I swiped up the yellow phone and texted the dead chat.

“Hey, Wilma and Cyclop, my brain is remembering everything perfectly. I am quite sure I have photographic memory. I do enjoy it- but what exactly did you do to my brain?” I asked.

The message was sent, and nothing occurred for nine seconds… so, I went back to bed, put my favorite electronic music on in my headphones, snuzzled up, and fell asleep slowly, with my headphones slouching off me eagerly…

Then, I woke up to the white void again. My headphones were missing, and no music was there… but the Stickman was there. All he said, whilst floating slightly above the white void floor with his normal body, was “Bruh,” and poked me with his human hands, making me fall from the dream, and back into the real world, without impact but the rotational turn awareness instead. It was weird, still. So, my bed is where I laid for a few seconds, till my dad came in once again.

I got back up again, my dad yelling the same still. I was going to peek at the bee-like phone but was running a little late. I got to school and somewhat rushed my day, minding my business and not really speaking to anybody as usual- just thinking about the work and my new friends of different species... Finally, I felt the relief of lunch as then I could truly focus on my “outside life.” I ate the free food, a somewhat damp cheeseburger, delicious but looking quick, with some dark-purple raisins of squishy intent, a chocolate milk, a juice box of apple juice, and a small cinnamon cookie, blazing smells of fine touch and glittered with light brown to exalt a gradual lean-to acceptance and fun for such a small snack in the garbage they also served.

I sat down and threw my black backpack onto the right of the seat. I ate quickly, saving time to stare at the rectangular tables and do some already assigned homework in just a minute after I was done. Once finished, I went out to the tables placed elsewhere, where usually students who misbehaved would be placed. They were just amongst the halls, somewhat quiet from the ravaging lunchroom. I did a little homework there, before coming back in after a few minutes to see the blondish clock at the right side of the entrance. It read, 12:14 A.M., so I left. I exited a minute early ahead of the upcoming crowd about to go to the final class. I grabbed my bag and started off with some others also using the advantage of not being behind slow girls and such.

When I started to exit the area, there was instead a more bitter rush. A weird one, but familiar, and not keen to the sound of footsteps we students produced. It felt like boots of soldiers were coming in from far behind. The ground shook a bit, and more as the sound started to collapse into my

vicinity. I knew that the lunch lady had not called dismissal of my classmates, so what could be the rush? There was never a rush, nobody ran because trouble would be brewing towards them, but these steps felt metallic and intruding as they got closer.

I looked back to see the Steel Terrorists.

Running full speed with some scouts of thinner proportions up ahead, was an entire party of these greyish soldiers. Some were a furry, having a fox tail or mosquito wings. Maybe a different shaped mask for their beak, but many had a slushy, bendable shape of a black gun, full of iron shots at readiness too. Very few seemed to be holding an M-9 straight up in a form of a specialist or lieutenant; but it was hard to say since they were all wearing the same outfits with nothing to inform anybody about their role in whatever was happening. Their outfits made the resemblance clearer than glass though. Each helmet was shining grey, steel most likely, and had foggy goggles of black that covered all the eyes of whatever personnel, whether there were only two lenses, or five, or whatever. To the bottom of their face-covering helmets that let not the ears loose, or hair, but still had some volume differences in matter to help those with longer facial features, had mouthed all of them with a single grey-dotted gas filter cartilage that extended not too far out. Their torsos were covered by a somewhat shirt-like armor of steel, shining with scratches sometimes, with a black bullet-proof vest over it all. They also had wrapped ammunition belts around the chest, as well as having some pouches to contain other things. Their leggings were a gradient from the boots of darkness to the grey, having strappings around them too. They also wore gloves of black, and let no skin feel to the air. They were all looking the same, and had the same tactics of getting towards me, some being about jumping off the walls, or flying over others, or just speeding up with their run style.

And I watched as they continued towards me for a second. I knew they were after me, but I was heavily scared and confused.

So, I took off.

Sadly, what happened next will have to be explained in the next book. Over two-hundred pages in twelve-font is enough for me to write, then fix, then check the fixes, then organize it for the final version…

Like, bRuH yOU…

-Book created by William D.M. White

“Have a nice day!”

[Back cover coming up... oh no...]